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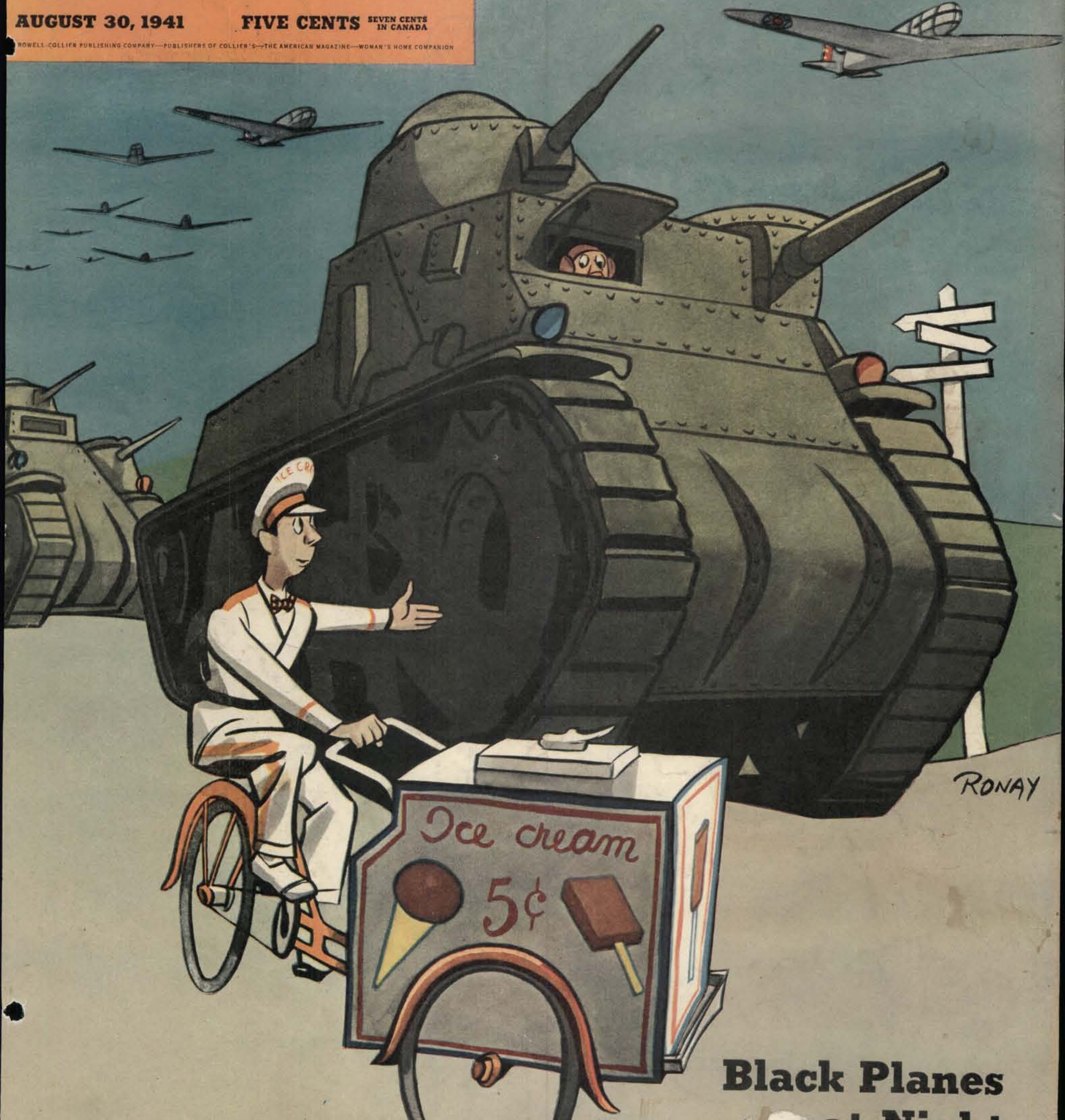

Black Planes at Night

By Q

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AUG 30 '41

SHEAFFER'S

Lasting gifts for school

U. S. SERVICES, BUSINESS

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Give the youngsters a mark to hit, and they'll hit it. Did you ever see a kid whose back didn't stiffen when he was called "Mister" for the first time? Did you ever see a little girl who didn't become a lovely miss in her first formal? Just be sure of one thing—be sure the *gift* you give is of the same quality as the *result* you want: Give Sheaffer's, and you may be sure you are giving the highest inspiration. For—writing is a daily activity in school, U. S. training, and throughout life. The finest writing gift is a Sheaffer *Lifetime** Feathertouch pen, identified by the White Dot, matched with a Fineline pencil. In a Sheaffer's gift, it is so easy to give so much of belief and encouragement. Give your student Sheaffer's—and he or she will see to the rest! W. A. Sheaffer Pen Co., Fort Madison, Iowa; Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

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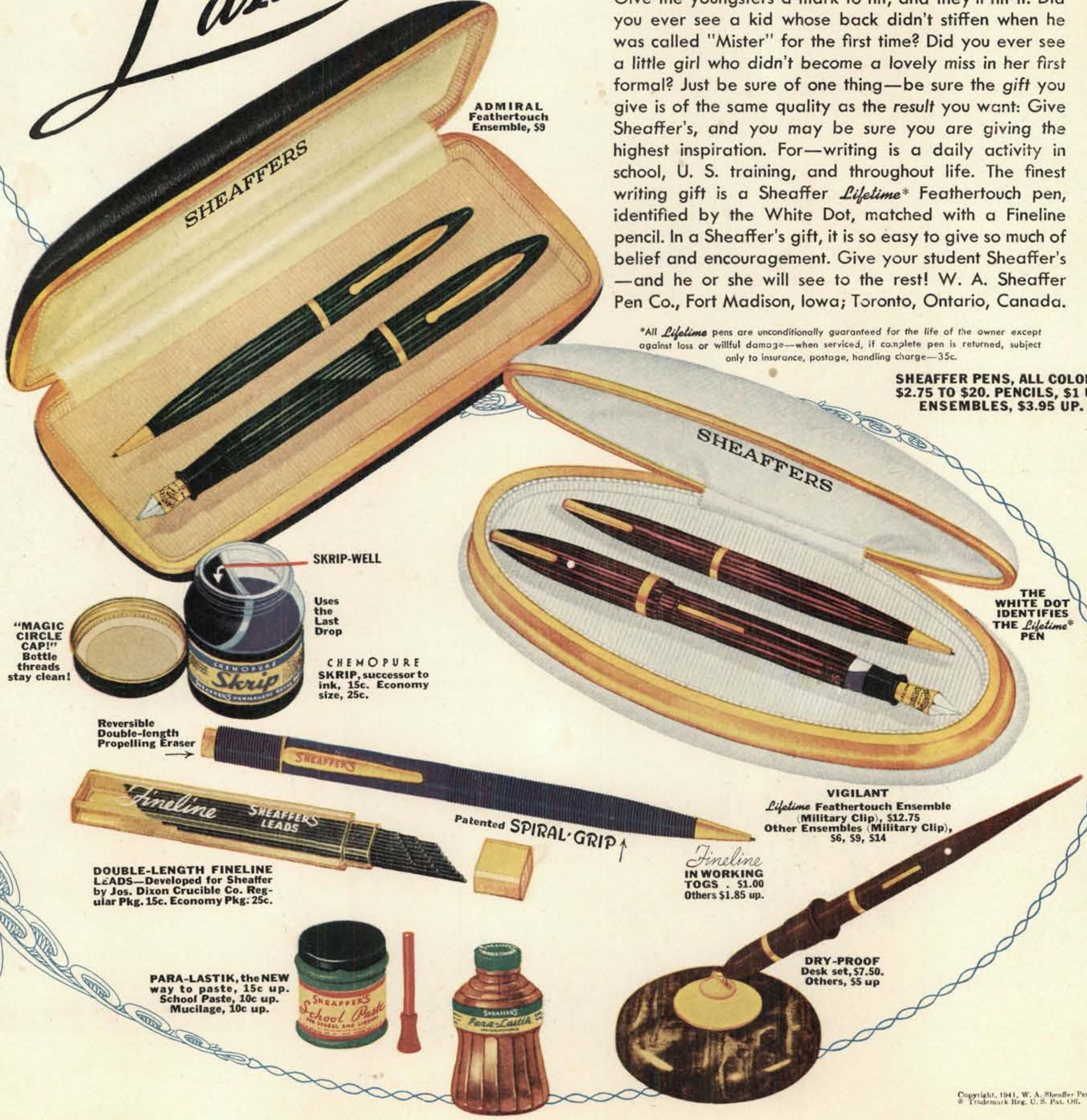

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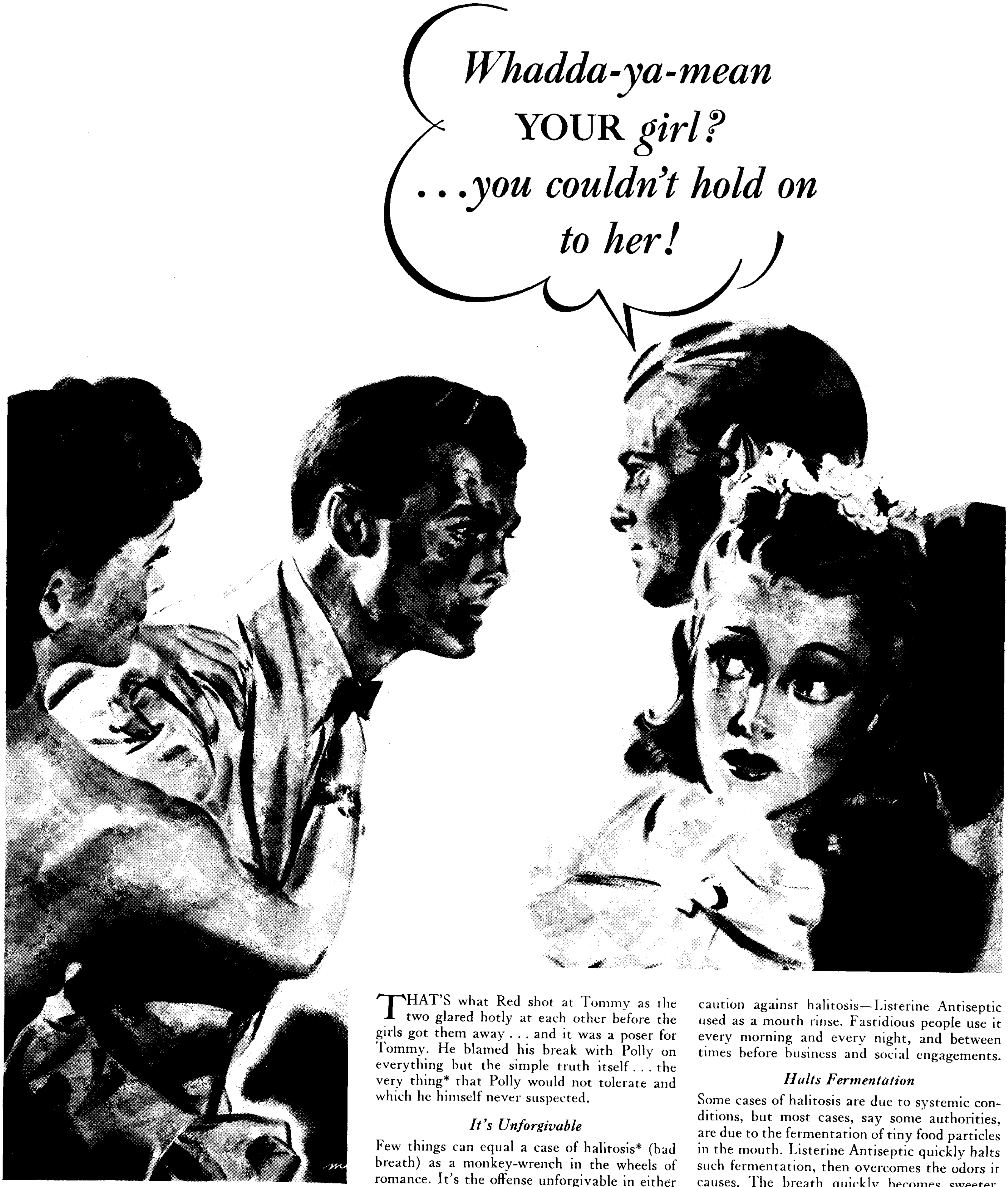
Whadda-ya-mean YOUR girl? ...you couldn't hold on to her!

LISTERINE

leaves the breath sweeter, purer . . . use it before every business and social engagement

THAT'S what Red shot at Tommy as the two glared hotly at each other before the girls got them away . . . and it was a poser for Tommy. He blamed his break with Polly on everything but the simple truth itself . . . the very thing* that Polly would not tolerate and which he himself never suspected.

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Few things can equal a case of halitosis* (bad breath) as a monkey-wrench in the wheels of romance. It's the offense unforgivable in either a man or a woman. Unfortunately, anyone may suffer from it at some time or other. The worst of it is, you yourself may be guilty without even realizing it—and your best friends won't tell you.

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Some cases of halitosis are due to systemic conditions, but most cases, say some authorities, are due to the fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors it causes. The breath quickly becomes sweeter, fresher, purer, less likely to offend.

If you want to appear at your best, if you want others to like you, get into the cleanly habit of using Listerine Antiseptic every morning and night. It pays.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

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AUGUST 30, 1941

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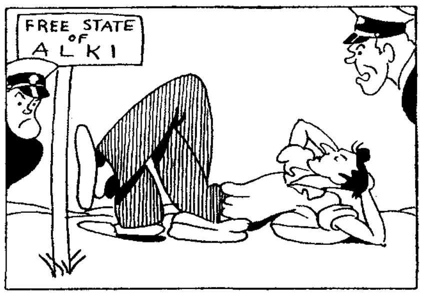
COVER STEPHEN RONAY

ANY WEEK

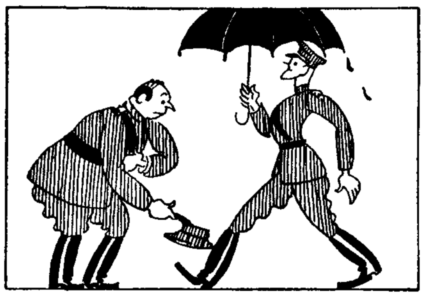
THIS department is the only unit we know of which is not taking a poll of some kind. And yet we suspect a *public cooling toward refugee stories.* We made this observation in Boston, Massachusetts, some days ago to Miss Branda Smith of that storied city and she seemed inclined to agree with us. She told us about a wealthy lady who, just after Munich, threw herself, her home, her heart and her money generously into the cause of refugees. Scarcely a night passed that her fellow workers didn't fetch new refugees into her library to tell of the horrors they had personally seen. But presently the sameness began to pall on the lady. "Now," Miss Smith told us, "when she meets a new refugee, she shakes hands and says: 'I'm so sorry, my dear. But I'll listen to your story for twenty-five cents.' "

WE ARE getting letters demanding that we find out what's become of Mussolini. We mentioned this the other night in one of New York's lowlier night clubs. "That's right," replied the guy next to us, "what has?" Whereat we called the waiter—an Italian—and asked for a telephone book. "Ain't got one," said the waiter. "Used to have but all the customers used it for was to call the cops." But we persisted, *this time asking the* waiter what had become of Mussolini. "I dunno," he admitted, "unless they drafted him."



OUR Jim Marshall has left in a generally westerly direction on a mysterious assignment which will doubtless culminate in more of his excellent articles. But he has an incidental mission. He told us that he proposes to establish the Free State of Alki near Seattle, Washington. He adds that it is intended to be a "refuge for warworn Americans." Alki is an Indian word which, roughly translated, means Bye-and-Bye. "My free state," said Mr. Marshall with his customary exuberance, "will have as its motto 'Quiet, Please' and its emblem will be a clam. Its constitution will be a simple sentence: 'For God's sake shut up.' Our immigration laws will exclude politicians, round-table discussions, missionaries, radio commentators, America firsters, America lasters and columnists. Strong, silent men will be admitted if their strength can be turned to anything useful. We'll tolerate no taxes, army, navy, political parties and philosophies, propaganda or good-neighbor policy. There will be two *tough cops whose only duty will be to* throw out anybody who refuses to mind his own business—the only crime recognized in the Free State of Alki."

ALTHOUGH Mr. Marshall does not mention it, we assume that nobody in Alki will waste time and nervous energy by being on the alert. This prohibition would rule out a number of our readers who, apparently, devote themselves exclusively to eagle-eyeing every inch of the daily scene. For example, no sooner did Governor Lehman of New York propose that automobile license plates carry the Commandment, Thou shalt not kill, than we were raked by telephone messages warning us that this might be interpreted as pacifist propaganda. We shan't weary you with the letters and calls we got after General Lear gave his lads the hotfoot for yoohooing those short-pants gals. But we will grant that the general won a name for himself that he'll never be able to live down. Similarly, we know of a colonel who won the name of Bloodhound Bertie because he detailed a private to exclusive attendance upon his two thoroughbred dogs (which happened to be mastiffs) while in training camp. The dogs died mysteriously, but the name lived. Then there was Laughing Dan, a brigadier general who wrote a postscript to orders for an advance: "I suggest that the men be told to go over tomorrow morning with smiles on their faces." He died in bed. Of course there were plenty of Black Jacks, Pink Whiskers, Fighting Tommies and Daredevil Daves but they don't count. We knew a major who won fame because invariably he started every written order with "I fear that—" He became known as Full of Fear Frankie. We could go on like this for a columnful but mention only Business Bill, a colonel who apparently never got tired of admonishing his men that "This war's got to be run on a business basis—from start to finish." Sometimes it ruins officers—but not good ones. It ruined a major general who was forever shouting: "Can you take it?" to his officers after giving them gory assignments. The last we heard of him was: "Old Take It's out of the war." We asked whether he'd been killed. "Naw," was the reply. "Dandruff. He couldn't take it." Nor are the victims always important officers. While the Twenty-seventh Division was training in Spartanburg, South Carolina, in 1917, a brand-new lieutenant, about to report for duty on a nasty rainy day, was seen leaving the railroad station in uniform, of course, but with a raised umbrella. Unfortunately one of those who saw him was old Colonel Bates of the Seventy-first Infantry. The colonel's eyes popped at the sight but he pulled himself together. As he passed the new lieutenant the colonel tipped his hat. Yep, *had to get a new lieutenant.*



WE'RE a bit leery about war stuff in this column because we don't know from day to day where we'll be the day after—Dublin, Berlin, Warsaw or Pinsk. And our imagination founders at the task of guessing how far we'd be if, in the meantime, we actually went to war. Probably bump into ourselves in Tokyo. But we can tell you that Private William H. Freedorp of Camp Devens, Massachusetts, is now working on a brief biography of the fifth President of the United States for his camp publication. "I'm calling it Whirling Jim Monroe—or hope to," writes Mr. Freedorp. "After what's happened *to the Doctrine, merely* turning in the grave is no way to describe his current condition."

WE'VE made what we are tempted to believe to be an important discovery. The reason that the government is having so much trouble censoring the press is that scarcely anybody, including the government, knows just what a military secret is. For example, we've just had quite a time identifying the "secret" status of the Army bicycle. The Army will admit, if pressed, that a large number of bicycles have been purchased for the use of troops in Bermuda where, as you know, the bicycle is highly favored. But the secret is the number of bicycles the Army has sent over. That, we're told, would be giving Mr. Hitler much desired information. We have a hunch that Mr. Hitler is much too busy elsewhere to care; but we've been wrong before. We hear too that the quartermaster department has been on the still hunt for a slogan that will attract a ray or so of the spotlight to that hardworking, but hitherto unsung, branch of our military. We looked over a few pages of contributions. The one we liked best was written by a junior officer in the QMC. It was simple: "The QMC is a nice place to be." But his effort got him into a lot of trouble. Too light. One of his superiors, taking him to task, said: "'The QMC's not a nice place to be. It's one of the most important branches of the service."

ANOTHER military secret. . . . W. D.

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FREE PUBLIC

WHAT'S THE MOST DANGEROUS DISEASE OF School Years?

C SCHOOL HEALTH ASS'N
PARENTS COMMITTEE

RHEUMATIC FEVER causes more serious disability among children of school age than *any other single disease!*

Indeed, it is responsible for most of the heart disease among people under the age of 40—much of this, in turn, resulting from rheumatic fever attacks which started during school years.

▶ Rheumatic fever usually appears following a chill or exposure to inclement weather. It is often accompanied or associated with a sore throat, tonsillitis, or a cold. Symptoms of an attack, often so vague or slight as to be frequently overlooked, may be: rapid heart, fever which may be slight, pallor, loss of appetite, weight, vigor, fleeting muscular aches. However, symptoms may be much more pronounced, such as: repeated nose bleeds, extreme nervousness, stiffness, swelling in joints and muscle, pain often traveling from joint to joint.

It is vitally important for parents to realize that a child with any of these symptoms may have rheumatic fever and needs immediate medical attention.

If your doctor determines that rheumatic fever *is* the trouble, he will probably point out to you the following important facts:

▶ Rheumatic fever is a serious and potentially chronic disease. Repeated attacks are common, and the heart is almost invariably involved. The seriousness of the heart damage depends largely on the severity and frequency of attacks. Consequently, continuous medical supervision during the illness and convalescence and periodic examinations afterwards are necessary.

Rheumatic fever may last many months; the patient must often stay in bed long after all fever and pain have disappeared—until the doctor gives permission to get up. Since rheumatic fever is apt to run in families, the doctor should be given an opportunity to examine other children in the family at regular intervals.

▶ While the cause of the disease is unknown, and its cure as yet unfound, early detection of its onset and of recurrences, and prompt medical care, can often do much to lessen its severity and help children to live useful, happy lives. Many thousands of people who suffered attacks in childhood are today active and healthy.

To help parents further guard against the dangerous effects of rheumatic fever and its recurrences, Metropolitan offers two free booklets, "Protecting Your Heart," and "Rheumatism."

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LUCKY "33 to 1"
It cinched my deal with Hard-boiled Harrison
YOUNG MAN, YOU COULDN'T GET ME TO BUILD A HAMBURGER STAND HERE, LET ALONE A 12-APARTMENT BUILDING!
WHEW! THIS HEAT'S TERRIFIC, MR. HARRISON IT'S "33 TO 1" WE COULD BOTH USE A COOL GLASS OF PABST BLUE RIBBON. HOW ABOUT IT?
FOR SALE
I'M WITH YOU ON THE BLUE RIBBON, JOHNSON. BUT WHAT'S THIS "33 TO 1"-A BET?
YES SIR - OUR BEST BET FOR REFRESHMENT. 33 FINE BREWS BLENDED TO MAKE ONE GREAT BEER.
BLENDED EH? WELL, I DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT THAT. BUT IT CERTAINLY IS GREAT!
YES--YOU SEE BLUE RIBBON IS BLENDED LIKE FINE COFFEE AND CHAMPAGNE --THAT'S WHY IT'S ALWAYS SMOOTHER AND MORE DELICIOUS.
WELL, YOUNG MAN, THAT CERTAINLY HIT THE SPOT. NOW - HOW ABOUT ANOTHER CONTRACT OF YOURS?
CERTAINLY, MR. HARRISON. I'M SURE WE CAN AGREE ON THE TERMS.
LUCKY "33 TO 1"-IT'S SURE HELPED TO HUMANIZE THE OLD WALRUS!
"33 TO 1" WILL BE YOUR LUCKY NUMBER IN REFRESHMENT, TOO. JUST WAIT TILL YOU TASTE HOW DELICIOUS A BEER CAN BE WHEN IT'S THIS BLEND OF 33 FINE BREWS. IT'S A BLUE RIBBON TREAT YOU'RE BOUND TO ENJOY. TRY A COOL, FOAMING GLASS TODAY... AND PROVE IT!
Pabst Blue Ribbon
Blended 33 to 1

Enjoy it in full or club size bottles, handy cans, and on draft at better places everywhere.

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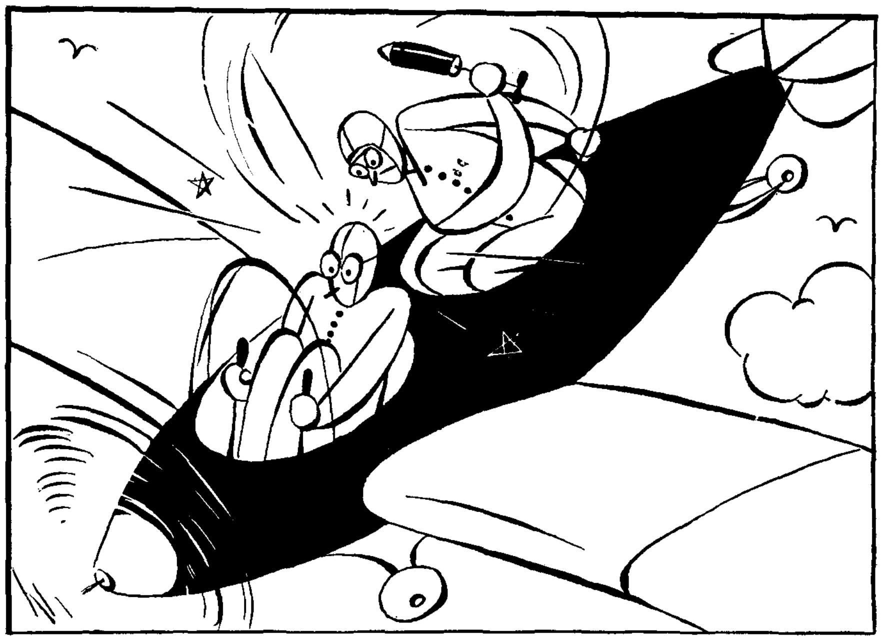
33 FINE BREWS BLENDED TO MAKE ONE GREAT BEER!

...IT'S SMOOTHER ... IT'S TASTIER ... IT NEVER VARIES

WING TALK



Science has improved on the time-honored cure for control-freezers

ONE very effective way to overcome a bad case of freezing onto the controls is to sock the student pilot over the head with the plane's portable fire extinguisher or other blunt instrument lying around handy. This is a feature of flying that students never cared much for, but it has saved their necks as well as the instructor's. Now medical science has devised a method of overcoming freezing, which is easy if you can do it—just breathe normally.

Freezing of controls has been traced directly to hyperventilation, which is often caused by rapid-fire breathing which, in turn, is induced by fear or panic. You can test-hop this hyperventilation business in the safety of your favorite easy chair by breathing deeply and rapidly for a few moments. Doubtless you'll feel giddy. Stop this excessive breathing altogether or return to normal breathing and the dizziness disappears. A continuation of the fast breathing under difficult conditions, such as in a spin, actually produces muscular cramps in the hands and other extremities. That's why the student freezes onto the controls.

AS LONG as pilots neglect to use oxygen at high altitudes or if their oxygen system cuts out, the queerest stories will be brought back to earth. A recent one is the case of the pilot who was flying without his oxygen at 18,000 feet when he concluded he'd report to the tower that he was coming down. Then began the search for his microphone. Eventually he picked up the lead line, and, thought he, that's one way to find the mike because surely it will be at the other end of the line. And correct he was, because his tracing led him to it, in his own right hand.

FAITH in the ability of our aviation industry to deliver years hence and on time may currently and best be illustrated by the situation confronting the board of Army officers which, in 1936, approved the wind-tunnel tests of the giant Douglas B-19 bomber you saw on the cover of Collier's defense issue. At that time there was no such thing in the United States as a 2,000-horsepower aircraft engine. Yet the contract was let and it specified *four* such engines. When the airplane was ready to fly the engines were there.

YOU should have an inner glow of satisfaction over the seriousness with which our Air Corps officers take their jobs. When the contract for the same B-19 was awarded by the War Department five years ago, Major, now Lieut. Col. James G. Taylor of the Military Intelligence Division of the Air Corps in Washington, was head of the Aircraft Branch of the Matériel Division at Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio. That means he had the responsibility, more than any other individual, for making the decision to build this unprecedented craft. Later he was transferred to other posts, and Jimmie Taylor (not to be confused with Test Pilot Jimmie Taylor) might well have forgotten all about the ship since it was now out of his hands. But among those on board for the first flight of the largest bomber ever to leave the earth was Lieut. Col. James G. Taylor.

FREQUENT use of the word Jimmie brings to mind two more. The first is Col. James H. Doolittle and the second, U. S. Army Flying Cadet James H. Doolittle, Jr. Jimmie, Senior, long has been known as the pilot's pilot. Last year he left a lucrative position in private life to return to the Air Corps and his record so far for getting things done equals his ability as an engineer-pilot. At Randolph Field, Texas, Cadet James H. Doolittle, Jr., is learning to fly and he knows that if he can ever be half as good an airman as his old man there's not a helmet in the Air Corps that could fit his head.

AN IMPORTANT conference of air-line pilots, C.A.A. inspectors and airport officials was being held in a big city the other day to determine where to locate a radio-marker beacon, a low-powered transmitter which sends up signals through fog and low ceilings to guide airmen in making instrument approaches to the field. In this conference was a city official who had just enough conversational knowledge about flying to show his displeasure with the inability of the experts to make up their minds as to where the marker should be put. Picking up a map of his city and calling the meeting to attention, he announced as how he'd settle the question by simply "painting it on this building right here." F. R. N.

There's only ONE to look at NOW!

SINCE WAY BACK IN 1927, when the used-to-be low-priced cars began going "high-hat," there has been no *people's* car. That sensible, truly democratic type of automobile that provided dependable transportation at lowest cost was abandoned fourteen years ago.

Now, the pendulum has swung the other way. And the people once more have a car to fit their needs and their pocketbooks.

Today, the 1942 Willys Americar, powered with the amazing, fuel-saving GO-Devil Engine, is the one *practical* car for the millions of everyday people. That's why we claim—

THERE'S ONLY ONE TO LOOK AT NOW—if you want to drive a reliable, normal-size, quality motor car at a monthly cost you can *really afford,* even if defense-time taxes, cost of gas and oil, and your cost of living keep going higher and higher.

THERE'S ONLY ONE TO LOOK AT NOW—if you want real ECONOMY—up to 35 miles per gallon of gas—2000 miles between oil changes—and savings up to $20 a month.

THERE'S ONLY ONE TO LOOK AT NOW—if you want the amazing performance of the GO-Devil Engine—the same type engine used in the GO-Devil Jeep being made by Willys-Overland for the new United States Army.

THERE'S ONLY ONE TO LOOK AT NOW—if you want the most amazing motor car in America today—the trim, good-looking, business-like Willys Americar—the only *people's* car today—and one of the outstanding miracles of defense-time engineering.

It's the *only* full-family-size car in the lowest-priced market.

It's the *only* car built expressly to *get you there and back* in smart, modern style, in restful, quiet comfort, as fast as you care to travel, and at lowest cost. It's the only car you can operate at a cost so low that the expense of owning a car will not be a burden.

By *all* means, motor *within* your means. Don't buy an oversize, overweight, overpowered car that's over your head.

Enjoy the one car you can *really* afford. Buy a new 1942 Willys Americar today. See your nearest Willys dealer. He will trade with you on most liberal terms. There's only ONE to look at NOW.

J. W. Frazer

President

WILLYS-OVERLAND MOTORS, INC.

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WILLYS
AMERICAR

LET'S GO! U.S.A. KEEP 'EM FLYING!
SAVE GAS FOR UNCLE SAM
DRIVE A FUEL-SAVING WILLYS AMERICAR

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AMERICA'S STANDARD OF FINE SHOE VALUE

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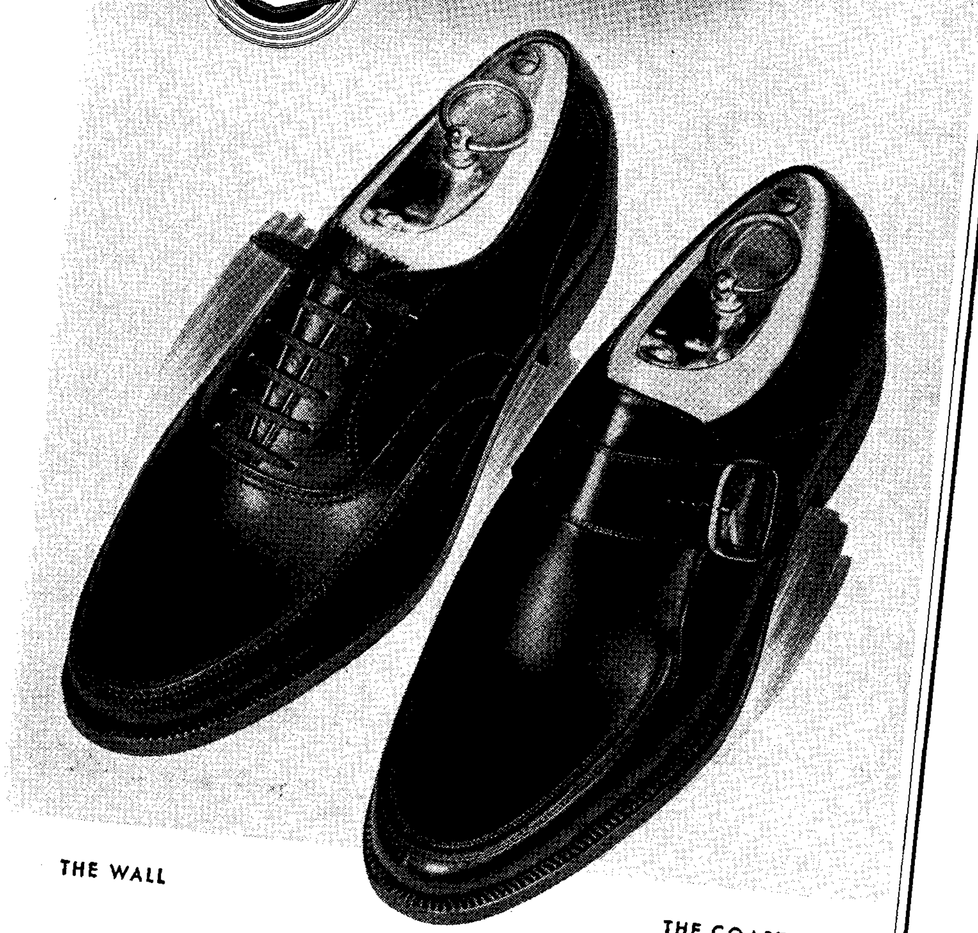
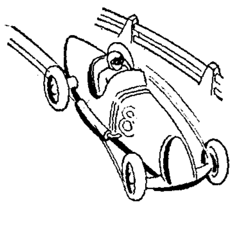


THE WALL

THE COASTER

FLORSHEIM



Walled Lasts

BANKED AT THE TURNS
FOR CASUAL STYLE AND COMFORT

Florsheim leisure-type styles that have the knack of getting down to business. Today men prefer them for street and business, as well as for campus or week-end, because their perfect fit brings day-long house-slipper comfort.

$9.50 and $10
MOST STYLES

THE Florsheim SHOE

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KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

The extent of cattle rustling in the West about seventy-five years ago is typically illustrated by the losses sustained by one company alone, the King and Kenedy Ranch in southern Texas. Between 1866 and 1869, this outfit had 108,000 head stolen from its ranges, or an average of 3,000 a month during these three years.—*By Richard Yennie, Limington, Maine.*

There are 2,320 American cities and towns without local bus or streetcar services, whose 12,000,000 residents, consequently, are dependent on private motorcars for transportation. Among the larger ones, having more than 25,000 population, are Beverly Hills, California; Royal Oak, Michigan; West Orange, New Jersey; Warwick, Rhode Island; and Melrose, Massachusetts.—*By Marie E. Grube, Bronx, New York.*

At a great distance at night, a green light appears as a white light and, therefore, may be seen from three to four times farther than a red light. On the other hand, a red light appears red as far as it can be seen, which is from three to four times farther than a green light appears green.—*By Barbara Rowland, Trenton, New Jersey.*

Of the 163 known breeds of purebred dogs, forty-seven originated in the British Isles, twenty-three in France, seventeen in Germany, eight in Italy and eight in the United States, this country tying for fourth place with the American Foxhound, American Water Spaniel, Amertoy, Boston Terrier, Chesapeake Bay Retriever, Coonhound, Spitz and Staffordshire Terrier.—*By Rosanne Kelley, South Miami, Florida.*

The new Photochart Movie Camera for race tracks is used by each of the several patrol judges, atop pylons along the inner and outer rails, to make a motion-picture record of the race in his section. As the sections overlap, the films, when joined, give a front and back view of every movement of every horse and jockey and disclose any dishonest riding that may have taken place.

Victoria Falls in southern Rhodesia, Africa, is believed to produce more lunar rainbows than any other spot. During the autumn, when the Zambezi River goes over these falls in a volume twenty-five times larger than at any other time of the year, the spray is so great that more than a hundred of these arcs have been seen on the moonlit nights of a single season.

United States paper currency is soon to be made with nylon instead of pure silk threads, the ink used in the engraving weighs two thirds as much as the paper, and the wear and mutilation of this money is so great that as much as $300,000,000 worth is sometimes destroyed within a month.—*By Nicholas Deak, New York, New York.*

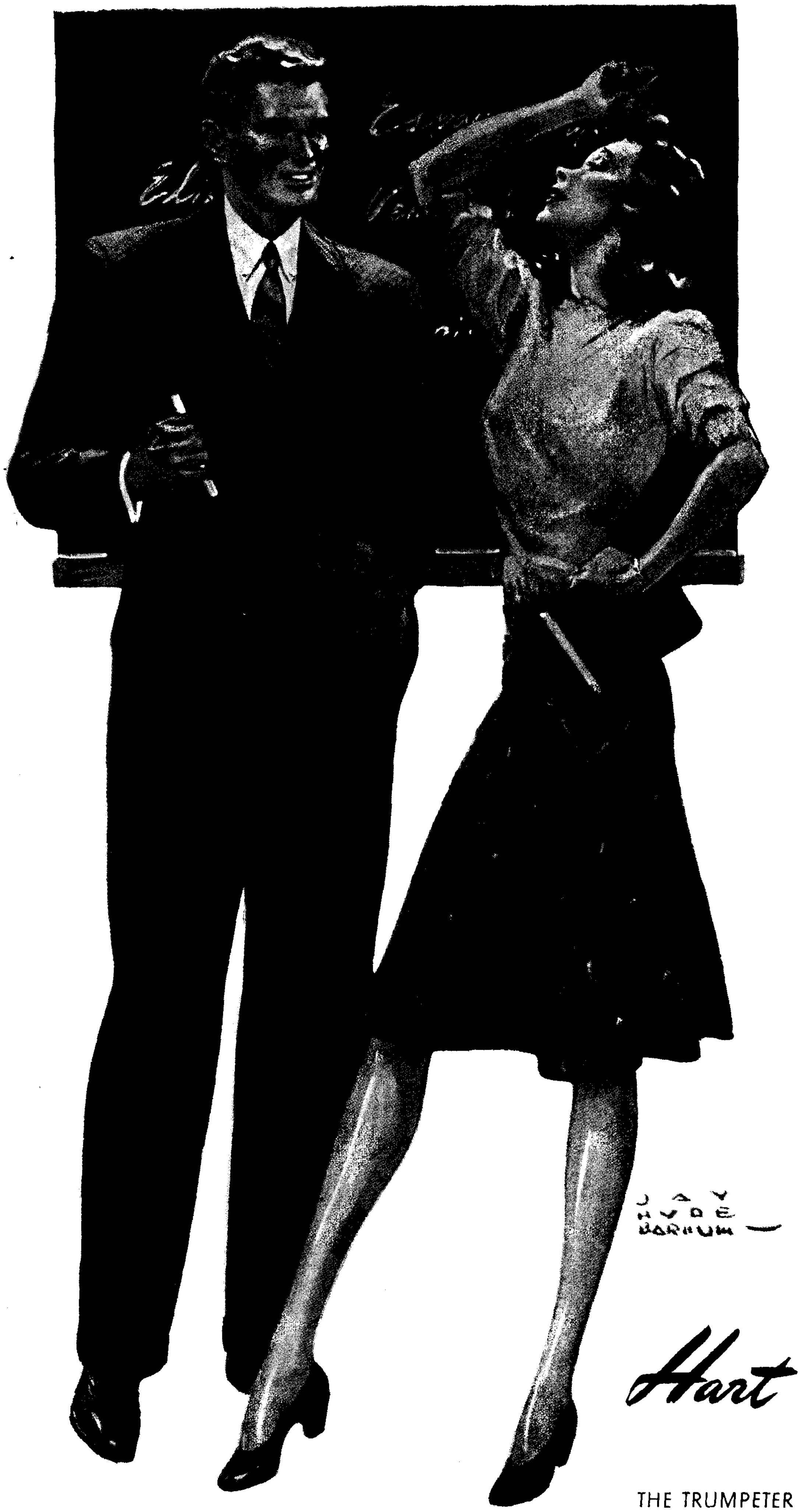
The states vary considerably in their laws covering the weights and measures of foods. For example, the legal weight of a bushel of potatoes is forty-six pounds in one state and sixty pounds in another, while the others have made their "bushels" fifty, fifty-four, fifty-five or fifty-six pounds.—*By Vincent Gagliarducci, Springfield, Massachusetts.*

As the Official Gazette of the United States Patent Office is published every Tuesday and its date becomes the "date of issuance" of the patents listed in it, hundreds of them have become effective on such holidays as Christmas, New Year's and the Fourth of July.—*By Thomas B. Huestis, Indianapolis, Indiana.*

A physician is able to look into the interior of the human eye, through an ophthalmoscope, and determine, by the condition of the nerves and the blood vessels, whether the patient has any one of a number of diseases, such as diabetes, meningitis, Bright's disease, brain tumor, heart lesion or hardening of the arteries.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

Si, see, Senior!



SEE WHAT THE PAMPAS HAVE BROUGHT TO THE CAMPUS..

We ain't woofin' when we say Pan-American Shetland will put you definitely in the but good class on campus this fall. In fact, if you have a tendency to be a sad apple, this smoothie will go a long way toward making you over into a looloo. And that's no Ferdinand. For...

Pan American
SHETLAND

...made of superfine wools imported from the South American pampas... has been blessed by campus Who's Whos from coast to coast and it's definitely not for the Joe Boys. It's perfect for... the classroom... bull session... stadium... or shin-cracking with your dilly. In fact (fair warning) your pals may yell "timber" when you show up in this all-right suit.

And here's something that will please dad: Pan-American is a *tough* gaucho... built of a special blend of Argentine and Chilean wools. Translated, that means long wear which, for a Shetland, is something. Another thing dad will like is the price. Before you Go-Back-To-School arrange to give the once-over to Pan-American Shetland and see how smooth you'll look in this rough stuff. The Hart Schaffner & Marx dealer in your town has it. He's no Joe Corn.

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Glorious new Beauty from your Records!

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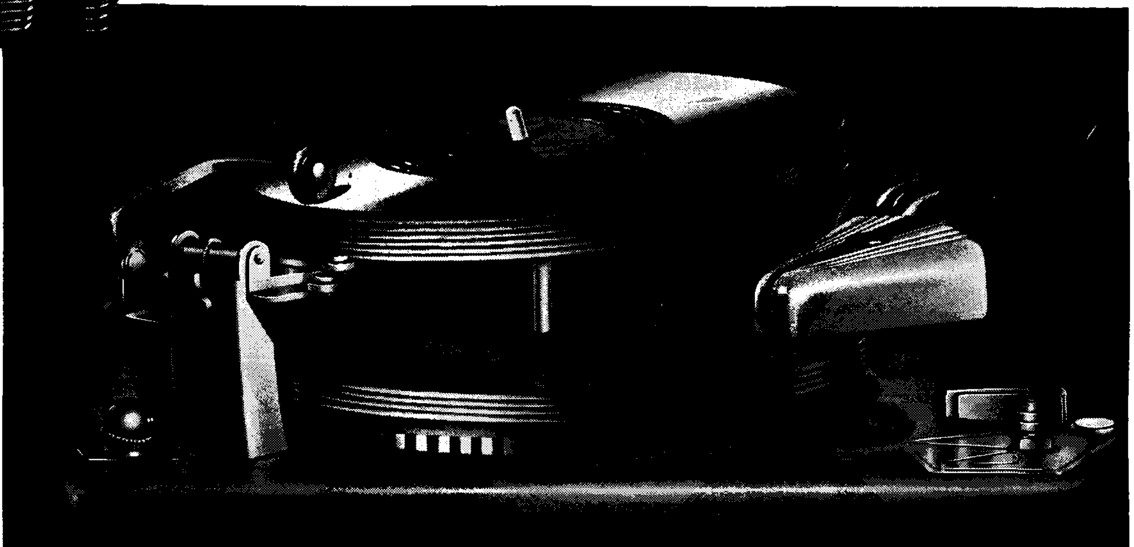
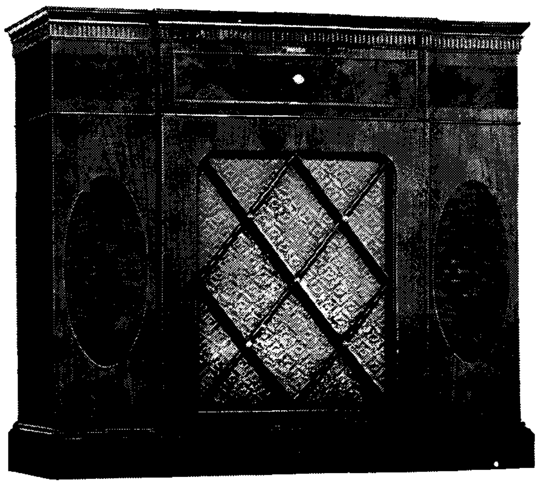
PHILCO

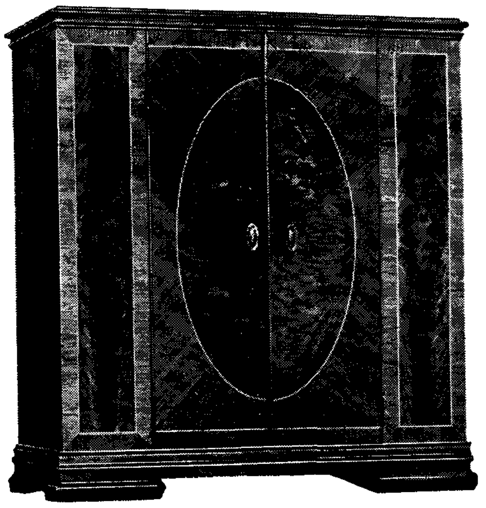
adds another exclusive phonograph invention to *"Music on a Beam of Light"*



PHILCO AUTOMATIC RECORD CHANGER WITH STROBOSCOPE PITCH AND TEMPO CONTROL



PHILCO 1013 PHOTO ELECTRIC RADIO-PHONOGRAPH. Authentic Hepplewhite design; choice of Walnut or Mahogany. Latest 1942 Philco phonograph and radio inventions. American and Foreign reception, Exclusive Philco FM System. *Yours on easiest terms.*



PHILCO 1015 PHOTO ELECTRIC RADIO-PHONOGRAPH. 18th Century Georgian cabinet of richly figured woods in Walnut or Mahogany. A superb instrument with latest Philco phonograph and radio inventions. Liberal allowance for your old radio.

ENJOY your favorite records now as you never could before! Hear in your home the glorious beauty of tone, the true-to-life pitch which the artists recorded in the studio. Feel the thrill of the new delights which Philco inventive genius has brought to radio and recorded music.

The Philco Photo Electric Radio-Phonograph is far different from the ordinary phonograph you have known. *Modern* scientific principles have made it a new kind of musical instrument. The photo-electric cell gave you *Music on a Beam of Light* which eliminated the steel needle with its scratchy tone and ruinous record wear . . . did away with the annoyance of changing needles. Rich overtones of beauty, long hidden in your records, were released for the first time!

Now, Philco engineers have applied the sensational Stroboscopic principle to the phonograph. For the first time, through the *Stroboscope Pitch and Tempo Control*, you may be sure of absolute fidelity of pitch . . . another vital step to bring true, pure, life-like tone to your records!

The Philco Automatic Record Changer gives you simpler, gentler, more reliable changing of records. The Philco Tilt-Front Cabinet gives you new convenience . . . no lid to lift, no dark, clumsy compartments. Philco Home Recording, more life-like than ever, is optional equipment. And the famous Philco "Double I. F." Circuit with the exclusive Philco FM System gives you powerful radio performance and glorious radio tone. All these exclusive advantages are yours to enjoy *only in a Philco.*

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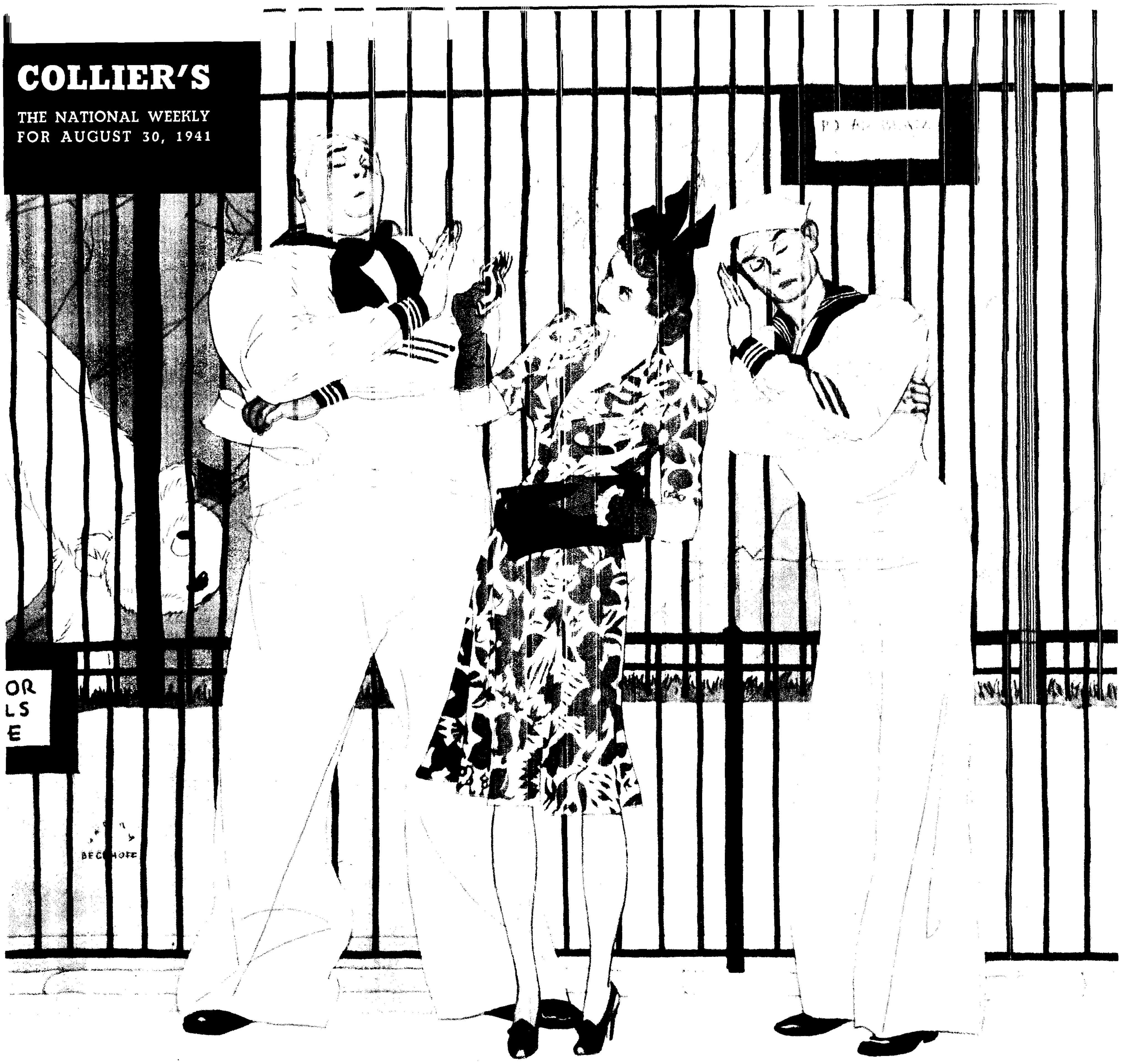
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR AUGUST 30, 1941



Callie Mae pulled out a roll of bank notes. "I'd thank you so kindly!" she said, "an' I'd give y'all nice sailor boys every las' penny of this!"

Boots, Boots, Boots!

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

The defense effort of Seaman Linn and Fireman Dunnevan (Force & Brains, Inc.) leads to their turning down dough—not a miracle, just an instance of purity of heart

SINCE God loves U. S. sailors (*if* their hearts are pure) and since the spirit of the U. S. Navy is bound to prevail over all enemies ("Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just") Seaman Linn and Fireman Dunnevan were happy sailors.

"Benny?"

"Yeah?"

"Didja really mean it when we promussed the skipper not to pull no more fast ones on the boots till the war is over?"

"Right!"

"We don't use ferce an' brains no more, Benny?"

"Only against Hitler, Tim!"

Fireman Dunnevan blinked. Always a bit slow on the up-take, the sudden patriotic reformation of Dunnevan & Linn, Force *and* Brains, Inc., had found him emotionally prepared but intellectually bewildered.

"Yerse—but, Benny—did we mean it when you said we would treat *all* the new boots in Dago like they were our litterl brothers?"

This question brought Seaman Linn to a halt in the strange defense-drive bedlam that was San Diego's Broadway. Soldiers, sailors, marines, aircraft workers, their womenfolk and children jampacked both sides of the wide street. It was a chamber of commerce secretary's wildest dream come true; and local wags already were blaming traffic congestion on the alleged fact that so many San Diego real-estate men spent their spare moments turning handsprings in the streets.

But Seaman Linn, chewing a toothpick, surveyed the scene with magnificent detachment. Although there were boots, boots, boots everywhere—more numerous than sea gulls and more innocent than doves—Seaman Linn's prominent Adam's apple did not even quiver. His bright blue eyes glowed with a noble fervor and his thoughts were far from sordid connivings.

"These boots is diffrent, Tim," said he. "They volunteered to join the U. S. Navy in a time of national crisis, so on an' so forth. No guy that's got the best interests of the U. S. Navy at heart would try to take advantage of 'em. Right?"

Fireman Dunnevan gulped guiltily. "They's orful green though, Benny," he said. "If I an' you was to have a 48 liberty, we could—"

"Tim! Ju-das Priest, you talk like a pro-German at heart!"

"Me? Pro-German? Why, Benny—" Fireman Dunnevan exclaimed.

"Then pipe down on 'at line of thinkin'!"

"But I only said—"

"Okay, okay. Go out an' destroy our morale. Undermine us so Hitler can come over here an' bomb Brooklyn."

These words left Fireman Dunnevan speechless and breathing with noisy snorts.

"Snap outa it, Tim," Seaman Linn continued briskly. "That So-and-so ain't gonna get nowheres near Brooklyn or any place elst over here. C'mon—we shove off!"

"Where to, Benny?"

"Balboa Park."

"But I seen them lyruns—"

Seaman Linn made an obscene sound. "It so happens, dumbhead, that Chief Mulcahy didn't send us ashore to waste taxpayers' dough lookin' at lions. We got a mission."

"Yerse?"

"Yeah. We gotta round up half a dozen boots for the chief to look at. Davis an' Skeverscki is transferred to a pigboat, so we take on two boots. Get it?"

Fireman Dunnevan shook his head. "Why don't we jest go over to the trainin' station an' pick out six boots from the pool, Benny?"

"No brains, no brains! The chief hand-picks his boots, an' he wants nothin' but country boys, see? He wants 'em all to look like they jest fell out the hind end of a farm wagon. Get it?"

"Yerse, but why Balboa Park, *why*, Benny?"

Seaman Linn spat to leeward and got under way. "The hickiest boots in Dago will be at the zoo in front of the monkey cages, Stupid!" he said.

This remark brought an admiring chuckle from Fireman Dunnevan. "You sure got geenus, Benny. Yerse!"

Nevertheless, it was Fireman Dunnevan who spotted the first likely-looking prospects for the U. S. Destroyer Trimble's crew in Balboa Park.

"Lookit, Benny!" he said. "Over by the polar bairse! Right off'n a farm!"

IT NEEDED only a glance for Seaman Linn to verify Tim's discovery. The two boots by the bear pits were a cinch to gladden the heart of Chief Bosun's Mate Mulcahy. They had even assumed the classic poses—the tall, thin one leaning against a concrete light post and the short, tubby one in a chicken-crate squat on the curbstone. They looked mopey, homesick and forlorn.

"Pipe down an' let *me* do the talkin'," Seaman Linn said out of the corner of his mouth.

He sauntered casually across the road, Fireman Dunnevan lumbering one pace behind.

"Hi-yah, sailors!"

"Yerse . . . hi-yah?"

The boots looked at Tim and Benny, then they looked at each other.

"Howdy," the post-leaner said. "Is what we're doin' against the regs?"

Seaman Linn, grinning genially, assured these country boys in big-brother fashion that the U. S. Navy had no objection to boots looking at bears in Balboa Park.

"I'm Linn, seaman first, an' this is Dunnevan, fireman secont," he went on. "We're from the Trimble. You guys assigned to a ship yet?"

"No sech luck!"

"Been settin' araound the station two weeks come Sattiday."

"I tells Gerald they ain't figurin' to put us on no ship nohow."

"Oh, I dunno as we should give up hope yit, Robert. 'Scuse me, Mistah Linn. My name's Gerald McCudden an' his'n's Robert Treadway. Howdy! Mighty pleased to meet you an' Mistah Dunnevan, ain't we, Robert?"

"Yessir, we sho are. Howdy!"

Mr. Treadway was the tubby lad. He had a round, red face and bland, innocent eyes. Mr. McCudden showed a corn-tassel topknot under his sailor hat and a thin, gaunt smile spiked with a gold tooth in front.

"I bet you guys is from somewhere in the farm district," said Fireman Dunnevan.

The boots chuckled.

"Arkansas's our state, Mistah," said Gerald, "an' we come f'm so far back in the hills a hoss cain't make it an' a mule don't want to!"

"Yayyy tell!" agreed Robert. "A hawg-trot is a wide road where we come f'm!"

Seaman Linn and Fireman Dunnevan exchanged glances.

"The chief'll love 'em, Benny—ow—"

"Pipe *down*, Tim! Uh . . . Tim was referrin' to Chief Mulcahy, boys. You oughta meet the chief sometime. What a character! Been with the Trimble two an' a half hitches. A big, upstanding Irisher with a heart of gold. Right, Tim?"

"Yerse! An' he loves country—"

Mr. Treadway jumped up from the curbstone. "Would he take us, Mistah?" he asked, eagerly, and Mr. McCudden stopped leaning against the lamppost.

"Hold on, Robert," Mr. McCudden said. "Don't go rushin' Mistah Dunnevan thataway. Maybe they ain't no vacancies. Shucks, I bet that's it."

Fireman Dunnevan waited for Seaman Linn to speak. But Seaman Linn appeared to be lost in deep thought.

"I an' Benny might be able to fix it up. We got a good drag with Chief Mulcahy. If we was to rec—"

Boots Treadway reacted with astonishing promptness, jerking an old leather wallet from beneath his blouse. The gesture stunned Fireman Dunnevan. He turned to the brains of Force *and* Brains, Inc., appealing for decisive action.

"What'd be worth to y'all boys to git me an' Gerald jobs on your ship?" Mr. Treadway asked.

"*Benny*—they'll pay us! You hear that?"

"We sho will, Mistah Linn!"

SEAMAN LINN shook his head. "Put 'at dough away, kid," he said. "I an' Tim don't sell jobs in the U. S. Navy."

"But, Benny—"

"Pipe down, Tim! Now, then, so far as putting you guys up with a recommend to the chief—okay. You look like the right kinda material. But I hope they ain't any reason you guys got for wantin' assignment to ship right away, essept to do your duty?"

"No, *suh,* Mistah Linn!"

"Layin' araound that station an' drillin' like fo' the Ahmy was jest gittin' us daown, Mistah Linn."

Seaman Linn appeared to be satisfied. "Okay," he said. "You guys meet us at the landing at one o'clock sharp."

"Won't y'all let us give you a little present—"

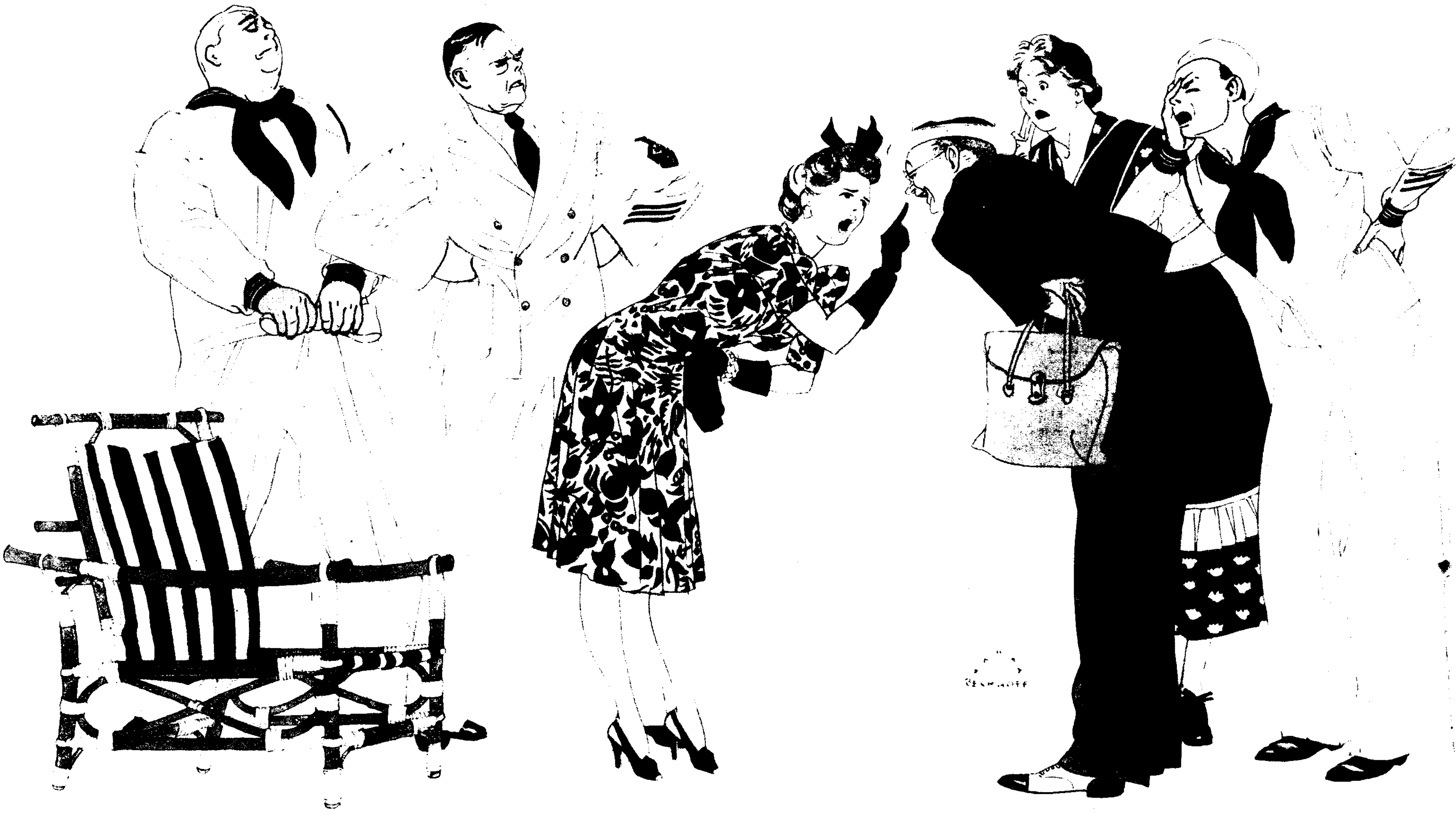
"Yerse!"

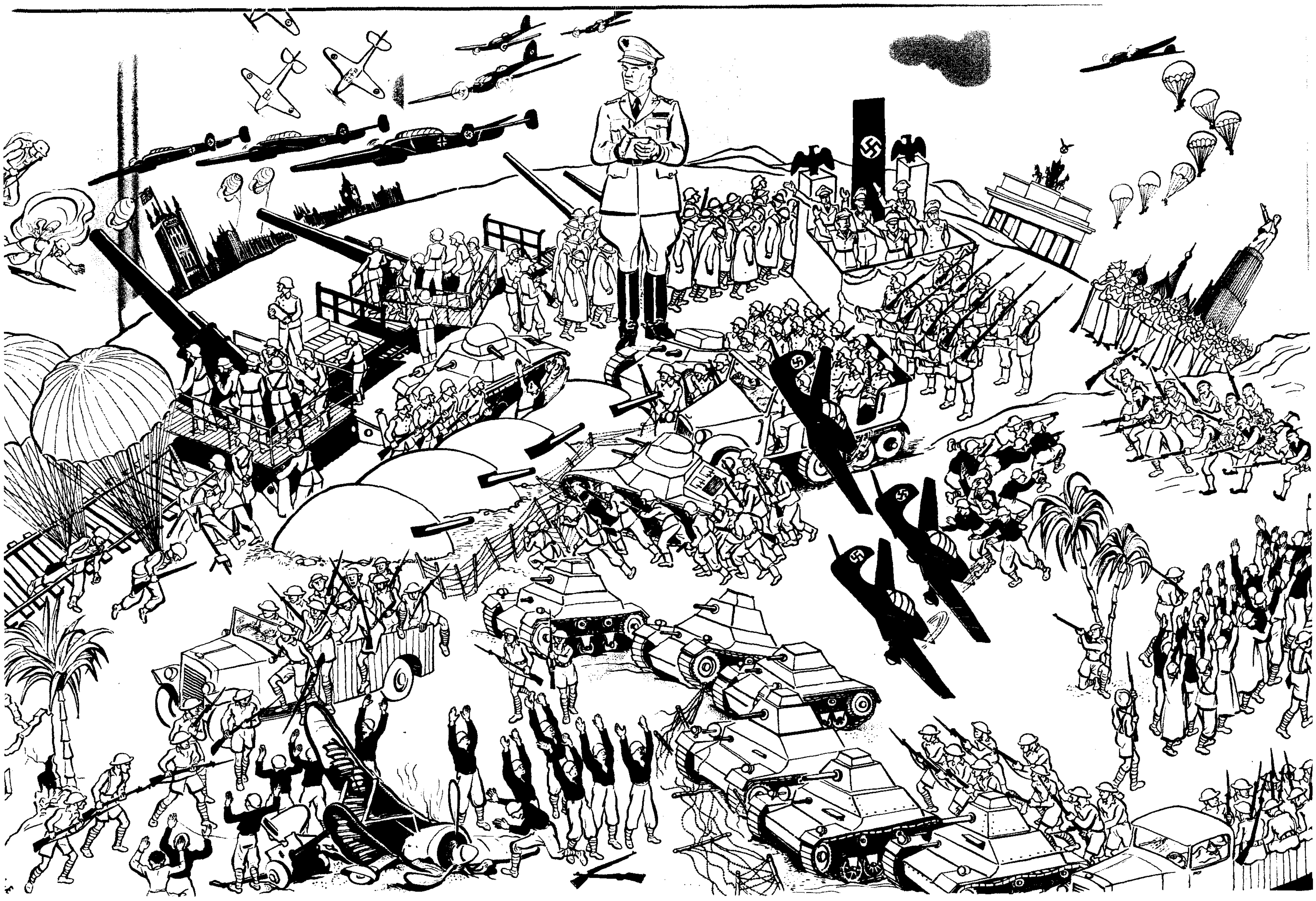
"No! Pipe down, Tim. You guys shove off!"

Boots Treadway and McCudden, with jubilant protestations of gratitude, shoved off. Fireman Dunnevan grunted his anguish.

(*Continued on page* 42)

Callie Mae turned on him, her eyes blazing. "Now we are through, you rat!" she yelled. "I tear up the contract!"





Fifty-two military attachés in 40 countries keep Uncle Sam informed on new developments from Africa to Russia

G-2 MEN

By Kenneth Downs

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL ROSE

A military attaché, the Army's foreign correspondent, must do a spy's work without being a spy. He works day and night, gulps gallons of pink tea and cocktails, risks bombs and bullets—all this to save future doughboys' lives and billions of your dollars

"I DO not believe the Axis powers are going to win this war. I base that on the latest and best information."—*President Roosevelt's Fireside Chat, December 29, 1940.*

One of the most important sources of this "latest and best information" was G-2, the military intelligence division of the War Department general staff. And G-2 gets its war information from its staff correspondents—the military attachés; the pink-tea boys, their irreverent Army colleagues called them in the salad days of peace. Sassiety soldiers. Coffee coolers. But these characterizations were not true then any more than they are today when the "coffee coolers" are dodging bombs in Europe and Asia.

The United States Army officers who serve as our military attachés abroad are an extraordinary lot—good-looking, highly educated, multilingual, clever, tireless.

They are the eyes and ears of the Army outside the United States, keeping the general staff minutely informed of the progress of wars abroad, of developments in arms and armaments in foreign countries. The information they furnish plays an important part in shaping our foreign policy. It is of vital importance in our rearmament program.

For the work they have done in observing trends in armaments and weapons, the military attachés are proving they are worth their weight in ten-thousand-dollar bills. Our defense spending is shooting up into astronomical figures, and were it not for the diligent work of our military attachés during the last few years, a large part of these dollars might be wasted on obsolete or obsolescent weapons.

At the Ebro and Teruel in Spain, at reviews and maneuvers in Germany, on the plains of Poland, in the snows of Finland and the mountains of Norway, at the forts of Belgium, the rivers of Holland, at Eben Emael, the Meuse, Sedan, Flanders and Dunkirk, in the air over Britain and the Channel, in Albania and Greece and in the deserts of Libya and in Russia, our observers have learned about blitzkrieg.

We Learn Through Others' Errors

By cable, wireless and mail they have reported the progress of combat and new tactics, new weapons, new use of weapons. They have detailed the terrible lessons the French learned about the futility of rigid defenses. They reported the combined tactics of all arms including co-ordination of aviation with ground forces. They have advised expertly of the development of heavier armor on tanks; that antitank guns smaller than 37 mm. are out; that no new bombers should be put in production without power turrets; that fighter planes should carry at least eight wing machine guns and aim at the 400-mile-an-hour mark.

Thanks to their reports we are starting from scratch, building our enormous new Army along lines proved most effective and arming it with weapons that the test of battle has shown to be the best. We are profiting by trial and error on the battlefields of three continents, saving lives of future doughboys, saving literally billions of dollars.

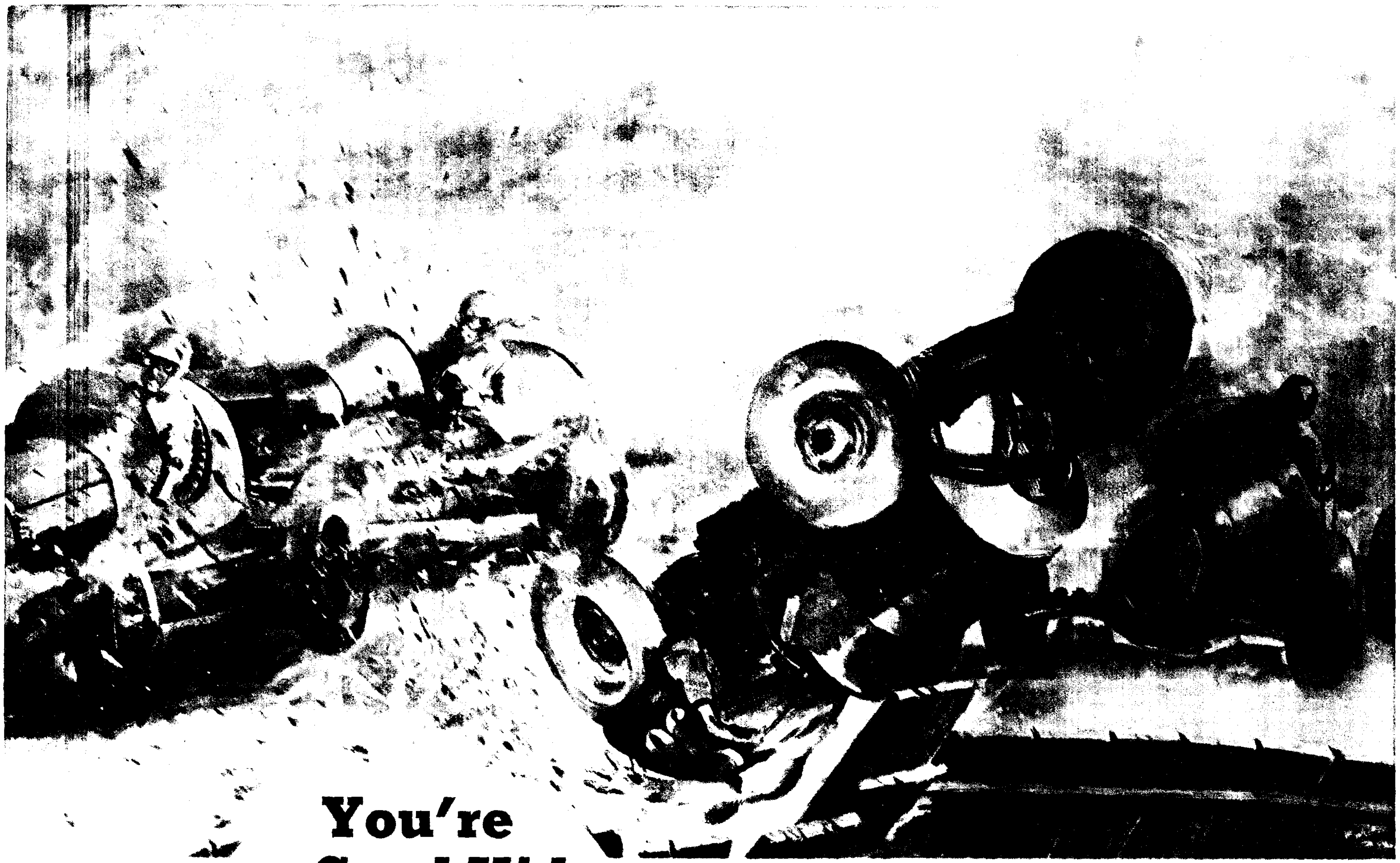
Brigadier General Sherman Miles appoints and directs military attachés and it is to him they report. He is chief of G-2. His first name is for a great-uncle, William Tecumseh Sherman, who was something of a general himself during the Civil War and who is credited with the nifty, "War is hell."

Sherman Miles, a tall man of fifty-eight, has friendly blue eyes and thin lips. He looks like a man who knows a lot and is keeping it to himself. His Washington office is big and bare of furniture except for a desk and some chairs—neat, but about as elegant as a warehouse.

It is across General Miles' battered desk that the "latest and best" information flows in from his fifty-two attachés and their assistants and the special missions who collaborate with them. General Miles is like an editor receiving dispatches from fifty-two crack correspondents, but he keeps his information hush-hush instead of publishing it. Any editor would give a year's pay to sit in at General Miles' desk for a short while.

Miles appreciates the work and the problems of his men because he has had

(Continued on page 47)



She could see the four wheels spinning in the air and she knew that Clay Cosgrove was pinned under that overturned car

You're a Good Kid

By Dorothee Carousso

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

All Liz wanted was a good husband, a pretty home and four kids. Until she met Clay. Then she took what she could get

IT'S a sensible girl who doesn't mind being called Liz. It's an Elizabeth who has her mind on something besides fancy Hollywood names. This one had her mind on getting a good husband, and a pretty home, and four children, and then spending the rest of her life loving them all.

You could tell it almost the minute you saw her, because of the black hair and the serious gray eyes with the black lashes. Liz, you thought right away, was an awfully nice girl. She had such a pleasant smile and such warm, quick hands. And she had a hovering way about her that was sweet—as if she were practicing to be a mother hen.

Clay Cosgrove hadn't ever had much to do with girls, only kidding around with the wiseacres who would drift down to the pits during the intermission and after the races were over. Every midget-auto race track had a delegation of these wiseacres. They traveled in twos and threes, all wearing the same sweaters and skirts, all wearing their hair the same length over their shoulders and the little swirl over their foreheads tied with a ribbon. Young kids, mostly, and the fellows warned one another that they were jail bait.

When Clay came up from Pennsylvania, he found them at the Freeport track, too. Young kids, sweet kids really, under the make-up and the wise talk. But dynamite! So that first night at Freeport, after the races were over and the fellows started talking coffee, and Donovan told Clay that he'd introduce him to a good diner and a pretty girl named Liz, Clay just grinned and trotted along. Nobody's afraid of a girl named Liz.

IT'S funny when you first meet a girl how you can like her or dislike her for just one little thing. That one little thing, with Clay, was the fact that Liz didn't lean on the counter when she talked to the customers. He liked that. Then, he got to like the fact that Liz didn't kid around. When a fellow is banging around the circuits, sleeping in hotels, eating at odd diners, meeting a constant stream of people that he's never seen before and will never see again, he's got to keep up a fast clip of light talk. It gets tiring. Sometimes Clay thought about how nice it would be to sit himself down in that old farm kitchen back home and lay his elbows along that big table and say, "Let's talk some sense, Mom." Well, talking to Liz was like that—like spreading your elbows on the kitchen table.

It was quite a while before Liz knew that Clay felt that way about her. It was probably because she never gave any standing room in her busy mind to the "track truck," as she called them. She shut them out with preoccupied finality. When she had her good husband, and the pretty home, and the four children, and was busy loving them all, the diner and the track and the racers would be just something unimportant in the past.

To Liz, Clay Cosgrove was just another of the "track truck," just a nice fellow with brown hair and blue eyes and a big-kid grin. The most she wanted to know of that type was that they came into the diner for "coffee-and" when their night's work was done, and that when one of them didn't show up, the morning papers would furnish his alibi.

Being a sensible girl, she got this over to Clay the very first time she found him waiting to walk her home.

"What's this?" She acted surprised when he materialized out of the greenleaf shadows.

"Bodyguard," he grinned. "You're too little to walk alone at night. You might slip through a crack in the sidewalk."

She laughed at the idea, a quick, appreciative laugh, and in that instant it was too late to tell Clay that he couldn't walk with her. He was already doing it. But though they talked pleasantly enough about Long Island in the summer, and how much they both enjoyed thunderstorms, beneath the talking and the laughter, her heart set against him with a stubbornness that only a girl named Liz can get away with.

WHEN they reached her boardinghouse, she said good night pleasantly but firmly. Clay reached out an awkward paw and touched her shoulder.

"Just a second. I—er—I've got a pass to Friday night's races, if you'd like—"

"Oh, no! No *thank* you!" she said elaborately. "I've something much better to do with my night off than go watch a bunch of darned fools trying to kill themselves!"

"You've never been to the track?"

"Nor will I ever," she said quietly.

He looked at her closely, looked all over her upturned face, his eyes wrinkled at the corners with his deep study.

"We like it, you know." He grinned a little. "You want to remember that if you ever decide to go."

"I won't!" she assured him.

They stood looking at each other with steady defiance, his eyes saying, "So that's the way it is?" and her eyes answering, "That's the way it is!" There was nothing more for them to say except good night, and they said it very stiffly.

That might have been an end to it if Clay had been a different sort. But he was the kind that can devil a girl to distraction. He'd come out of the greenleaf shadows and fall into step as easy as though she wanted him there. They'd walk along, maybe talk a little, and then say good night in front of the boardinghouse. He never tried to kiss her or make wise talk. He never did or said anything that would give Liz a chance to hand him walking papers.

Liz got so she'd look for him evenings when she had said good night to Pete, the boss, and stepped out into the cool summer wind. When she did not find him waiting, she felt as though the whole day had wilted.

But Liz wasn't the kind to lie to herself about things like this. For a little while she passed it off as indigestion or

(Continued on page 45)

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LE FROM LONDON

ringside seat Collier's
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bomber downed by a
cannon shot from a Brit-
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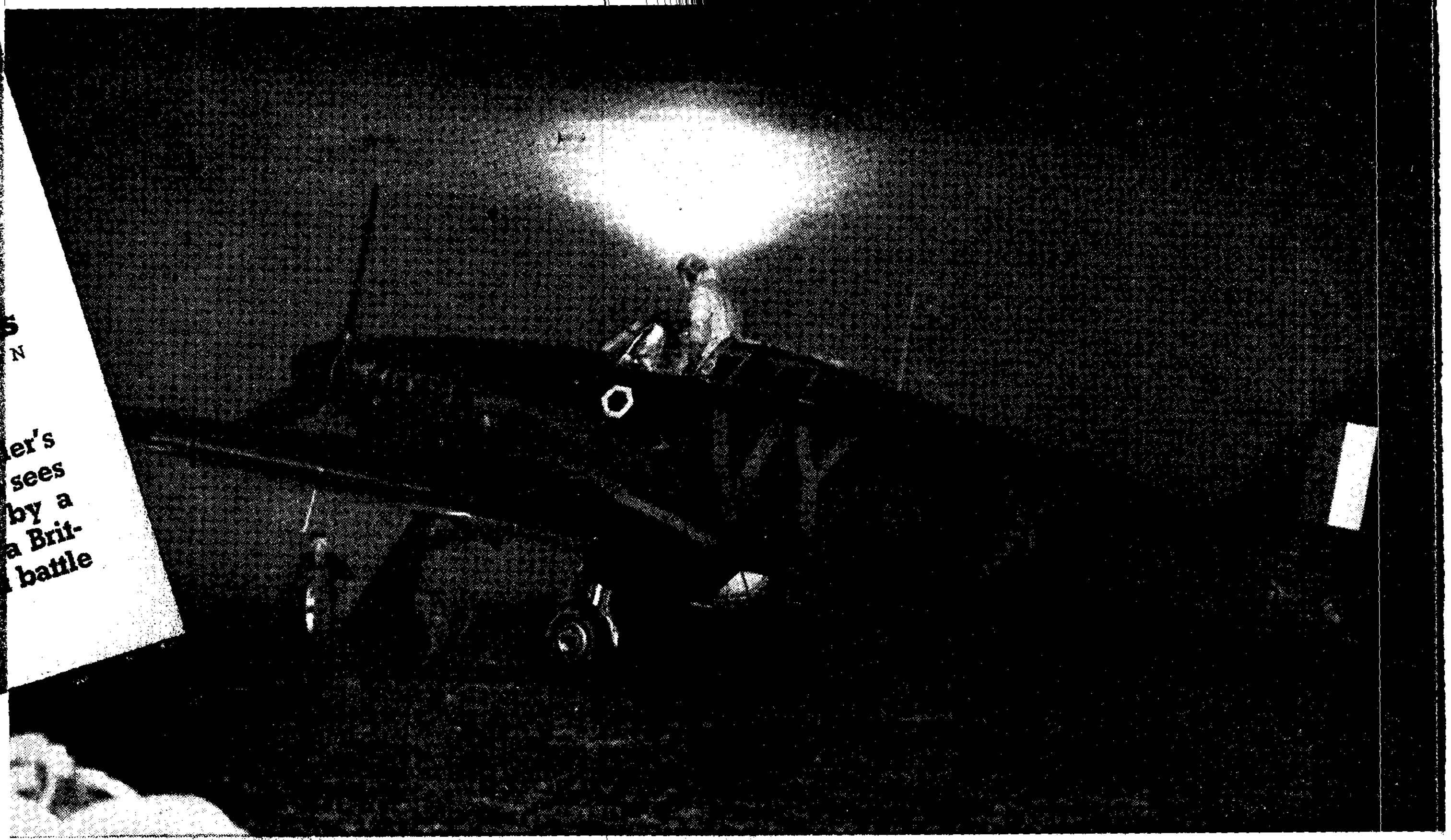


BRITISH COMBINE

With only a single floodlight to help him take off, a Hurricane pilot starts up to intercept the approaching bombers

IT WAS a very small dog of uncertain and varied ancestry. The dog kept looking toward the door of the hut as though he were waiting for someone or waiting for something to happen. A dozen pilots and gunners lounged about, waiting for their turn to go up. Now and then one of them would try to engage the dog in amiable conversation but the dog shook off all such attempts impatiently. He had something on his mind. You could tell by his eyes that he was waiting for something. Then a bareheaded figure swathed in heavy flying clothes walked in the door and the dog sprang forward and leaped into his arms.

The pilot laughed and he grabbed the dog and the dog made friendly growling noises. He sank his teeth into the pilot's hand, but he couldn't get very far with those heavy gloves, so he raised his head and licked the pilot's chin instead.

"He's been waiting for you," I told the pilot. "It's easy to see he's your dog."

The other pilots, who had been sitting around talking and kidding and playing cards, stopped when I said that.

"He wasn't waiting for me," the pilot said shortly. "He isn't my dog. He was waiting for Al. Al went up two nights ago and didn't come back."

"He's your dog now," one of the other pilots said.

None mentioned Al the rest of the night. I walked out on the airdrome. This was an airdrome devoted entirely to night fighters. It was bright moonlight. There was a real bomber's moon and you felt that although the Germans hadn't been over on a big scale in three weeks they wouldn't pass up this weather. The ground crews were sitting on the ground close to the airplanes. The planes of the night fighters are painted black. At this station there were the two-motored Defiants and Beaufighters as well as Spitfires. The single-motored Spits are used only on the brightest of nights. They land at a hundred miles an hour and they haven't strong legs like the heavier twin-engined airplanes. It takes a lot of piloting to land a Spit when you can't see where you're landing.

This airdrome was nearly a mile square. The airplanes seemed to be crouching there in the semidarkness waiting to take off. The C. O. was just saying, "Hope we can show you some action," when someone said, calmly, "Forty-plus, coming this way."

The commanding officer smiled and went off to give orders. Now these men with whom I'd been talking and laughing and drinking beer would have to start earning their twenty dollars a week; earning it the hard way. "Forty-plus" might mean anything. Actually, it meant "over forty German planes."

The motors were roaring out on the field now. I went out there. The pilots and their gunners sauntered out of the hut where they had been waiting. They walked to their planes.

"I'd just ordered a beer," a pilot named Cecil said to me. "When Frank brings it, grab it."

"I'll buy you one when you get back," I told him.

"I'll be back," he said. They all think that; they all believe in their own luck. If you don't believe in the absolute infallibility of your own luck you won't be much good as a night fighter. Somehow, people over here who don't believe in their luck get killed.

One plane after another roared off. They all show lights when they take off. They circle the field once to get the sleep out of their motors and then they switch their lights off and go to work. They show lights on returning. The Germans do the same thing and often the R.A.F. night fighters try to guess what color lights the Germans will show on a particular night. They will circle high over German airports, mingling with German bombers, showing the German landing lights, and then let them have it. It is a difficult operation but the night fighters have become very proficient at it.

The Spitfire is a Lady

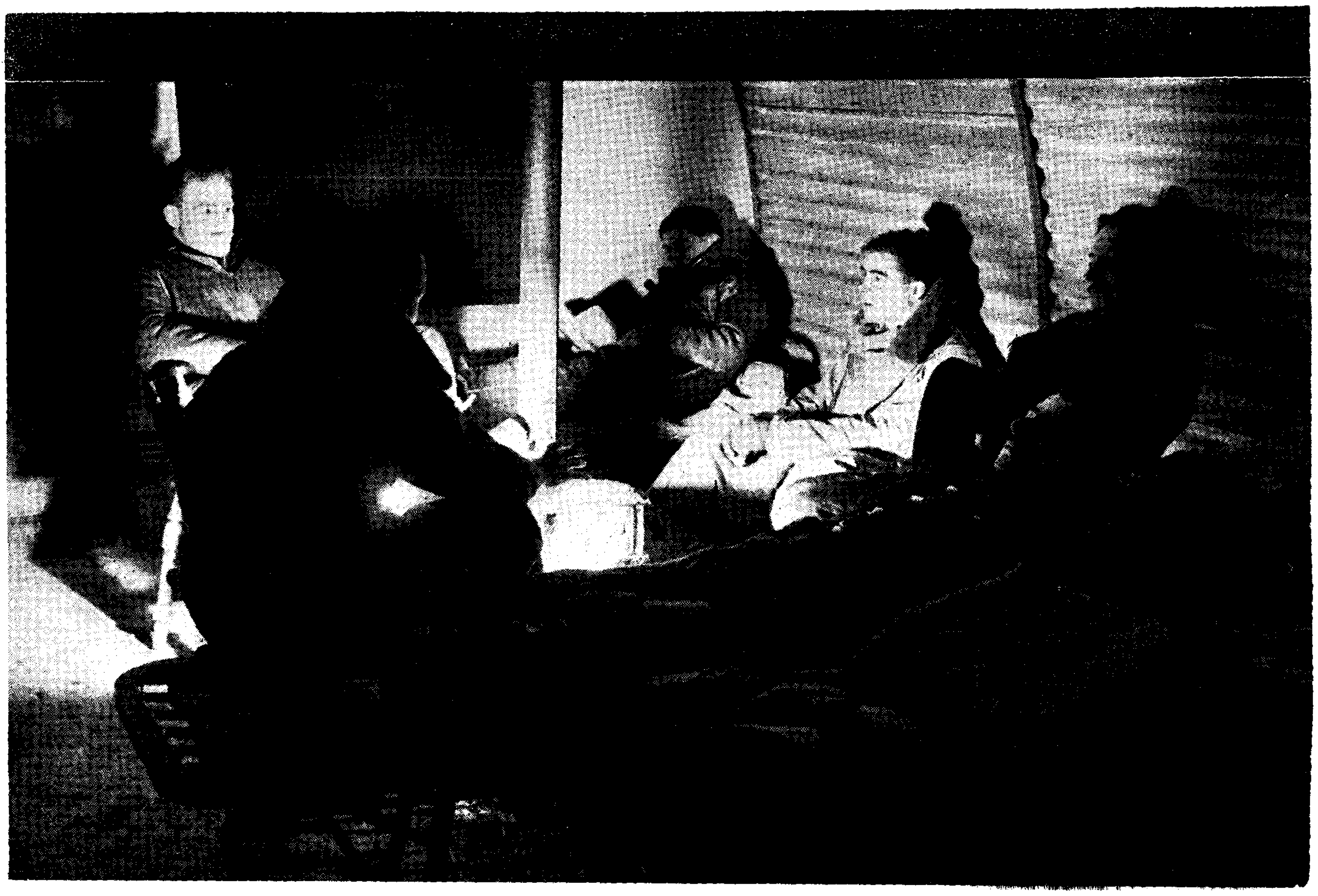
I stood with two pilots who hadn't been sent up yet and we watched the planes circling. Twenty-four of them were up there. They would fly at different levels, forming a protecting wall 35,000 feet high between our airport and London. It was bright enough for the Spitfires to go up, and now they took off. Even the night couldn't conceal the slim beauty of this greatest of fighting airplanes. The blunt Beau-fighters and Defiants are decidedly masculine-looking. The Spitfire looks like a debutante, eager-eyed, youthful, dressed for her first big party. In the distance the guns were roaring and occasionally the sky was studded with quick, golden flashes from the exploding shells.

"Why don't you fellows ever get hit by our own ack-ack?" I asked one of the pilots.

"That's what they call co-operation between the air force and the ground force," he said. "They know where we are most of the time."

The guns nearest stopped and now we could hear the German planes. The two pilots could tell the difference between their motors and the motors of the night fighters. Now and then we'd hear the unmistakable loud singing of a Spitfire. It has a sound all its own. The sky above and on all sides was almost filled with planes but, bright as the moon was, we couldn't see any of them. Then we

(Continued on page 49)



HER DAY

Madame Chiang Kai-shek gets up at six-thirty in the morning, puts in a harder day than Mrs. Roosevelt and seldom turns in before midnight. And her husband finds her of more help to him than 20 divisions

By Martha Gellhorn

MAY-LING SOONG CHIANG, youngest of the three famous sisters and wife of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, came into the room quickly and lightly before the servant could announce her. The salon of her Chungking home is simple and gray, and the furniture stands about in neat rigidity. There are lace doilies on the chair backs, and the polished wood of the tables gleams.

It is a solemn Victorian room. You find yourself wondering at once what her own room is like. Is it gay and soft and pretty, or is it full of filing cabinets? She is the second most powerful person in China, and an executive of great talent; she is also a beautiful woman.

As soon as she talks, as soon as she smiles, you know that everything you have heard is true. She can charm the birds off the trees, and she knows exactly what appeals to each kind of bird. She is about five feet and five inches tall in high heels. She is as beautifully constructed as the newest and brightest movie star and she has lovely legs. Her face is oval, with cream-colored skin, a round chin and a smooth throat. She uses rouge, lipstick and a faint dark eyeshadow, and her ink-black hair waves loosely back from her forehead and is caught in a knot at the nape of her neck.

Every pose of her hands, her head or her body is pretty to see. She is so delightful to look at, and her low voice, speaking English with a charming, somewhat slurred accent, is so entrancing, that you forget you are talking to the second ruler of China.

She speaks quickly, leaning forward in her chair, smoking mentholated cigarettes, one after the other, from a thin ebony holder. She wears Chinese clothes. The remarkable Chinese have solved the fashion problem by having only one model of a dress. You can have it made in any kind of cloth, but the model is always the same. As a terrific innovation, very short sleeves came into vogue some eight years ago. Now all the women have adopted them.

Madame Chiang, these warm sunny days, wore the type-dress in flowered silk. For ornament, she wears earrings: of jet today, of diamonds yesterday when we had tea with her and the Generalissimo. She uses a faint scent, and looks as if she had nothing to do except be beautiful.

Actually, her working day begins at six-thirty in the morning and ends at midnight: "Then I go to bed," she said, "and wake up more tired than I was before."

We were all feeling pleasant and relaxed because the weather was good. Chungking, the capital on the skyscraper hills above the Yangtze, has a poisonous climate. It is cold and wet in winter, and steaming hot in summer, but now for a few days there was something almost like spring. From this house you did not see the gutted and burned buildings, the little hovels of shops and homes that have sprung up from the bombed ruins.

You did not hear the noise of hammering that is always over Chungking, which must rebuild itself as fast as it is smashed. Even the dynamite explosions, blasting new bomb shelters out of the rock foundation of the city, came here faintly.

The air-raid season, which begins with the fixed good weather of summer, had not started. She was telling us that she felt her English growing stiff and rusty; she had not been back to America since she left Wellesley.

"The overseas Chinese said I must come to America to make a lecture tour. They said it would be worth ten divisions to China, if I came. My husband told me to say that I was worth twenty divisions to be with him, here, so I did not go."

School for Wives

The day before, at tea, she translated for the Generalissimo. You could see how he relied on her, and particularly how useful she is as an intermediary for him with foreigners. He speaks no English. But he does understand one word. That word is "darling."

"You see," she said, "he can always talk to me. And no matter how bad anything is, we always cheer each other up." She laughed, and went on. "We have been married fourteen years. We get on very well, two people with such tempers. When we married, everybody said it would not last." This sounded familiar and homey, like any other woman who feels comfortably boastful after a long, happy married life.

"And he takes care of me," she went on. "Sometimes I get so overworked I cannot think. I am like a fly stuck in flypaper. Then my husband says, 'Now you go over to the south bank to the country, and stay there a few days.' He just picks me up and sends me off."

On Sunday, if they can, the Generalissimo and Madame go across the river together, to their country house. Most of the foreign embassies are on the south bank, where they are relatively free of the bombing. The Szechwan hills stretch out behind the embassies and the legations and the Standard Oil and American Petroleum Company compounds, and there is a breeze, and you can rest from the war for a day.

We told Madame that we had met her sister, Madame H. H. Kung, in Hong Kong.

"She is an angel," Madame said. "She has the most heart of us all. I tell her she has too much heart for her own good. She always acts on impulse. And people say terrible things about her." Now you could see the temper, you could see it in the bright eyes and the suddenly hard chin. You could see that this woman would fight when what she loved, or what she believed in, was

(Continued on page 53)

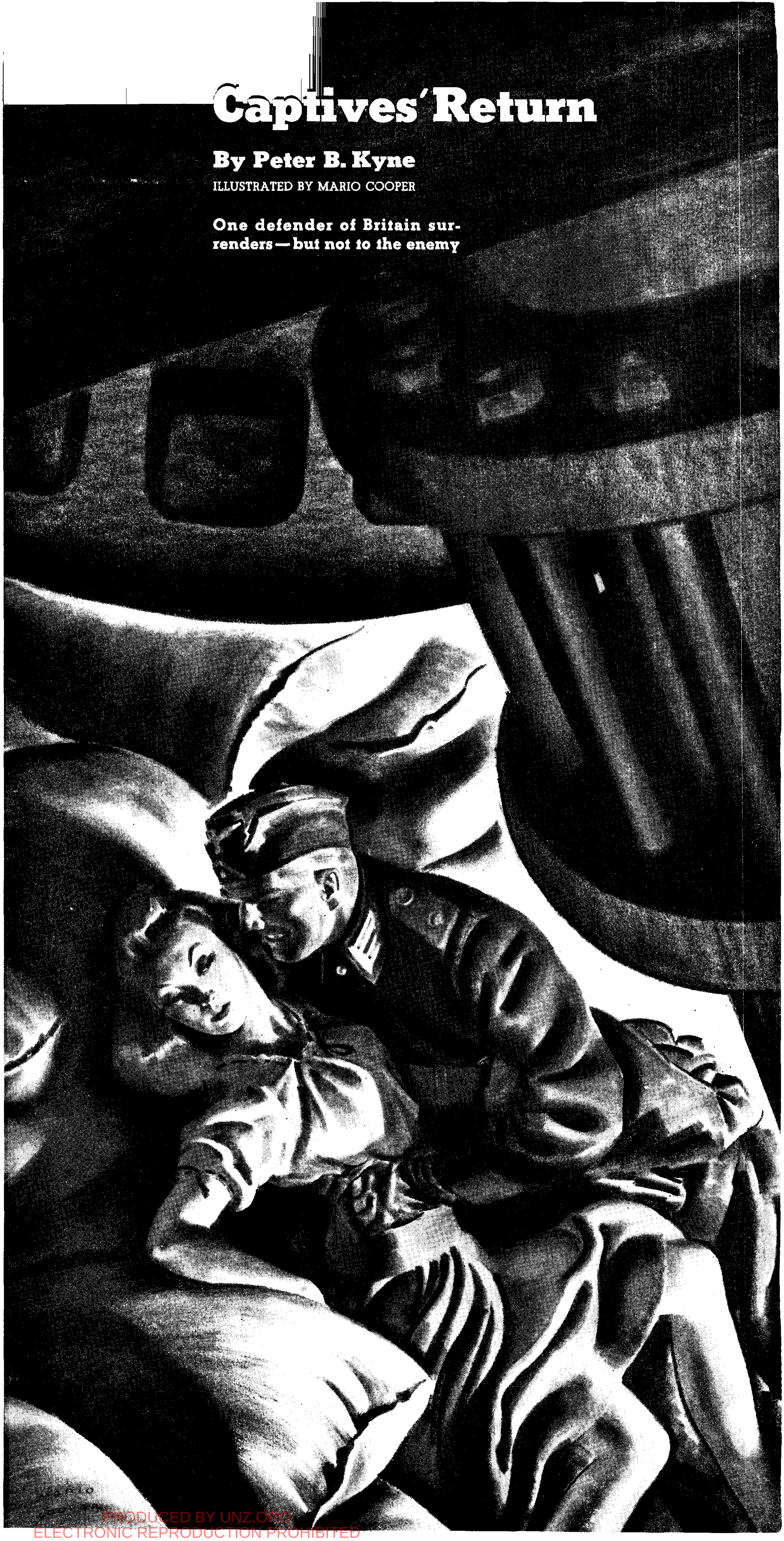
Madame Chiang Kai-shek, China's No. 2 ruler, with Ernest Hemingway and Martha Gellhorn in front of Madame Chiang's bomb shelter in Chungking

Captives' Return

By Peter B. Kyne

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

One defender of Britain surrenders—but not to the enemy



FLIGHT LIEUTENANT ANDREW CLAVERING was, for the fifth time since the German invasion of Holland, coming down to earth. So he had a couple of minutes to consider his future, to wonder whether he was dropping on the tail of the retreating British army or the head of the pursuing German army. There was a blue sunset haze over the land below, and movements there had an indistinct quality.

Suddenly he knew he was bound for a German prison camp. A battery of guns beyond a village just below him was throwing dozens of little high-explosive shells at him! He thought: Better keep as far away from the village as possible. He manipulated the shrouds of his chute, and the light breeze wafted him westward . . . he dropped into a river and sank, almost without a ripple, in a deep, slowly swirling pool.

Before he could unsnap the harness he felt himself being towed ashore; when his body grounded in the shallows he sat up while the chute was pulled off him and heard a woman say, in a lovely voice with an undeniable English accent, "Are you wounded?"

He did not reply. There was something queer about this. He must have time to figure it out. Surely he hadn't fought himself out of France to fall on English soil—dogfights did not last that long. The voice reached him again: "Give me your hands."

He did and she drew him erect. He stared at her as if she were something decidedly not of this world, for she was hatless and it had been a long time since she had had a hair-do. She wore a torn, soiled dress and she was barefooted. Perhaps he had been killed and she was one of the Valkyrie sent to bring him to Valhalla.

He said, "Well, I'll be darned!"

"A Colonial," the girl exclaimed. She unsnapped the parachute harness and shoved it back into the river. "It's evidence when they come looking for you," she explained. "There's a small German force still up in that village. They finished a fight there only an hour ago."

"How did you know I was British?"

"Well, your plane beat you down and crashed in that village and I saw the marking on the wings. Then a battery started shooting and I could see dirty little white puffs all around you. Made me think of a Michelangelo cherub on clouds."

"Well, this is my finish."

"Oh, so all the fight is out of you, eh?"

"Do you expect me to fight the whole German army? A sensible man knows when to quit."

"I have heard of Britons so stupid they didn't know they were whipped and so they fought on—and won! Wait here—in the water. Do not step out on the sand."

SHE ran up the river bar to a growth of willows along the bank and returned carrying a little boy about six years old, a blanket roll, and a French officer's musette bag. The child was asleep, wrapped in a dirty cotton quilt. "Take him, please," she said, "and walk upriver in the shallows so you'll not leave a trail."

"Who are you and what are you doing here?"

"I'm a refugee."

He slogged up the stream about two hundred yards to a stone dam. Beside it was a flour mill and a millrace. The girl led him up stone steps to the mill. She pointed to the barrel of a heavy machine gun thrust out a window on the second floor and said, "Shambles." She led him across the lower floor through a door into the back yard where perhaps a hundred bags of wheat were piled in half a parallelogram. "Pop into the angle and hide," she ordered him.

A moment later she heard him exclaim, "There's a dead British soldier here. Not a nice sight for this child when he awakens."

"Never mind the soldier. He's fresh. We were hiding in that triangle when he came up the river stalking that machine gun I showed you upstairs. He had hand grenades but a German across the river wounded him and he crawled in here and died."

"Who mopped up the machine gun?"

"I did. He begged me to—when he discovered I was English. Showed me how to pull the pins and toss with an underhand movement . . . it was a dirty trick, really. They were all gathered in the rear of the gun, banging away, and I crept upstairs, hid below the three top stairs and let them have four."

"That makes you a *franc-tireur*. Get caught at that sort of thing and you'll face the firing squad."

"Simmer down," she warned. She pulled down a sack of wheat, sat on it and *(Continued on page* 55*)*

He placed his arms around her. "My battery will be billeted in this village tonight," he said

Dina Cashman

By Kathleen Norris

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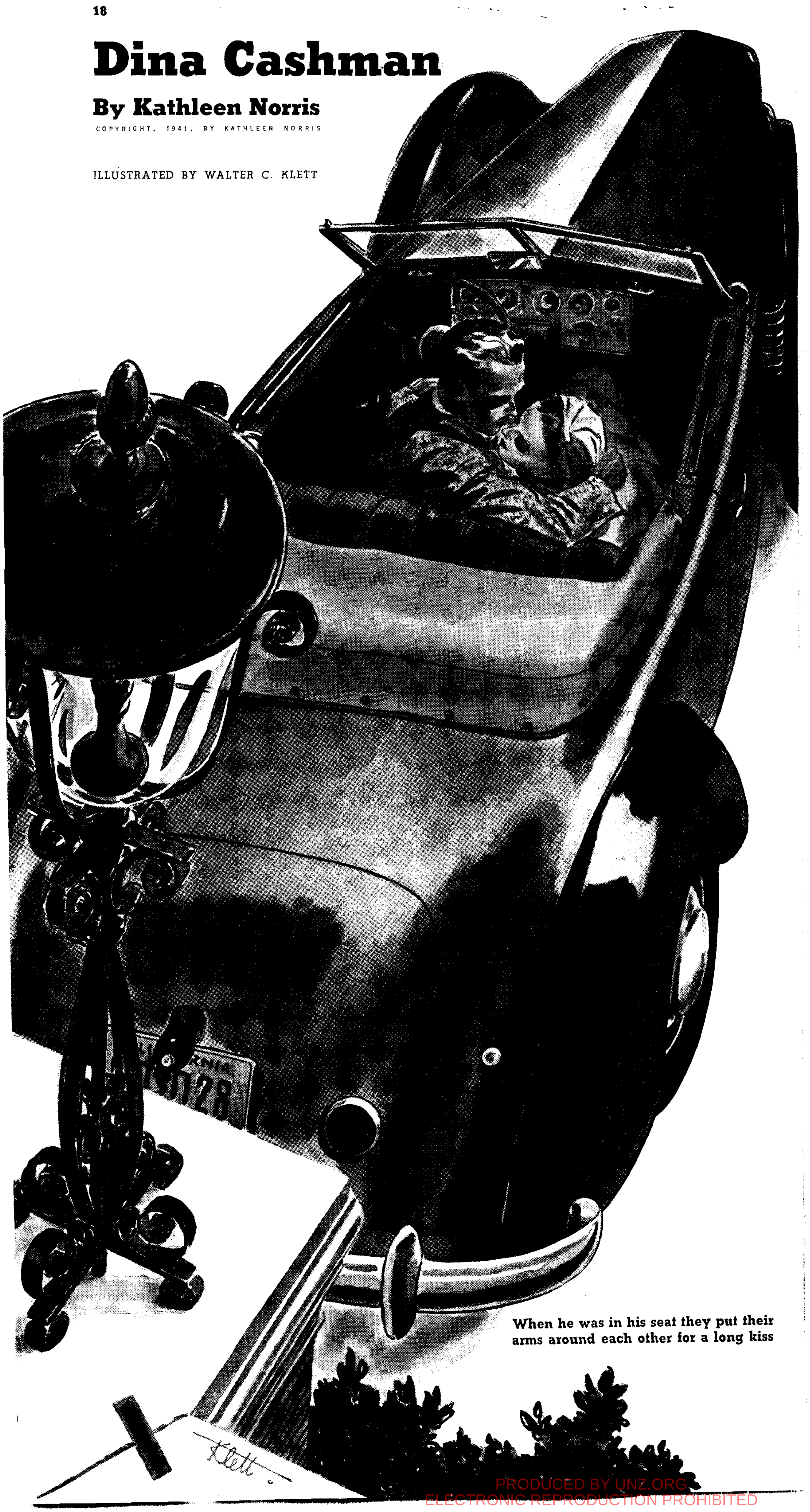
ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER C. KLETT



When he was in his seat they put their arms around each other for a long kiss

The Story Thus Far:

BEAUTIFUL Dina Cashman, who lives with her impoverished family in Railway Flats near San Francisco, has loved not wisely but too well. She appeals in vain to Vere Holland (the father of her unborn child), who has returned to Yale, but his snobbish mother persuades the spoiled young man to ignore Dina's letters.

Desperately, she turns to Vere's wealthy uncle, Rogers Holland, who is himself in an embittered frame of mind because the woman he loves, Aline Pierpont, has jilted him for the second time and has recently married Andrew Havens, an artist. Rogers is moved by Dina's distress, and half maliciously proposes a solution: that Dina become his wife, in name only. Wanting her baby to have a legal father, Dina accepts the strange offer and marries Holland. The marriage pleases everyone except Vere's mother and Aline Havens. Sardonically, Rogers commissions Aline's husband to paint Dina's portrait, while Aline, angry and jealous, begins planning how to get out of her hasty marriage and back into Rogers' favor.

After the birth of her baby girl, Dina is happy in her environment, and Rogers admits he hasn't enjoyed such companionship and contentment in years. However, he is pathetically pleased when Aline, for the first time in twenty years, begins treating him kindly. He glows under the prospect that Aline is considering divorce . . . feels that he and Aline may yet be happily married.

For the first time since she was abandoned by Vere many months before, Dina encounters the handsome young Holland at an exhibition of Andy Havens' portraits. Outwardly casual and poised, Dina handles the meeting nicely and soon leaves the gallery with Andy. They wander through Chinatown together and wake to the realization that they love each other. Aline has left him, Andy tells Dina, and he asks Dina to become his wife—when and if Aline and Rogers marry.

Vere comes to call on Dina and flounders in his attempts to explain his past conduct. Chill and distant, Dina listens to him. When Vere announces that he is "almost engaged" to Senator Hosworth's niece, Rogers cynically asks him what they plan to live on. Before going out to dine with Aline, Rogers tells Dina indulgently not to take Vere's babbling about his near engagement too seriously and hints that Dina might even look forward to marriage with Vere herself.

The very thought of marrying the man who deserted her in her hour of need horrifies Dina, and she resolves to run away before submitting. Vere begins to pursue Dina with ardor, admitting he has been a fool but that now he is changed. One evening Andy comes to her in great haste, saying he is hungry to see her before his plane leaves. Dina attempts to tell him about her past, but he stops her, saying he understands and that she is never to refer to it again, that he can hardly wait for them to be married. Since Vere happens to be there at the same time, he and Andy leave the house together. . . . Happy about Andy's great understanding, Dina, nevertheless, watches with misgiving as the two leave.

XI

THREE days later Dina's letter came. It had not been written on the plane after all, but it came by air mail.

Dina had expected it on the morning after Andy's departure. She had thought that he would mail it from some way station and that the next westward flying plane would bring it to her. As hour after hour had gone by, and night had given way to morning and morning to night, a faint echo of the old sickness of a year earlier had come back to her, the misery of waiting, waiting, the strong hold she must keep on herself not to go mad with the need to have this waiting end. Her eyes ached for the sight of the envelope, on Rogers' table, at her place at breakfast, in Lily's hand as Lily came upstairs.

It was there at last, and for a few minutes she could not open it; she carried it away to solitude and quiet, to drink in the first ecstasy of its words in peace.

But the instant her eyes met the opening phrase she knew it was not to be peace. Dina followed the few lines, stunned, crushed the letter spasmodically in her hand. She pressed her free hand to her heart as if it were in physical pain. Presently, swallowing with a dry throat she said aloud, "Oh, no, no!"

After a time in which she walked vaguely about her room, and out onto the high-balustraded balcony and back again among the curtains and rugs and chairs, she uncrumpled the letter and read it again.

"Dear Dina," it began. "I did not understand what you were trying to tell me, but I know now what it was. You asked if it would 'make a difference,' my dear. Of course it does. I'm sorry, but it does! I can't help it: it *does!* It means that for a long time we may not see each other again, and the little farmhouse in Connecticut gets a key turned in its door forever. Forgive me for hoping it might have been different; I know now that it could not be. For if you were unhappy about it, I would be, too. I'm going to Spain next month with Barry de Rivas; not to paint, just to help him with his cameras and his articles. I'll send you the prettiest shawl I can find to remind you of Andy."

The last word was set by itself as a signature; there was no other message.

Dina felt as if her room were a box, a square, warm, suffocating box picked out of the world and set on top of stairs and walls like a prison cage. When she stood at the window, breathing hard, swallowing the salt water that gathered in her mouth, the outer spaces looked like a prison, too—stuffy trees, stuffy garden, with tulips and primulas being moved from flats to their places in the rich wet loam. *(Continued on page 32)*

OUR NEW ARMY

2D ARMY

NINETEEN of the Army's thirty-three divisions are now or soon will be engaged in the mightiest mock battle ever waged in the U. S. Small-scale tactical maneuvers have been under way in ten states since May, building toward the final clash, beginning next week in Louisiana, between the Second and Third Field Armies comprising about half a million troops.

Actual combat involves movement, fire and physical contact (shock action). In war games movement is real but fire is simulated, and hand-to-hand fighting is out. Under these circumstances umpires are called upon to figure out who wins. Umpires have no command or instructional functions; they merely restrain troop movements enough to prevent physical contact and determine tactical progress on the basis of strength, position and fire power of the opposing Red and Blue forces. Part of the job, also, is the building up of realism in the simulated scrap; they call it painting the picture. In the recent Third Army maneuvers in Texas (phases of which are pictured at right) unit umpires dramatized the situation for unit commanders, then put the whole problem in their laps. Here's a sample situation quoted from a mimeographed order by Chief Umpire Major DeWitt Ballard, of the 25th Infantry:

3D ARMY

"It's pretty hot around here, about now. Rifle bullets are kicking up dust in front of your men's faces. Every once in a while you hear a thump, as though somebody has thumped a pumpkin. That's the way a bullet sounds when it hits a man. Your men are hugging the ground; their fire discipline is very poor. Those thumps are becoming more frequent. You can hear the wounded men groaning. The Reds are starting to use mortar on you. One shell lit right in the middle of that squad over there. Just look at it. The squad leader's clothes were blown off completely. The man next to him was disemboweled by shell fragments. You can hear him screaming for help. There's some firing over on that flank. You don't suppose they have brought up more troops, do you? At the present rate of enemy fire, your unit is getting nowhere and your morale is going down. Your bivouac is exposed. I'm afraid the artillery has discovered it. Lieutenant, your position is critical . . ."

Possible lines of action to alleviate the situation are at the umpire's finger tips but he is not permitted to suggest them. What the officer elects to do, however, determines the umpire's decision as to whether the lieutenant held or lost his position.

With the umpire system, and the use of flags to denote whole units, a force of only 1,500 men can lick the tar out of 50,000 opposing troops.

IDAHO

4TH ARMY

BOISE AIR BASE. Pressed for elbow room in its bombing practice, the Army has made arrangements with Idaho stockmen to use a million-acre range between Minidoka and the Craters of the Moon national monument during two periods (January 1st to March 15th and June 15th to October 15th) each year. The rest of the time will find 400,000 sheep and 7,000 cattle moving to and from the feeding ground, undisturbed by bombs. There are miles and miles of the well-known wide open spaces in the West where jack rabbits and prairie dogs seem to be the only living critters; but the instant a bomber lays an egg over one of these desolate spots, out from behind the sagebrush will spring farmers, wool growers, ranchers and miners waving handfuls of writs and injunctions.

UTAH

40TH DIV.

FORT DOUGLAS, Salt Lake City. The Reception Center is picking up some loose change, these days, taking in businessmen boarders for dinner (lunch to you). Members of various civic clubs wanted to get a taste of Army chow, and the center's permanent personnel is making just enough above expenses to finance excursions here and there, now and then. Rotary Club members got more than they bargained for when one of their group hired a couple of professional actors and dolled them up as M.P.'s to heckle the clubmen while they ate. The realistic military cops strolled around criticizing table manners and bulging waistlines until some of the Rotarians were fit to be tied.

LOUISIANA

32D DIV.

CAMP LIVINGSTON, Alexandria. The Intelligence Section of the 127th Infantry was functioning very well indeed. Col. J. Tracy Gale was surprised by the vast quantity of messages pouring in from one of the observation posts—to the detriment of the opposing 34th Division—but accepted them as the McCoy because he knew the men on duty there. Not so the commander of the 64th Brigade, Brig. Gen. Paul B. Clemens. Halfway through the problem the general stormed into the Command Post clutching a sheaf of intelligence reports and demanded to know who was pulling his leg. Nobody was. It was quickly explained to him that the man who had signed the messages John J. Pershing was none other than Message Clerk John J. Pershing.

MISSISSIPPI

37TH DIV.

CAMP SHELBY, Hattiesburg. Built originally in 1917 to train 38th Division troops from Kentucky and Indiana, this camp now houses 47,567 soldiers of units from sixteen states, and, as the largest tent city in the U. S., has room for 20,000 more men. Abandoned after the last war, the cantonment was rebuilt during the past year to the tune of $21,000,000 and is now undergoing a $3,000,000 supplementary construction program. The five-and-a-half-mile-long, one-mile-wide area includes 1,400 buildings and 14,000 tents housing the 37th and 38th divisions and 12,000 men in the Third Army, Fifth Army Corps and Fourth Corps Area units.

38TH DIV.

SEVERAL days after Mess Sgt. Ted Livingston, 147th Infantry, posted an order to the effect that "There will positively be no griping about the food in this mess hall" he ordered the admonition unpinned from the bulletin board. What got him down was the way the men complied with the nongriping edict. "Please, dear cook," they'd say, "let us have some more of those delicious beans. Yum, yum!" and "Please, sir, dish up

(Continued on page 39)

WAR GAMES. At Camp Bowie, Texas, Major Gen. Geo. V. Strong, commander of the 8th Army Corps, directs his campaign. An umpire (standing at right) looks on

Flag above denotes nonexistent antitank gun. Neckerchief on soldier shows he is in front-line position, makes him visible to umpires flying over maneuvers

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY HARRY PENNINGTON, JR.

A cavalry detachment makes "contact" with a theoretical enemy and elects to retreat. Duties of the umpire are described in text above

Back to School

By Henry L. Jackson

YALE, Harvard and Princeton set standards for college clothes. There may be sectional modifications, but what the boys at those schools like appeals to other fellows. White shoes, trench coats, odd jackets, gray slacks and striped sports jackets were first seen on their campuses. Now you'd be at home on any campus in them.

New in campus wear this year are Army cotton drill and denim trousers. They're inexpensive and tough. Also new but with an authentic college background is the sports jacket with long center vent carrying a button and buttonhole to prevent spreading. It's simpler to have no vent, but Yale started it and we thought you'd like to know.

In shoes, Golden Gorse, an orangey-tan leather, will be seen in heavy brogues. Norwegian peasant slippers have turned up in patent leather for wear with a dinner jacket and they're very comfortable.

Campus boys are going strong for Army colors. Most important are O.D. (olive drab) and khaki—in suits, topcoats, garters, suspenders, ties and even robes. The boys are also bursting out in wild Scotch plaids. They add a splash of color to somber military shades.

Sheepskin is an important college note for linings in short cotton gabardine coats; in trench coats for campus and stadium wear; in parkas; even in the Norwegian peasant slippers.

Tweed jackets and odd slacks are practically a campus uniform. Shetland tweeds are popular for jackets in plaid and striped patterns; slacks worn with them are mainly of O.D. covert cloth or gray flannel. In the East the boys like sports jackets with narrow shoulders and very little waist suppression. Trousers are short and narrow, showing plenty of wild hose. In the West broad-shouldered jackets have full chest and snug hips; trousers are wider.

At many Southern schools, in addition to jackets and slacks, you'll find leather windbreakers and sweaters. The cotton parka, originally used for skiing, will be found on many college backs. It's lightweight, water-repellent and windproof. You can get it with an attached or adjustable hood.

The three-button single-breasted suit with notched lapels remains the favorite college model. This year coats and vents are longer, trousers narrower. Best colors are O.D., a greenish-brown Army color; Blue-Bark, a blue-brown combination, and Bracken, a soft tan. For weekend dates or any special occasion a regular business suit, double-breasted, in blue-gray or Ensign Blue with chalk stripes or neat patterned effect is a good bet. Gray flannel is good and if it is single-breasted you might wear a yellow chamois waistcoat.

In topcoats covert is still favorite, in an O.D. shade, with brown herringbone tweed as runner up.

If anyone cares about who has the button, it's the college boy. The button-down, collar-attached shirt is practically regulation. It's usually in oxford cloth in white, solid color or simple stripes. Newest color is stone, a gray-tan which looks well with O.D. suits. Tan shirts with blue stripes are fine with Blue-Bark suits.

In ties, foulard pattern wools, Scotch tartans, twill stripes and crochet knits are for the campus, bold charvet pattern ties for dress-up. Tan and blue combinations are good.

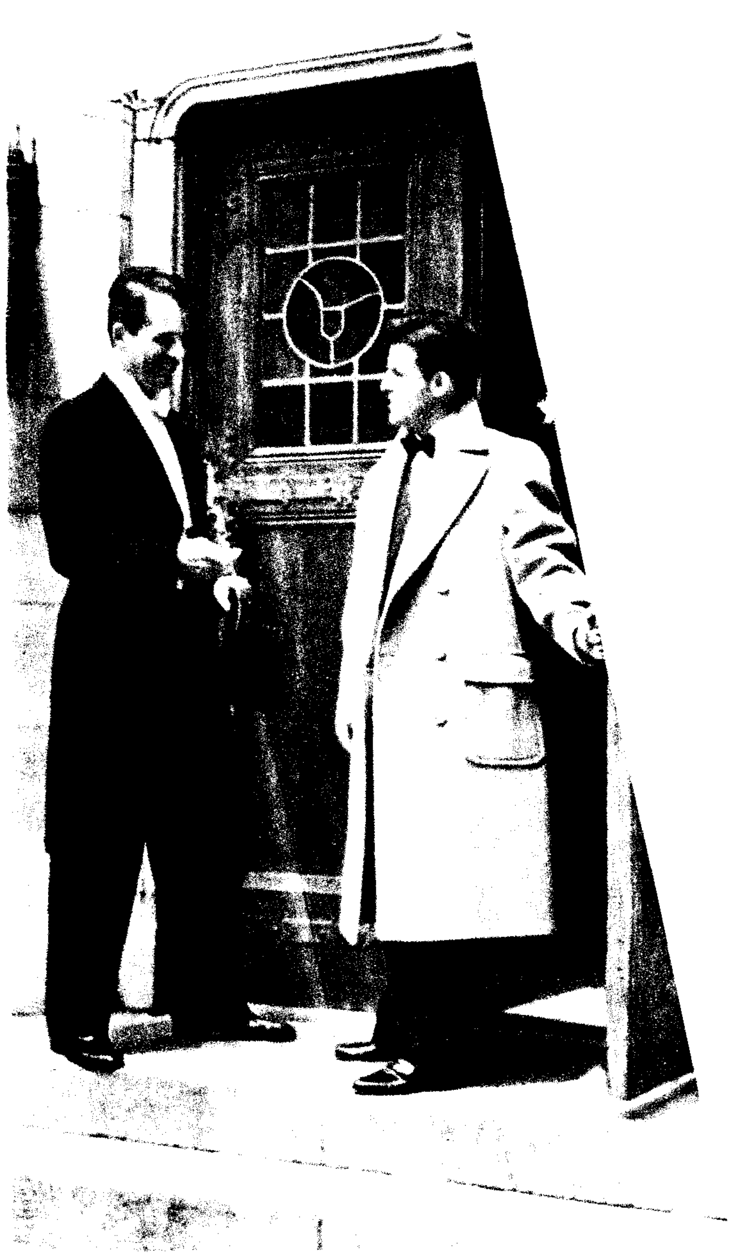
College shoes are Norwegian style with crepe soles, heavy brogues with thick leather or red rubber soles and the perennial white-saddle shoes. Norwegian peasant slippers come with buckle front and crepe soles.

Best raincoat for school is the raglan shoulder, military collar type, knee length, with button or slide-fastener front.

On cold days many boys wear mufflers. A yellow knit with gloves to match is okay. The extra-long Shetland muffler, solid color, is for cold days at the stadium. And if you're buying a belt get a tooled leather cowboy one with silver buckle.

A dinner jacket will see you through most college affairs, but the tail coat is handy in case of an important prom.

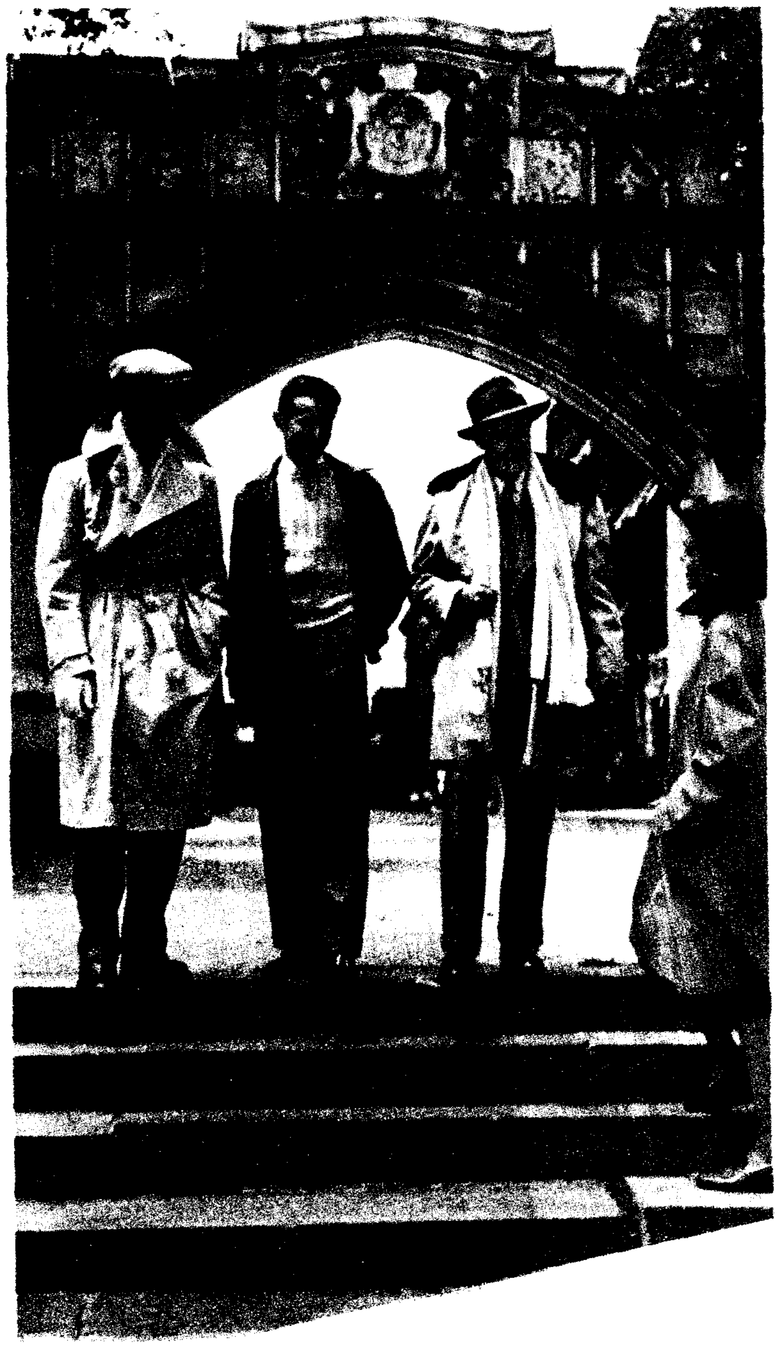
This is the kind of clothing you'll find at school. You won't need all of it but you won't go wrong with any of it. If you can't find what you want locally write us. We'll be glad to help.



The tail coat, dress shirt and wing collar are for the really important occasions that are bound to confront the college man sooner or later. Otherwise a double-breasted dinner jacket, collar-attached dress shirt. The polo coat is okay on the campus

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS

Newest campus idea: Scotch plaid cotton pajamas. Note the O.D.-color flannel robe with military insignia at cuff, which forms links so cuffs can be turned back for shaving or washing. The girl's gray flannel blazer is trimmed with the plaid of her skirt



At far right: For general campus wear. O.D.-color cord suit, Army officer's type raincoat, tweed cap, heavy brogue shoes. Next, leather jacket with slide-fastener front, covert slacks, crew-neck Shetland pull-over. Next, short coat of cotton gabardine with sheepskin lining, bracken-brown Shetland type suit, long Shetland muffler, tan hat. Red raincoat on girl

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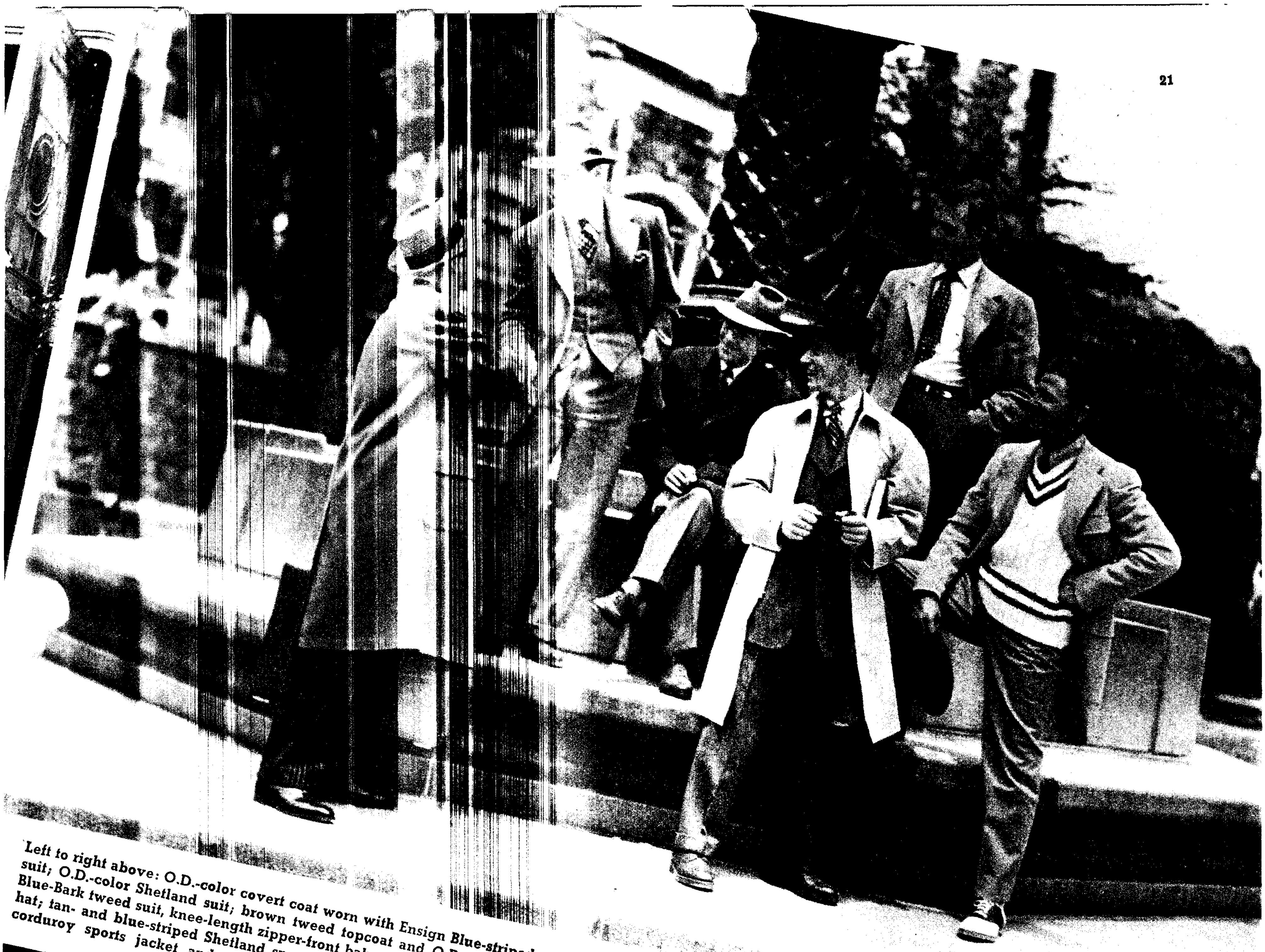
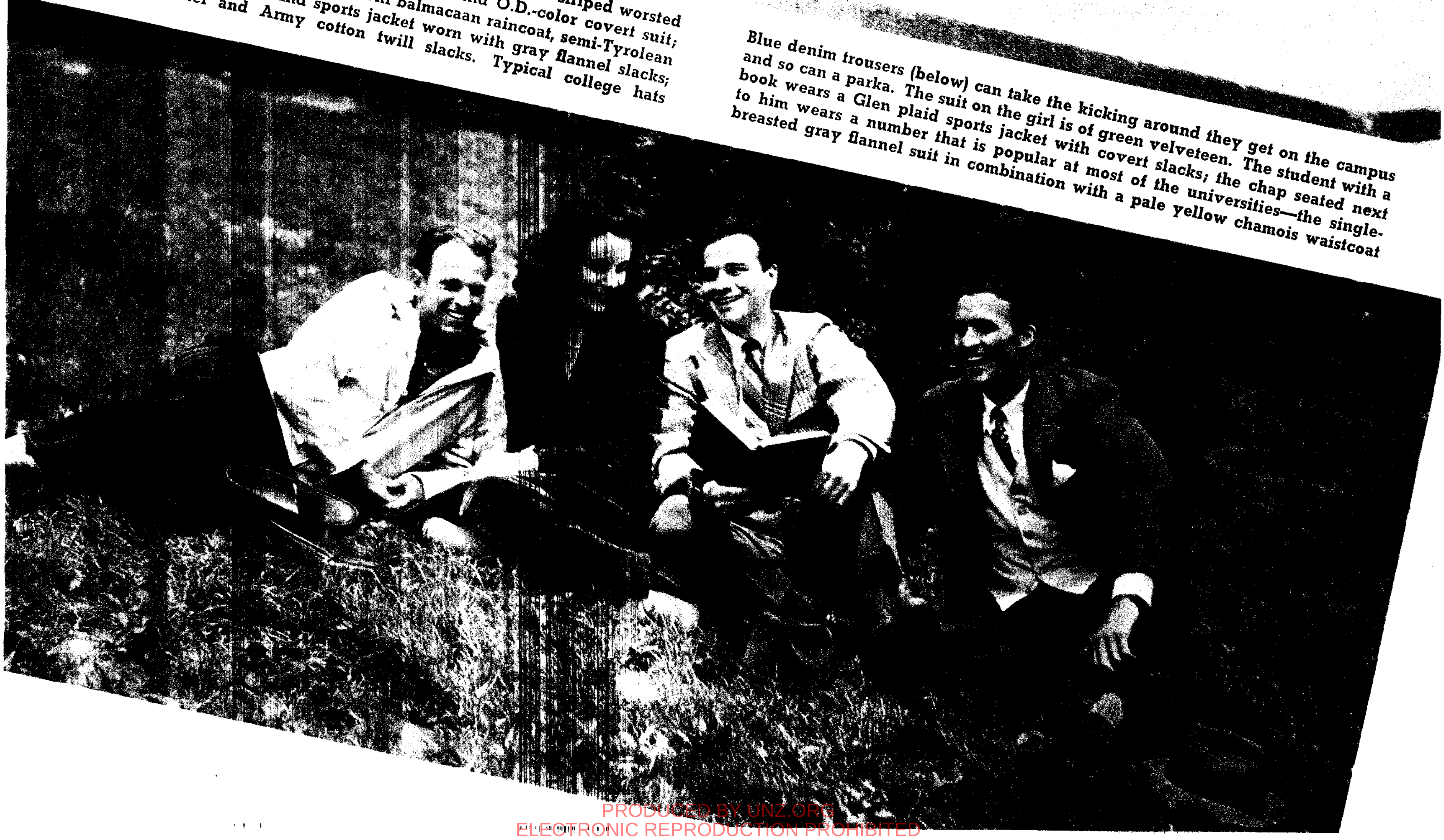


Left to right above: O.D.-color covert coat worn with Ensign Blue-striped worsted suit; O.D.-color Shetland suit; brown tweed topcoat and O.D.-color covert suit; Blue-Bark tweed suit, knee-length zipper-front balmacaan raincoat, semi-Tyrolean hat; tan- and blue-striped Shetland sports jacket worn with gray flannel slacks; corduroy sports jacket and Army cotton twill slacks. Typical college hats

Blue denim trousers (below) can take the kicking around they get on the campus and so can a parka. The suit on the girl is of green velveteen. The student with a book wears a Glen plaid sports jacket with covert slacks; the chap seated next to him wears a number that is popular at most of the universities—the single-breasted gray flannel suit in combination with a pale yellow chamois waistcoat

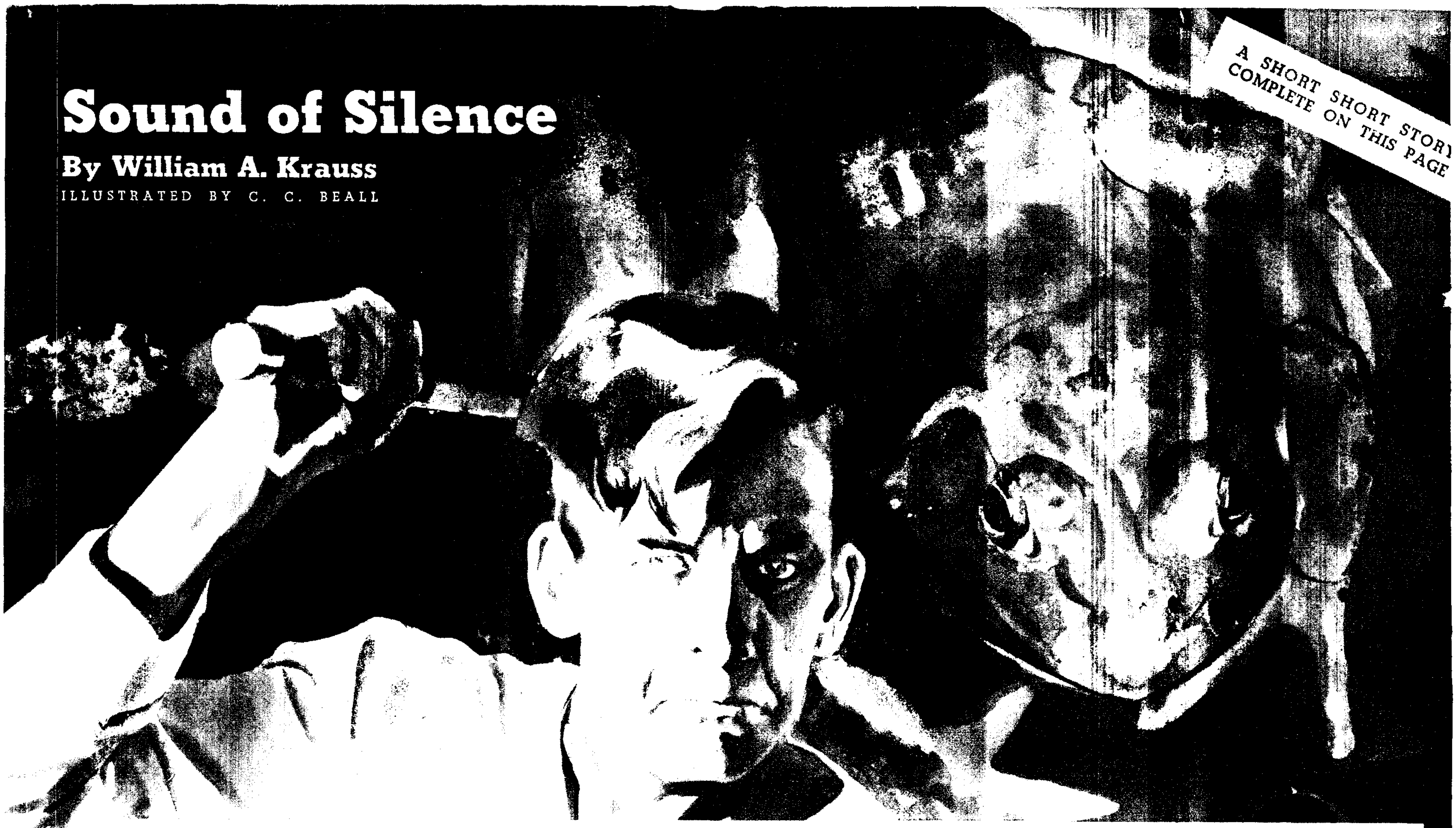


Sound of Silence

By William A. Krauss

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE



He raised the heavy cane and brought it down—a blow with not quite all his dangerous force behind it—upon the head of the man in the doorway

JOHN BROOKE put his magazine on the low table and touched the wall switch that extinguished the lights. For a moment he stayed motionless in his chair; then he arose and went through the high doorway to the veranda. He stretched his arms above his head and, briefly, listened to the night sounds.

Cicadas shrilled somewhere in the bushes beyond the lawn; the frogs barked low and monotonously in the pond at the bottom of the drive. When the air stirred, however slightly, the fronds of palms beside the house insinuated a metallic scraping.

Brooke listened: and heard the murmur of the sea, a remote and sustained whispering, barely distinguishable above the chorus of frogs.

Frogs. . . .

Then Brooke grinned. "The damned frogs—" he said half aloud. Only that morning, in the office shed, Anderson had cursed the frogs. They'd ruined his sleep, he'd said, with their insane, endless yammering. His face had been strained, grayish. Plainly the frogs, among other things, had touched his nerves—

Brooke went into his bedroom. He did not need a light. He undressed quickly, flinging his clothes across a chair. His hand found the opening of the mosquito net over his bed. He lay on his back, with his arms straight at his sides, and his mind slipped easily into a semiconsciousness that was not yet sleep.

Sleep would come soon.

He was not aware that his room was heavily perfumed with the scent of frangipani; he had grown used to that. Nor did he know that part of his mind was listening. He was very tired.

HE HAD been in Haiti—in the south of Haiti, on a rubber estate between the river and the sea west of Jacmel—for six years. He had never had an urge to leave there. He liked the unvarying bright, hot days, the unvarying work that never pressed too urgently upon him. He was entirely satisfied to be remote from the rest of the world. And the estate, in his hands, showed a small but continuous profit. Good thing, that.

His mind turned, as he lay awaiting sleep, to his first years in the tropics. It had not always been easy then; loneliness has brushed him and made him, sometimes, morbidly restless. He could remember a defiant period—he grinned in the darkness—he could remember a reckless period when he had even thought of marrying. A quick trip to the States, the businesslike selection of a bride. By George, that would have been a ghastly mistake!

He moved slightly in his bed, adjusting the hard pillow. He heard the frog sounds, the distant and soothing mutter of thunder.

He thought of Anderson. It was, he told himself with a little surge of irritation, too damnably bad that the New York office had taken it upon themselves to send Anderson out to him. An assistant, they had said, and let it go at that. Yet from the first it had seemed fairly clear to him that the New York office was grooming Anderson for his job. The reason was obscure; no doubt Anderson had connections. . . .

He turned drowsily, remembering the day that Anderson had arrived. Young, well-muscled, but with a mouth too thin, eyes somehow not the sort you'd warm up to. Brooke had frankly not liked him, but he'd tried hard to be fair. He'd admitted to a certain bias, naturally; under the circumstance he was bound to be prejudiced against Anderson. But his reaction had been to go out of his way in politeness, to lean over backward in aiding Anderson to settle in a routine of work.

It hadn't been easy. Anderson had early built a strangely defensive wall about himself. His temper was brittle. There had been the morning he had flared up over some inconsequential detail of production. He swung round on Brooke and shouted, in a voice taut as a wire, "Can't you keep your nose out of what I'm doing? Who the hell are you to be giving orders—"

And so on. Brooke had stood through it calmly. There had been no move toward physical violence; doubtless the width of Brooke's shoulders and the obvious power of his long brown arms had made their impression on Anderson. Brooke had simply stood and listened. And when the ranting was over, Brooke had turned away without a word. After that he'd let Anderson strictly alone.

THAT had been five months ago. Yes, Brooke told himself, moving his hands, touching the thin sheet that covered him; five months; it had seemed longer. It had not been at all pleasant. But he had, in a manner of speaking, won. Anderson was not built to stand the unpleasantness of his own creation. He had, as if with infinite attention, made their association as difficult as possible, and yesterday he had cabled his resignation to New York. Tomorrow, in the morning, he would leave for Jacmel and take a ship away from Haiti.

And Brooke would be alone again. He'd have his privacy, uninterrupted, personal; the tightness would go out of him; he could expand again.

He relaxed. He opened his eyes for a moment in the darkness. Then he sat up in bed, suddenly rigid.

His eyes were wide; he was listening acutely, straining to hear. His instant's indecision drained away. With sure fingers he jerked aside the mosquito net and stepped silently to the floor. He moved quickly to the door. There, behind the shutter, beside the highboy, his hand closed upon the thick coffeewood cane which he never misplaced. The room behind him was black as a ship's hold; even the air seemed motionless. Brooke waited.

UNTIL the figure was a blur of whiteness in the doorway, Brooke neither saw nor heard it. And at the moment that he did see it, the silence was torn by the revolver sounds. Four shots merged almost into one. Brooke saw the flame. He raised the heavy cane and brought it down—a blow with not quite all his dangerous force behind it—upon the head of the man in the doorway. The figure slumped without any cry.

Brooke crossed the room and turned on the lamp. Then he pulled the bell cord. He took the revolver from Anderson's hand and dropped it in a drawer of the desk. From his bedside carafe he poured water on Anderson's face. Maudi, the Negro houseboy, knocked on the door. "Come in," Brooke said. Maudi's eyes, vacant with sleep, rested for a moment on Anderson, then on Brooke. "Get brandy," Brooke said. The Negro returned with a decanter. "Get out," Brooke said.

He lifted Anderson's head and poured brandy in his mouth. After a minute Anderson stirred. He opened his eyes; he came to his knees. "Be still," Brooke said. "Rest a minute. You're all right. I think I hit you harder than I meant to."

Anderson kneeled, his hands before him on the floor, supporting him. He made no effort to speak.

Brooke kept his voice low. "Sorry, Anderson," he said, "but you forced my hand, you know. You can't go around shooting up a man's bed in the night—"

He paused. Anderson stayed motionless. Brooke stood over him. "You've been here too long, Anderson—and yet not long enough. You haven't learned to understand the night sounds—"

He put the coffeewood cane in its place behind the shutter.

"Listen," he said. "Listen, Anderson. Can you hear the frogs? They're barking again—did it escape your notice that they went silent as you passed the pond, coming up the lawn?"

The chorus of the frogs was a low, harsh sound in the night.

"Watchdogs, Anderson," Brooke said quietly. His head was turned, listening. His face was expressionless. "When they fade out—look alert. Valuable lesson." He leaned and touched Anderson's arm. "I'll help you to your bungalow," he said. "And I suggest you try sleeping—the car'll be here at eight to take you to your ship. Sleep may repair that headache."

The barking of the frogs was louder now, part of the night's intricate pattern of sound.

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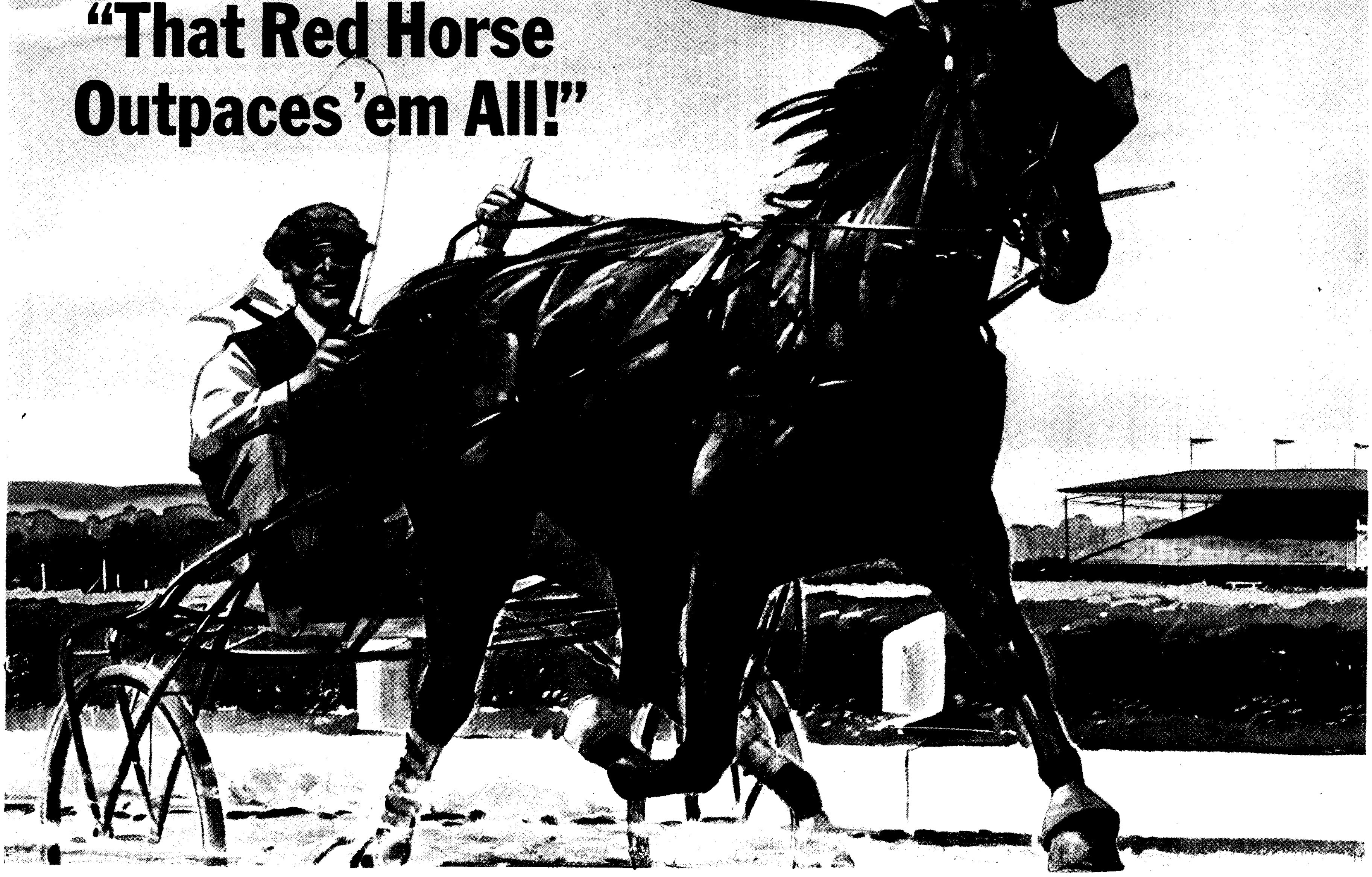

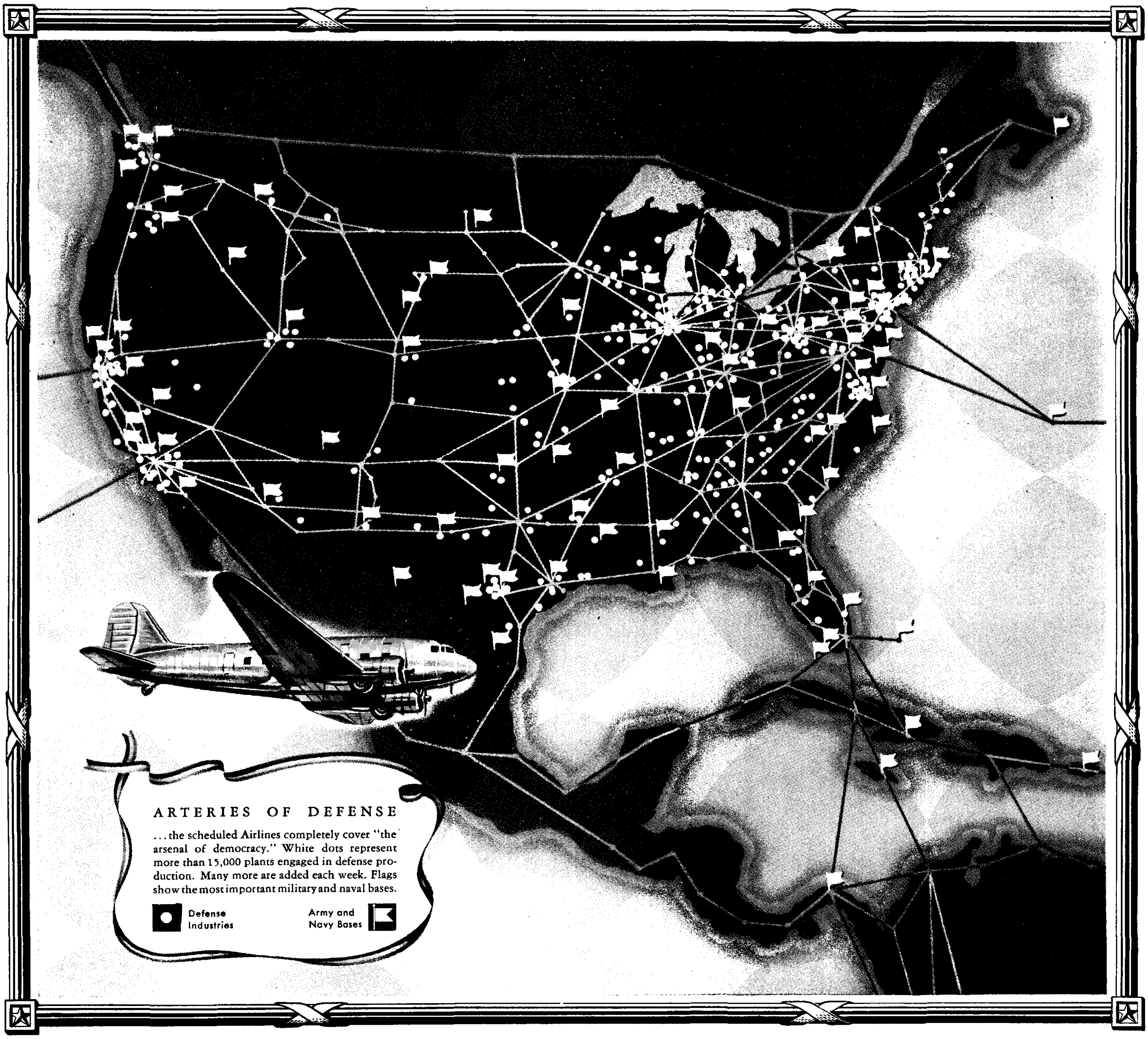

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Advance Agent

By John August

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

The Story Thus Far:

CAPTAIN JAMES GARRETT, of U. S. Army Intelligence, has been engaged in uncovering the activities of a powerful German agent named von Weitbrecht. Posing as Erich Köchlin, a German spy, whose arrival was expected by Nazi agents in the United States, Garrett has collected evidence against all the plotters except the ringleader, von Weitbrecht. An ambitious American Nazi, Lynn Scovil, has promised to put Garrett, or Köchlin, in touch with the No. 1 German agent if Köchlin will *make him, Scovil, the leader.*

In the course of his duties, Garrett meets and falls in love with Gail Armstrong, a young widow who was formerly engaged to Scovil. Pledged to secrecy, Garrett is forced to keep silent while Gail's suspicion of his activities grows. She is deeply in love with him, but is horror-stricken by his Nazi connections.

Bill Jay, a newspaper reporter from New York, has nosed out the fact that Camp Ryegate is a hotbed of foreign espionage. Accompanied by his fiancée, Scovil's pretty daughter, Connie (who, hating her father, lives with Gail Armstrong), he confronts Garrett and accuses him of being a German flier, lately escaped from Canada. Realizing that Bill Jay must be silenced for at least twenty-four hours, Garrett orders the Nazi thug, Booker, to kidnap the newspaperman and lock him up for the night at Camp Ryegate. Booker agrees but decides privately to kill Bill Jay.

Garrett persuades the Nazi spy, Mathilde Winkler to abandon Scovil and to lead him, Garrett, to von Weitbrecht. The American inadvertently tips his hand to the woman (by snapping off the short-wave radio in the middle of a coded message addressed to himself). Mathilde telephones Booker at Camp Ryegate, asking him to come at once and deal with Garrett. When Garrett warily insists on leaving at once, Mathilde shoots but only grazes his arm. Garrett overpowers the woman and drives to Gail's house. Gail binds up his wound, helps him secure Mathilde tightly and lock her in a closet, *listens to him feverishly put a call through to* Army Intelligence in Washington. In a wave of relief, she drives him to von Weitbrecht's cabin where they pick up the German who is still under the impression that Garrett is Köchlin. . . . Meanwhile, Connie persuades a skeptical policeman to help her look for Bill Jay—and Bill Jay (realizing that he will not be allowed to live) is hurried into a car at the camp. When Booker arrives to pick up Mathilde and Garrett, he finds only a houseman who babbles about having heard a shot. That leaves only one likely place for the American to have gone, Booker reasons—Gail's house. He goes there, hears the muffled cries in an upstairs closet, and starts taking off the hinges.

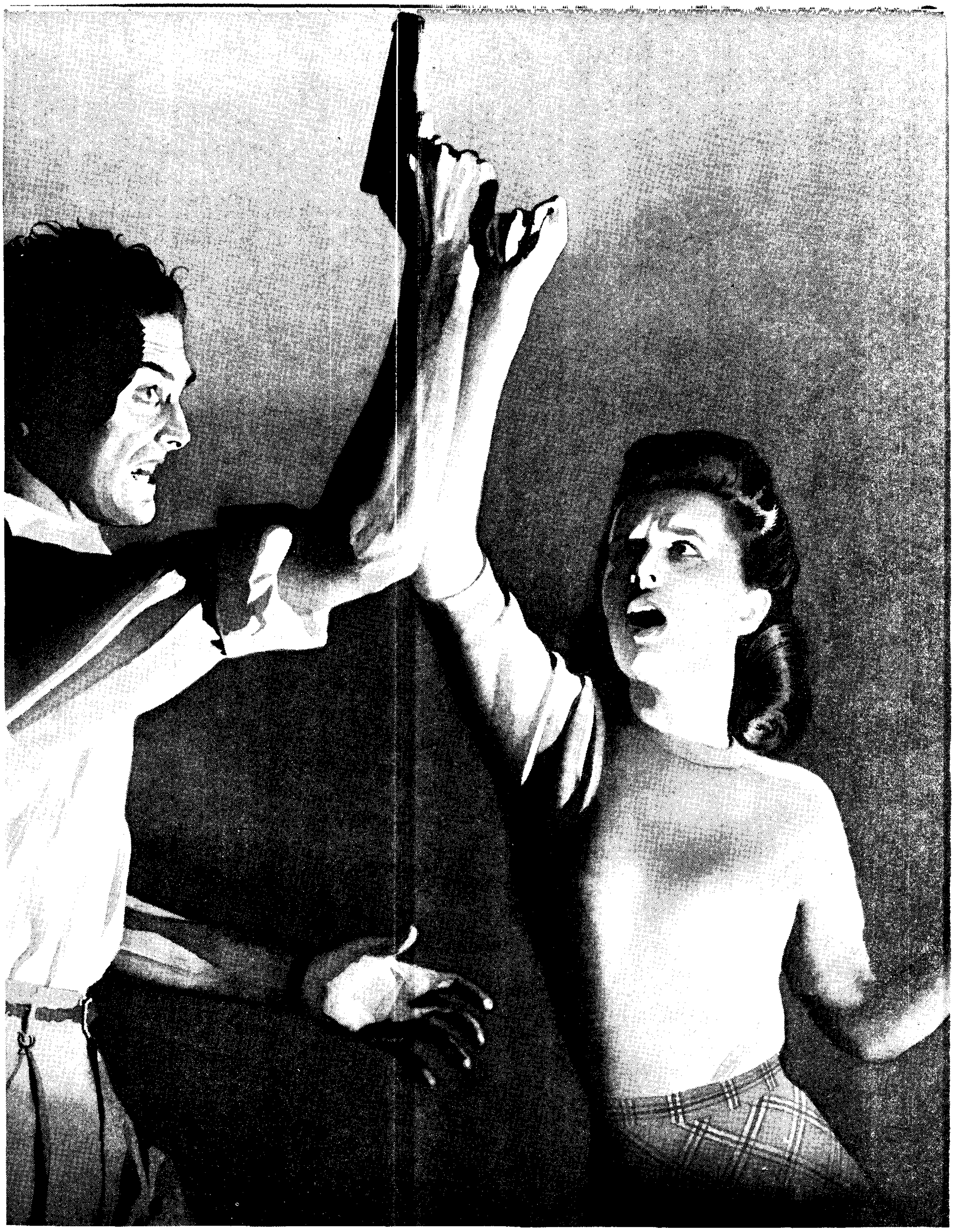
Conclusion

THERE was a clump of hazel at the side of the old road, opposite the cut where Connie and Bill had watched the meeting of truck and car less than a week ago. Lyman—she had learned that that was his first name, that he was Trooper Lyman Sharp—had parked the car, Gail's coupé, just back of that hazel. They were sitting on the sodden ground and the hazel probably kept off some of the rain but rivulets of drainage from the road flowed around them. Huddled in her slicker, Connie clasped her knees and shook. She seemed to have been shaking for hours. Would she ever be warm again?

"You scared or just cold?" Lyman inquired.

"Both. Shut up."

Did he think she was cast iron? How simple and hopeful the world had been when she had lain here beside Bill! That midnight meeting had scared her, but the terror was nothing compared to this weight of despair. That night, the principal question had been whether Bill was going to kiss her! What might they have done to him by now? She bent her wet forehead down to her wet sleeve and tried to shut out *the terrible images of* what they might have done, but she couldn't shut them out. And twenty-four hours ago he had kissed her good night, and had said, "See you in the morning."


"He is an American!" she screamed. She knocked his arm upward and the gun went off in the air

"You better make good, sister," Lyman said gloomily, "or it will be me, not the state, that pays to have this uniform cleaned."

Her tortured nerves tried to explode in a laugh that would have meant hysterics but she managed to hold it back. But maybe that was the best thing to think of—a policeman's muddy uniform. Or how foul with mud she was. She was dry down to the waist but from there on she was water-soaked . . .

She dug her fingers into his arms. Headlights had turned into the road from the end that was nearer the camp. "They turned them off, before," she whispered.

"Takin' a chance on the rain. Okay, sister, just don't move."

Move? What with? Brilliant light passed across the clump of hazel and the *falling rain showed clear.* The beam slid on down the abandoned road, tires passed not ten feet from her eyes, and the darkness was redoubled. The car went on, then stopped, hardly a hundred feet away. The lights went out. She couldn't see anything. She could just hear the rain swishing at the road.

Lyman was fumbling at his belt. He said cheerfully, "Just sit here. But if I yell for you, come a-hellin."

He slid through the hazel to the road and Connie diminished to pure fear. Something was turning and twisting and, dazedly she realized that that was her stomach—and a light showed down the road and a shout came through the rain, "Come on, babe!" She was out on the road, *stumbling, running.*

It was a station wagon. The trooper was pointing a flashlight at two men who were standing by the radiator with their hands in the air. Her breath was coming in racking gasps, and Lyman said, "Hold this on them while I look for fleas." He gave her the flashlight, said, "Keep it steady," and began to whistle a tuneless note between his teeth. One of them, under a slicker, was wearing a

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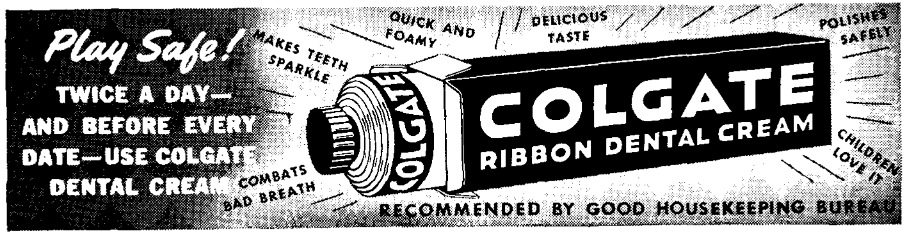
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Camp Ryegate uniform—and Connie's stomach twisted again when she recognized the other one as the thug with a cauliflower ear they had seen on the trail. Lyman came up behind them. "I threw a seven," he remarked, and took a revolver from the man she didn't recognize. "This is an Eagle Scout"—and he took an automatic from Cauliflower Ear. "That will do to ask questions about. Hold it steady, babe." He took his own gun in the other hand and got a pair of handcuffs from his pocket and clicked them around the wrists of the uniformed man. Connie managed half a scream but Lyman had seen Cauliflower Ear move too. He batted him over the head with the barrel of his revolver. The man's knees buckled and he went down in the mud.

CONNIE dropped the flashlight, fell on it, picked it up. Lyman got down on one knee beside the huddled figure and in the circle of light she saw that his face was angry. But he was still talking amiably: "We could use some rope. See if there's some in the car, sister."

She jerked forward on leaden legs, turned the flashlight into the station wagon, and screamed, "Bill!" The bound figure arched and rolled. "He's here," she cried weakly; "he's alive," and climbed into the station wagon. "Darling! It's all right! I've got a cop." She dropped the flashlight again, and there was something tied over Bill's face, and she couldn't see and her hands wouldn't work. She clawed at that gag, and Trooper Lyman Sharp roared, "Get heavy on that rope!"

The thing came off. Bill grunted, "Do what you're told, Connie." But there wasn't any rope. Yes—there was one around his ankles and through tears she fumbled at that. Got it! She climbed over Bill, slid out of the car and gave the rope to Lyman, and the flashlight jiggled in her hand. "Hold it, babe," Lyman said with the sweetest reasonableness, and Cauliflower Ear had a bloody head, but she held the flashlight somehow and Lyman got his wrists tied.

"Get your guy," he suggested and stood up. Connie leaped to the endgate of the station wagon, and poor Bill was trying to get out without any hands. She managed to prop the flashlight in the corner but she had begun to cry and her fingers kept slipping at the knots. Bill said, "Heads up, Connie," and the rope came free. Instantly Bill was over the endgate. She followed, sprawling in the road, but got up and hung on to him. He put an arm around her. She heard the queerest sound. It turned out to be Connie Scovil, crying.

"A truck will be here any minute," Bill was saying desperately.

Lyman said, "Yeah," thoughtfully, "we better get back in the bushes—" The man with the handcuffs leaped for the side of the road. Lyman kicked his feet from under him, pulled him up by the collar, and hit him in the face. "Try that again and you'll come down sick," he said. "Sit down by your buddy and count sheep . . . You two check so far," he informed Connie. "We're on schedule, so we'll pile back in the bushes and hold hands—"

Bill shouted, "There's a handful of spies loose—"

Lyman said, "I can hear you." He stooped for the flashlight, which had slipped from Connie's hand. "State property, babe, I'd have to pay for it . . . You two got your story pat, haven't you? Well—"

"Trooper," Bill broke in, "up on Taylor Mountain there's a man that the United States Secret Service is looking for. There's half a dozen others on the prod in Windham this minute. We've got to notify—"

"I come for a car and a truck. I only got the car," Lyman sighed. "Well, you take sister and her car and go notify. Stop at the first phone and call the barracks and tell them to send me a helper to hold my tools."

"Can you take that truck?"

"Sometimes I need a second bite," Lyman said modestly, "phone first. Then go right on in to the barracks and tell the sergeant what's on your mind. And look, brother, you stay there till I get back. All I know about you is what sister tells me."

Bill was just short of dancing with impatience. "That truck could turn in here any second. Look, I've got to have a gun—"

"Gun? What for?"

"These babies were wearing them, weren't they? You think it may not be lodge night for the others?"

Lyman said nothing. Bill's arm tightened around Connie and she clung harder. She became aware of the rain again and how black the night was. Lyman said, "Oh, well, I'm a setup for blondes. Here." He handed Bill something in the dark, and it must have been a gun. Bill said, "Where's that car?" Lyman said, "Wait a minute . . . Stop somewhere and buy sister a candy bar. She's got one coming to her."

Bill roared, "Where's that car?" and Connie contrived to say, "I'll show you." Even on his arm, she was staggering. Her mind went on and off like a light; she felt as if she were only partly on the ground—she seemed to be bumping off it into the air, like a child's balloon. Bill said, "This is Gail's car," in surprise, and left her to get into it herself. She managed to. He got behind the wheel, backed the coupé out into the road, and they were off with a skid.

They came out on the highway. Seven miles. Bill said, "It's not only the cops we've got to talk to. The F.B.I. will listen to me now. I know what's up—"

Connie crumpled. The road in the headlights began to revolve, then there wasn't any light at all. Somebody was speaking from a long way off and it turned out to be Bill. He was saying "Darling!" and she managed, at the far edge, not to faint after all. The car stopped, the headlights poking their long fingers through the rain, and Bill had his arm around her. She flung her arms around his neck and hung on. Nothing else was important. Here they were and the world had lost danger and despair. She pressed against him, she couldn't get close enough, couldn't hold him tight enough. She was crying and laughing and in the dark she could see part of his face. "I'm scared," she said, "I'm no good, darling, I'm letting you down. I keep going to pieces—I'm no darned good." Bill said, "Yes, you're a frail wench—that's how you saved my life." A sob shook her and she clung. "I think there's time to kiss me," she murmured. He kissed her.

SO SHE wasn't crying any more or even shivering. Her head was on his shoulder and their cheeks were together—let the rain fall, nothing bad could happen now, she had come back from the hopeless place.

"All right," she said, "let's go do what the professor said."

He got started. Also he began to speak: "We'll telephone Cottersville, all right. But there are things to do and no time for talk. We'll telephone everybody we think of, but it's up to me. Remember von Weitbrecht?"

"I remember everything you ever said."

"He was up on the mountain. That's why I got knocked down on the trail. It turns out to be a lot wilder than my wildest guess—"

"My father—"

"He was in it, all right. And Römer. I figure out that the whole thing is Römer and von Weitbrecht getting together. Something big is going on. Big enough to take a lot of stopping. The first thing is, locate Römer. If I'm right he's around here somewhere still; he hasn't got away, that's why I was grabbed—"

"He was at Pinnacle Manor tonight. I saw him. I went there before I went to the police. Mathilde Winkler was there too—"

"If I was bright, I'd have spotted her too. Well, we'll try to get Pinnacle Manor looked into. Maybe we'd better—"

"I don't know where my father is. I went there looking for him. He wasn't there. At least, they said he wasn't."

"He wasn't there." Bill's voice softened with something grave and compassionate. The tone made her wonder. But Bill stopped the car long enough to gather her in his arms again and kiss her. So it wasn't worth while to wonder about anything. The impossible turned out to be possible after all.

THEY had fatally lost time at the bookshop and they went on losing time. Mathilde knew that it must be Booker whose voice reached her through the door. She heard him working at the hinges and at last the door came off. He pulled her out on the bedroom floor, got her gag off, got the ropes off her. She gasped, "He is gone. Both of them," and lay there. Booker lifted her to her feet but she toppled over on the bed.

"What has happened?" he kept demanding. "Why did you not shoot him? Where did he go?"

She managed to say, "I shot him." She rolled over on her back. Her jaw hurt unbearably. There was an aching bruise on her breast. "But he hit me and brought me here. They have gone. He will reach von Weitbrecht. Where is Lynn?"

Booker seemed stunned. "How long was this? How long ago?"

"Ten minutes. Hours. I can't tell. But he will have to go to the mountaintop to get von Weitbrecht. You can still stop him—"

"No. All afternoon von Weitbrecht has been at the lodge. If the American has been gone even fifteen minutes, he can already be there—" He stopped, then said, "Camp!" and ran out of the room. "I will telephone."

Mathilde's mind careened and almost slipped into the dark. She fought down the faintness. She must think—think now, think fast, and think right. Something could still be saved. She got off the bed and tottered, dizziness billowing in her. Stop it! She saw that her dress was torn—in fact, was almost torn away. A glance in the mirror dissipated her faintness and brought back intelligence. Her face was swollen out of shape and her hair was wild. There was blood—not her blood!—on her face and throat, and on the torn bodice of her white dress, and on her slip. She had only one shoe, and her stockings were in shreds.

Booker must do what he could about the American. She must tell headquarters. And . . . she must get away. She took off the ruined dress and slip. She washed rapidly, sat at a dressing table to comb her hair and powder her cheeks, took a dress from the closet she had been locked in and put it on, found stockings in the bureau and brogues in the closet.

Downstairs she found Booker prowling in the bookshop, a pistol in his hand. "Neither Fritz nor Josef is at camp. That means they have gone to meet the truck. I could not talk to anyone I trust. But at least the police have not been—"

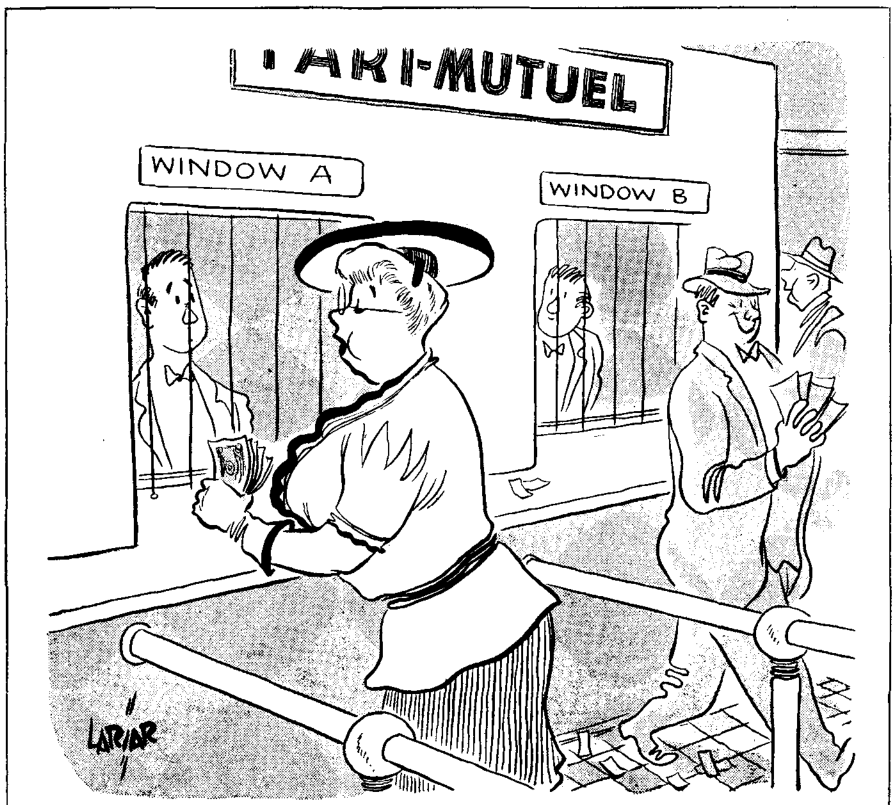
"The police will come here," she said, able at last to think coldly. "Two women live in this house. Neither is here. One of them went with him—"

"You hit him." Booker pointed to squares of gauze and a bloodstained shirt.

"In the arm, it seems," she said curtly. "This has finished us, Carl. He has had time to notify anyone he cared to. Watch all the doors." She sat down at the telephone and put in a call to New York.

She wasn't afraid. All that counted was to warn the company. She could see Booker pacing in the hall, leaning forward on the balls of his feet, he moved like an animal and there was a brutish quality in his face. "No one must come in while I am telephoning," she called to him.

It took a long time to complete that call . . . How swift the overturn had been! For a few minutes she had held success in her hands. All she had needed was to kill him. She had failed. It



• "I hate to take your money, young man, but I hope this will teach you not to gamble in the future!"

LAWRENCE LARIAR

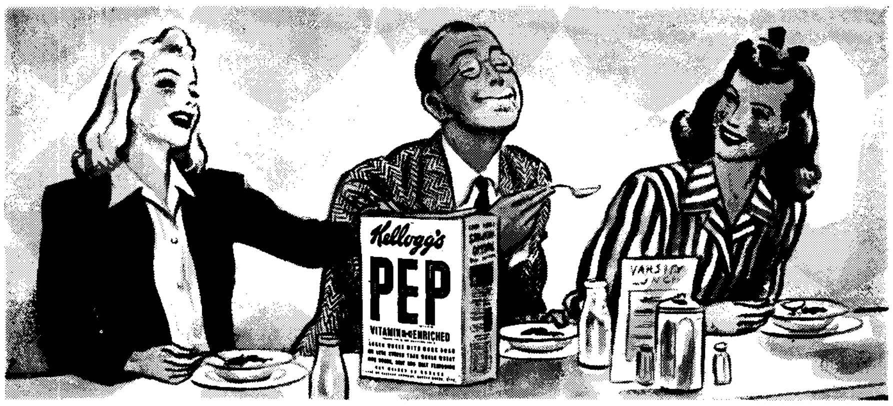
How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Williamson

Professor: Look here, you two, why didn't you attend my lecture? A fascinating subject: "The function of vitamin B₁ in the optimum dietary."

Dolly: But professor! We *know* our vitamins and all about "pep appeal"! Come join us for lunch and see!

Professor: What do you mean, *pep appeal?* It sounds like utter nonsense to me.

Sue: Why professor, you've said yourself we couldn't have pep without vitamins. You know, *pep, oomph, zip-zip, whiz!*



Dolly: There, professor, you have vitamins de luxe. In crisp, toasted curly flakes of wheat—that scrumptious cereal called KELLOGG'S PEP. Rich in the two vitamins that are least abundant and thus most needed in ordinary diets—vitamins B₁ and D.

Professor: But what a taste! What a flavor! And to think that all the textbooks in the library hadn't told me about KELLOGG'S PEP.

PRO
SATURDA

Professor: (sometime later) Well, I'll see tonight how your *pep appeal* idea works.

Dolly: You know what the philosopher said, professor: "Where there's pep there's hope!"

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B₁, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK COPYRIGHT, 1941, BY KELLOGG COMPANY

meant a mortal wound to the system. Last week's losses would be trifling compared to what would happen now.

"What is keeping you?" Booker shouted.

She could not share his desperation, for what mattered now? Two minutes, two hours, two days—with the end certain, the exact time mattered little. But the fragments of what could still be saved depended on this telephone in the house of the enemy . . . It was taking an abnormally long time. There was always someone to take calls at the company, and at this late hour the circuits should be clear. Now York operators murmured from time to time, silence succeeded them, finally a brisk voice said, "Interoceanic Forwarding Company."

Mathilde put back the phone. "He got there first," she said, for that was not the way phone calls were to be answered. "They had held up the call long enough to put someone on the trail here.

"Come on, Carl," she said.

He ran out. She followed, not knowing what to do. What now?

But Booker must make the attempt. She must set him to find—well, what was the American's name? John Page, Friedrich Römer, Erich Köchlin—all false names. But they had done the job.

BOOKER took the road toward Camp Ryegate. "There is enough at camp to hang us all," he said. He was hunched over the wheel, his gun on the seat between them. Poor simple soul! It didn't need whatever might be at camp. They were lost.

But Lynn! Lynn had got away! he was free. He might even have got von Weitbrecht away before Köchlin got there. He had started out to do just that. The American might, even now, be kept from his goal.

"If von Weitbrecht is at the lodge, go there. Turn around, Carl, at once. We've still got a chance to save the most important thing."

"No," he growled, "the camp!"

"Lynn went to get von Weitbrecht more than half an hour before—before I found out about the American. Lynn may have—must have—got him away."

"I had just come from the lodge when you phoned me."

His voice went guttural with a harsh violence. Alarm woke in her. "Lynn had not been there? He didn't get to von Weitbrecht?"

"There is no point in going there," Booker said. "Scovil is dead."

"Dead?" she repeated stupidly, ice closing round her.

"What did you expect? Only today you told me he was not safe." Booker was bellowing: "Scovil threatened us both this afternoon—von Weitbrecht and me. Tonight he came back, flourishing a gun. He ordered von Weitbrecht to go with him. Well, we had made up our minds. I was waiting for him. I shot him."

Mathilde lay back, spent and without sensation. Of course that was what he had wanted to do, the American, to turn them against each other. He had succeeded. Lynn was dead. The last hope was dead too. But Lynn was dead.

Booker stopped the car. This was where the road led off the highway to Camp Ryegate and a neon sign burned red in the rain. He stared at it. Mathilde lay back in the seat, indifferent to anything. She shuddered at the thought of rain falling on Lynn's body. Suddenly the car shot off down the highway at full speed. "I don't dare go in," Booker said. "They may be already there. We must save ourselves."

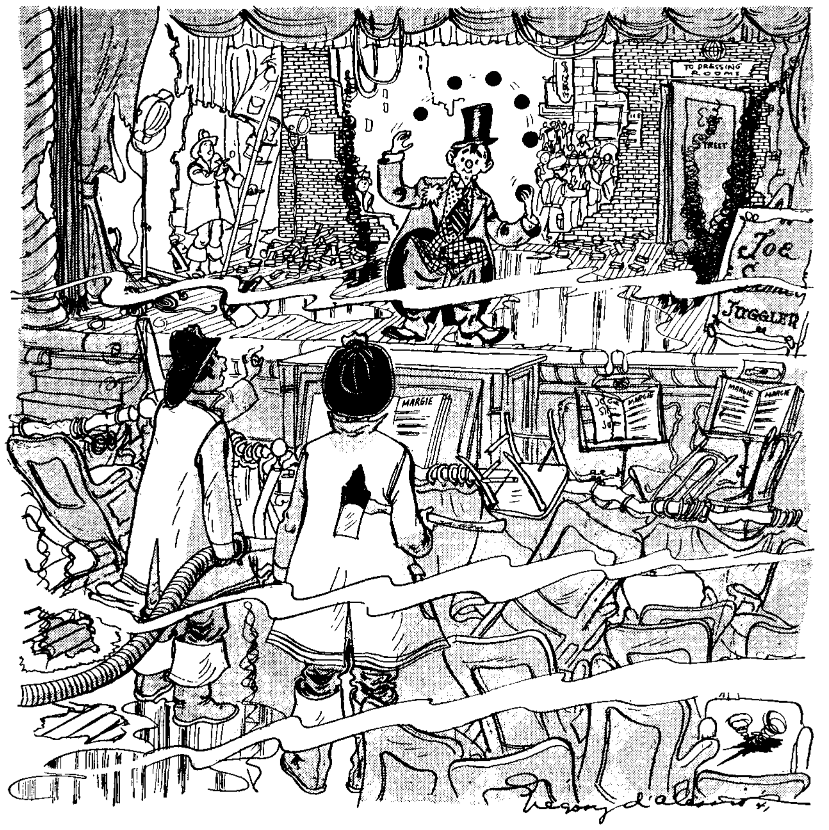
She could afford no time for grief. Her mind came awake. "Where are you going?" He said, "Where is there to go? There is nothing we can do." She said quickly, "We can go to Lynn's and burn things. We can cover up."

"Yes. That will be safe for a while."

Oh, very far from safe! It was the irony of this total defeat that only she was able to estimate the resourcefulness and quickness of the American. She did not know his name but he was up to his job . . . Booker turned the car around and began the long drive to Lynn's. She sat nerveless, estimating expedients, calculating chances. The job now was to survive as long as possible.

Fifty yards short of the stone gateway, she made him stop. "I represent the company, Carl," she said. "I will wait here. I will stop anyone who comes. Go through Lynn's desk and safe. Burn anything you recognize—no, burn everything. My bags are packed. Bring them here."

She saw him, in the headlights, turn through the gates. She waited for a moment, then got behind the wheel, swung the car around, and drove away. Perhaps the American would be waiting for Booker. So much the better. If only one of them were to be killed, on the whole she would rather have it Booker, who had killed Lynn. But maybe luck would be gracious, just once, to the woman who had failed in everything and would fail in the flight she was now beginning. Maybe luck would arrange to have them kill each other.



"It was very brave of you to keep the show going, Mr. Simco, but you can stop now" GREGORY D'ALESSIO

GAIL made out little of the talk in the seat behind her. Most of it was in German, all of it in whispers. It went on and on. It seemed as if she had been driving down rainy roads forever—but all excitement, pressure, and apprehension was gone. A steady exhilaration had taken their place, that John Page, whose name was James Garrett, had done what he had been sent to do. Von Weitbrecht's gun was on the seat beside her. Garrett had explained to him that she must be on guard while they talked and had passed it to her. She had murmured, "I don't know how to use it," and he had touched her shoulder and said, "The point is, he does." It was in harmony with this incredible night—this night of nightmare or fantasy—and, like other parts of the night, showed the prompt ingenuity of James Garrett. And the most incredible part was that, in complete belief, an enemy of the United States was pouring out the secrets of his trade to an officer of the United States Army. Now, in this car.

At last he leaned over to say, "All right—go back to the bookshop." He was finished then, he had what he wanted. His voice was calm but had the same tone of triumph she had heard when he met von Weitbrecht.

She swung the car in a wide arc, and whispered, "How is your arm?"

"It hurts like hell."

HIS lips touched her ear and passed across her hair. She was more alive than she had ever been before—the rain was the rhythm of a love song, and while he sat beside an unsuspecting, outmaneuvered and defeated enemy, he had time left over to think of her.

Fifteen minutes later they reached Windham. She turned in to the square and Garrett said, urgently, "Stop!" She stopped, and excited alarm had been brought back by his tone. He said, "We left no lights."

Yes, there were lights upstairs and down . . . He was out of the car and she was alone with the spy. Von Weitbrecht flopped down on the floor of the car. She heard him breathing hard. She clutched the pistol and her alarm ranged ahead of James Garrett, who had not hesitated to investigate the unknown hazard of that house. Mathilde, she thought, or Booker! But it might be, it had to be, Connie. Her fingers gripped the cold steel of the gun and she strained to see what might be happening a hundred yards away. In this quiet town! No policeman walked his beat, no householder's window opened on the dark.

He was back. "Drive to Scovil's."

"Was it Connie?"

"I had forgotten Connie! No." He leaned close, whispering. "The door is down and Mathilde is gone. Booker got here. I can't let von Weitbrecht out of sight."

He spoke over the back of the seat, to the man who was lying on the floor, admonishing him not to be seen. He seemed to be staring through all windows at once and she saw the gun in his good hand . . . How long had she been driving through the rain?

"Steady," he murmured. "This is just the final sprint."

He was so obviously calm that she could not be afraid, but her muscles were tense and senses were honed to a sharp edge. Time was extinguished again; there was only rainy road flowing into the headlights . . . Till the stone gateposts at the entrance of Lynn's drive were silhouetted against shrubbery, and Garrett said, "Stop here."

He leaned over and spoke to von Weitbrecht on the floor, forbidding him to show himself, no matter what happened. "You'll have to take care of our two-cent Hitler," he whispered to Gail. Then he got out and stood on the running board, clamping the elbow of his wounded arm over the window sill. "Drive slowly . . . All right, roll the bones."

She let in the clutch. They rolled through the gate and took the curving, uphill drive. She could hear the soft murmur of the engine and the lights picked out trees, clumps of shrubbery, stretches of lawn. Then she could see the house—lights on the veranda, on two floors, at the stables. He said, "Wait," and she stopped. Nothing happened, and presently he said "Okay," and they crept forward again. The drive divided where the circle in front of the veranda began, and he said "Stop," again. He was staring at the house and there was neither sound nor movement. The light from the veranda reached the grassy circle and diminished toward the wings. "Go on around," he said, and she put the car in motion. It came around the circle and she stopped it at the steps of the terrace, the headlights pointing down the drive.

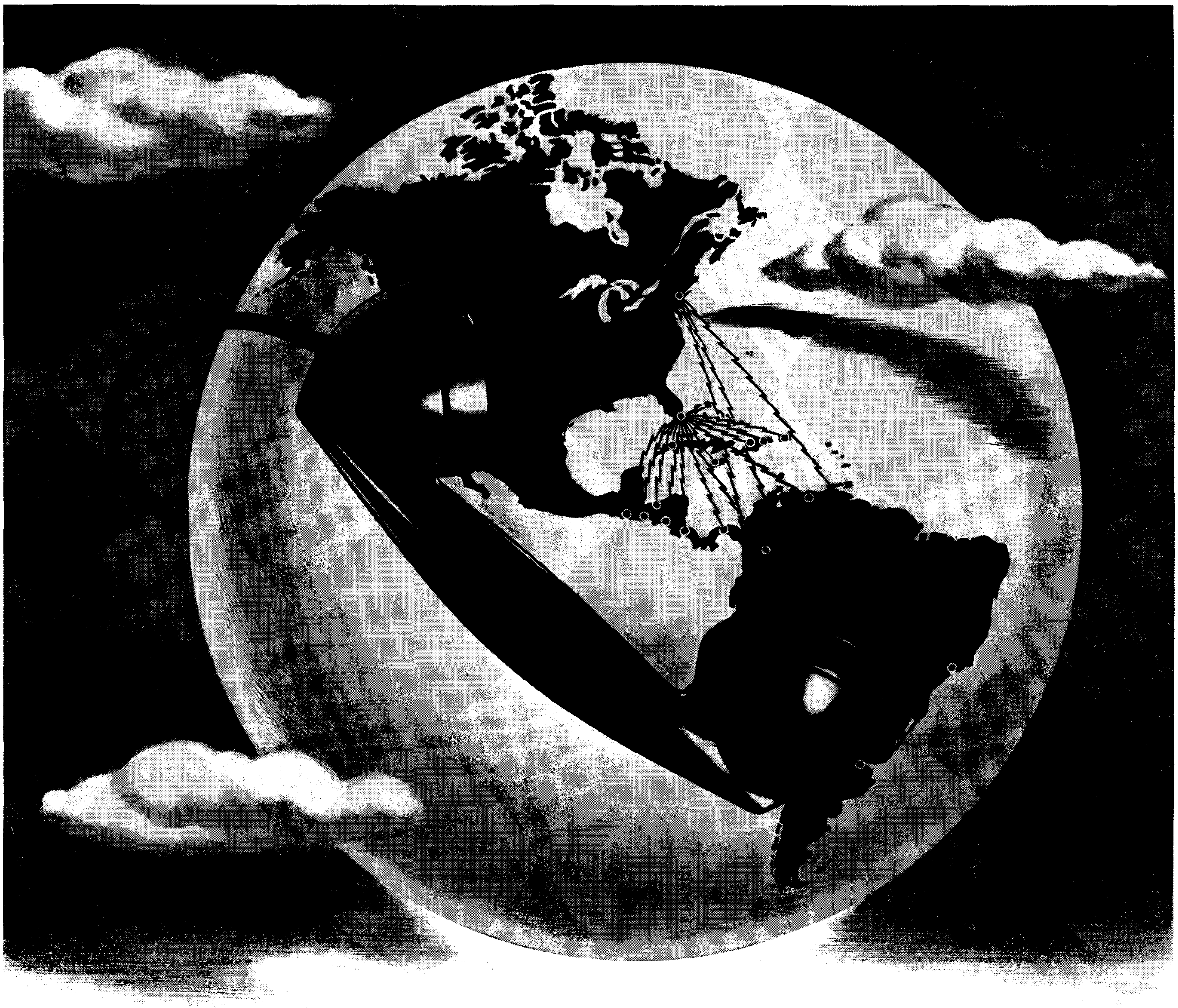
"Well," he said, "someone had better check up."

HE STEPPED off the running board. His shoulders hunched as if he were facing a high wind, he stepped into the light. Nothing happened. He moved fast at an angle across the terrace and disappeared down the near wing. At once the fear she had not been feeling overwhelmed her. He had gone and she was alone with—with the two-cent Hitler. She grabbed for the pistol at her side, got the door open, and got out. She stood there while moment added itself to moment intolerably and nothing whatever happened.

The front door opened and Garrett came out on the veranda and the blood in her veins could move again. He crossed the steps and started down them. "All clear," he called, "not even a servant . . ." At that moment he reached the terrace and at that moment flame spurted from the arborvitae at the far corner and the night was cleft open by the thunder of a shot.

His mind registered everything in slow motion. Garrett dropped behind the granite balustrade and was shouting, "Lie down, Gail!" She saw his gun come round a curved stone pillar, and he fired in the direction of the shot. A voice came out of the arborvitae, "Von Weitbrecht! He is an American!" Again that flame bloomed in the arborvitae.

Gail turned toward the car—too late. Powerful arms pinioned her. She managed to drop the pistol before von Weitbrecht could wrench it from her. She hung on to him, clawing and kicking. He tried to throw her off but she would not let go, and as she spun she saw Garrett stand up in the yellow light, fire into the dark, and step forward across that level space, from which another shot came as he started. Her head rocked and an elbow locked under her chin. There was a new glare from somewhere and she beat an unavailing fist against the strength that was overwhelming her. She heard a shout and the arm round



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her throat slackened. She saw von Weitbrecht slump and—incredibly—Bill Jay was here. He had smashed a gun down on von Weitbrecht's head. She was free and Bill leaped past her raising his gun.

She had strength enough to turn to him. "He is an American!" she screamed. She knocked his arm upward and the gun went off in the air. "He is an Army officer!" She hung on to Bill, crying, "Help him!" Then she slumped away—and Garrett fired again into the arborvitae and the edge of it was shaken, and he turned back, shouting to Jay:

"Don't shoot, you fool! Gail, are you all right?"

Something was crawling on the grass, almost at her feet. It was von Weitbrecht, inching forward. Then Garrett came running back and flung himself on the German. Bill Jay hesitated, then followed him. Into this crazed scene came a flying figure from a car at the edge of the circle. It was Connie. Connie stopped short and faced around. There was a shrill sound—a siren. A motorcycle slithered across the grass, then another one. Behind them was the car of the state police, half a dozen figures in uniform, and someone shouting, "Garrett! Is Garrett here?" Figures were running to the veranda, to the cars, to this little group clotted in the light.

Garrett stood up. "I'm Garrett. There's no one in the house—but make sure. I've shot someone in the shrubbery."

Another siren screeched and more figures were coming on the run. Connie had reached Bill. It was probably Connie whose voice came crazily above the confusion: "This must be the marines."

Then they were all in the house, and her mind rocked with motion and uproar. State troopers were sweeping through all the rooms, voices clashed, someone was at a telephone. People swirled around Garrett, who was giving orders. Chaos stopped short for a moment when a sergeant came back and said, "No one anywhere in the house or on the grounds. The guy in the hedge isn't dead." Garrett ran out and then came back again.

"That is Booker—from Camp Ryegate. It leaves Winkler. And Scovil . . . Lieutenant, you must get on to the camp. Get the roads out of town blocked. We want Scovil most of all."

Bill Jay came out of the corner, where he had been trying hard to get Connie quieted. "Wait!" he said, "has anybody been to the lodge? There's a car there." He took Garrett off to one side . . . Gail leaned over in her chair and quietly fainted.

IT WAS two-fifteen when Garrett first thought to look at his watch—when Jay told him about the shooting at the lodge. Half an hour later a detachment of F.B.I. men arrived. It was just three-thirty when Garrett came out of the library, all arrangements made. The F.B.I. had taken von Weitbrecht away. The state police had sent Booker to a hospital. Scovil was unquestionably dead. Mathilde had got away—but not for long. A series of telegrams had been sent and he had talked to Major Spence in Washington, on the phone.

And the thing was done.

He went downstairs to the drawing room. Logs were burning in the fireplace—that would be Jay's work—and the two women were sitting close to them. Jay had got food and whisky.

He sat down more abruptly than he had meant to and his head swam. "Give him a drink," Gail said quickly. Jay filled a tumbler with whisky and held it out to him. He gulped half of it. Steadiness came back. "We're into the king row," he said. "This is the end of it. You won't be tossed into any more riots."

Jay said, "Can I take Connie home now? Can we go . . . sir?" He had a little trouble with the last word—still. "There's something—you understand—"

Connie stood up. The fire was bright behind her; she looked frail but unconquered. "Why don't you say it? Is anything likely to scare me now, after tonight? I don't have to have anything prettied up for me. You mean my father. It's not only that they're looking for him. You mean—something has happened to him."

Jay hesitated but Garrett said, "We aren't sure yet. We think so."

"He's—dead?"

"That's what we think."

HER cheeks were the color of ash. She looked square at Bill Jay. "You aren't dead. Remember, I thought you were." A single tear rolled down her cheek. "Would I want him to be alive?" She walked over to Jay. "But don't ever leave me alone again. Not for one night, not even for the rest of tonight."

Jay stood with an arm around her waist. "Let me take her home."

Garrett stood up. "After I've thanked her." He touched the thin shoulder and shook her hand. He turned to Jay. "You get thanked, too. I had to work fast—I had to have you grabbed, you were too bright. It worked out better than I deserve. Thanks. Your girl gets a good deal of a man."

Jay shook his hand. "Not very bright. I just had a phobia of being pushed around."

"It's a useful phobia."

"You're pretty useful," Jay said wryly. "Come on, Connie. You need sleep."

They went out. Gail yawned suddenly in the firelight. "Sleep! That was last month, wasn't it . . . Is it true that Lynn has been—killed?"

"We'll know pretty soon. They had Jay locked in the cellar of the lodge. Before they took him away—which must have been a few minutes before we got there—somebody was shot near the lodge. That was his car we saw there. Either Booker or von Weitbrecht could have done it. I don't know why."

So that while Gail and he were there, the body of Lynn Scovil had been somewhere near, dragged into the underbrush or hidden at the lodge. The man she had been engaged to, the man she had been fleeing from when she stopped to pick up a fugitive from the police on a Vermont road. He looked at her with a hard scrutiny. She met his gaze.

"He won't be telling any more Bunds that the Americans are the aggressors!" she said. She could not possibly have spoken more coldly. Her eyes darkened with a momentary horror, then cleared. "Tell me what's happening now, James." The faintest premonition of laughter warmed her voice: "If I have a little trouble with your name, remember you've had difficulties with it too."

"It will settle down to Jim . . . Why, they're busy in New York gathering in the headquarters these people were directed from. They have taken over Camp Ryegate and are going through it to see what they can find."

"You're going straight to Washington."

"I'm ordered to report by noon. And I'm going back to my job . . . I told you the truth yesterday. A man's fiancée should know his trade—I'm a metallurgist. I'm in the Ordnance Corps for the duration. I'm better at it than I've managed to be at Intelligence. I've had to make too much of this up along the way."

"For an amateur," she said, "you seem to improvise fairly well." There was more warmth in her eyes. "By noon! That doesn't leave you much time. Surely, you'd better stop at a hospital somewhere."

"Not if your medicine cabinet runs to another bandage. But I'll take you home—if you'll drive me there again. Put on your shoes."

The current of silent accord between them was running free. She slid her bare feet into the sneakers. "They're Connie's . . . I'm all she has for parents now. She'll need kindness."

"Will she need anything more than Bill Jay?"

Gail yawned widely, with sudden forthrightness. "We'll all need sleep. I'd forgotten there was sleep in the world. You have the most astonishing knack for disturbing my nights."

In the hall he told an F.B.I. man that he would be back in an hour, and took her upstairs. The door of Mathilde's room was open. Her bags were in an orderly row on the floor. "If you want dry clothes," he said, "this is Mathilde's baggage."

She shook her head. "Thanks, I'll wait. But you need a shirt, my dear."

"I've got several and they aren't Scovil's." They went on to his room. "I bought them with Forwarding Company money."

He could get into one of them though his arm was stiff and fiery, but found that he could not knot the tie. Her lips gentle, Gail said, "Let me." She tied his shoes too and helped him into his coat. Her eyes were expectant . . . But not in this house!

THEY went downstairs and out to the sedan. The rain had stopped but the shrubbery dripped heavily. Troopers were coming in. He waved to them and Gail drove away. The dark closed around them, except for the glow of the cowl light on her grave face.

A mile or so down the highway she pulled off the road and stopped. A faint gray had begun to show in the east and the outline of the window had sharpened. He turned to her but she said, "No—wait!" took his hand, and lay back, musing. "So much of this has been in an automobile! And so much of it late at night . . . Wait, my dear, I'm feeling very expectant, and I was the first night, too, from Manchester on. That was extremely forward of me—or farseeing. But this time it's morning. We've driven all night, we've spent the night together. What a wedding night, Jim! When I went to bed I thought I wouldn't see you again. Then when I woke up, there you were . . . bleeding." She choked on that word, snatched her hand away, and covered her face. "Your blood fell on me! . . . I've waited long enough."

She fled into his arms, her breast arching up, her face raised . . . After a while she had stopped sobbing and was alive in his arms.

The grayness grew, the window showed more plainly, and in a few minutes he would be able to see her plainly. She turned her cheek away to whisper, "Before noon! Then the latest you can leave Springfield is the nine-oclock plane—"

"We were talking plane schedules that night," he said. "Have you any idea how lovely you looked? Almost as beautiful as now—"

"There was a highway patrolman, at the window. That was the moment when it all began. But"—she yawned again, "I had had more sleep the night before."

He said, "This is the continuation," and kissed her . . . Ever since he had reached Windham he seemed to have been calculating schedules. "Can you make that plane by nine o'clock?"

She sat up out of his embrace. "It would be disgraceful if I couldn't—after the speed we've held to. But there's a lot to do. You said fiancée—I'd rather spell it, *bride*. We'll certainly have to stand up with Connie before you leave. We might as well save time—"

"Connie too? Today?"

"Wouldn't you?"

"Neither of you will have so much as a trousseau."

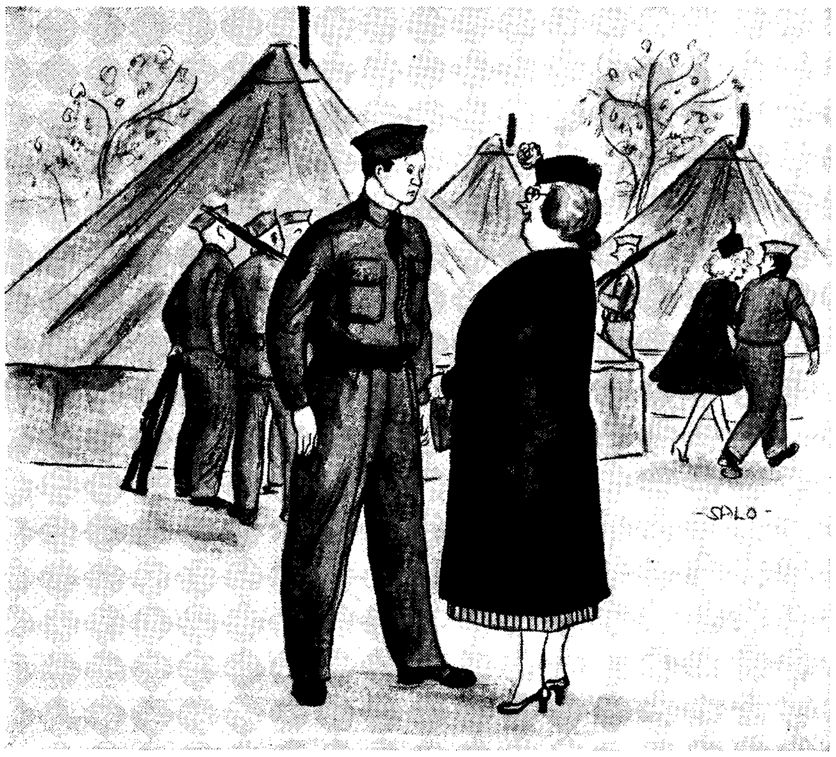
"All Connie has ever needed was a skirt. I have a skirt." She glanced at its wrinkled disorder. "All I need is a bath."

He went on calculating minutes: "G-2 is staffed with stern men. If we get Connie launched, there may not be time for us. You may have to remain a widow till we get to Washington—"

Gail was laughing. A state trooper had shot past them on a motorcycle, had stopped down the road, and was turning around. He started back.

"Back to the beginning," she said. "He thinks we're necking. What a suspicious mind!" She started the engine, leaned over to kiss him, and murmured, "For that matter, I could skip the bath."

(THE END)



"Annabelle is faithful to you, Wilbur—she refuses to go out with anyone but an Army man"

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Dina Cashman

Continued from page 18

"That was it," she said aloud; "you see, I didn't tell him. I thought I told him; I thought he understood. But he didn't! I said did Aline tell him that 'I had to marry someone?' And that might have meant anything; it might have meant that I was poor and Rogers was rich, and I just 'had to marry' someone!"

She had on her old brown coat now; she was walking fast through the bare orchards where the plows had left shining surfaces on the deep-cut clods. Sun was shining everywhere on the frosted roads, and steam was rising here and there from the farms and the barns. The air was fresh and wet. Underfoot the ground was heavy and Dina's shoes were immediately thick with mud.

"No, but I told him about Margaret!" she said. A jay, perched on a fence, gave a hoarse cry and mounted in a flash of blue to a young redwood. "But even that," Dina's swift thoughts ran, "even that needn't have meant what it did. It might have meant that Rogers knew I hadn't loved him, that Rogers didn't feel she really belonged to him. I thought I was telling him! It was so hard for me to tell him! And all the while he thought I was just saying that I hadn't known Rogers very well, and had married him just because I was poor and wanted to get a rich husband!

"Oh, Andy, it wouldn't have made any difference to you if you really loved me! Nothing you'd ever done would have changed me—not if you'd forged checks or been in jail. You needn't have written me that. You needn't have said, 'Of course it makes a difference!' Oh, if I could only walk so fast that I could walk away from it!" Dina said loudly in the woods now, climbing over fallen logs and scrambling through wet ferns. "If I could get lost, if I could die up here!"

SHE sat down on a stump to catch her breath, took the letter from her pocket and read it again.

"I hate you," she said. "I won't keep you."

She tore it into tiny pieces, pushed them under a great rock. Then she began to cry. She kept her head down on her arms a long time.

"Bad as all that?" a woman's voice asked her lifelessly.

Dina looked up and saw the speaker—a woman perhaps twice her age, in an old blue dress and heavy sweater. They looked somberly at each other for a full minute. The woman had a rake and was leaning on it, studying Dina.

"Lord, Lord, I wish I could cry like that," she said.

"I don't especially enjoy it," Dina gulped. She got to her feet. "You—aren't you a long way from home?" she asked.

"Twenty feet," the other said laconically. "I've a week-end place here below the Skyline Boulevard. I was clearing my path."

Dina walked along beside her toward a shingled brown cabin, a small garage, a length of rustic fence with "Getaway" burned upon the gateposts.

"'Getaway,'" Dina said. "That's what I've been trying to do!"

"And that's what I've been trying to do. My name's Martha Morse," the woman told her.

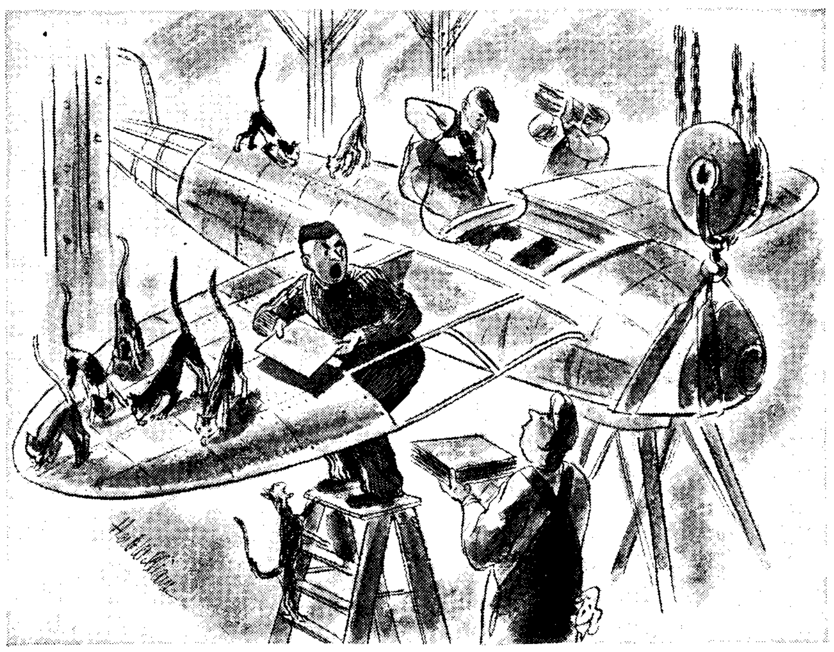
"Mine's Dina Holland."

"Come in," said the woman, opening the door.

Dina followed her into a cabin exactly like a thousand, ten thousand others strewn along California beaches and hidden among California hills, and yet so individually precious and unique to its owner that the cost of every plank and brick, kitchen hook and striped cotton curtaining had been an investment in content.

This particular cabin consisted of a fair-sized room with a blackened fireplace into which dust and rubbish and redwood sprays had been recently swept and where they were smoldering in midmorning leisure, and two adjoining strips of rooms, a kitchen and a bathroom. The main room held four bunks with screening burlap curtains, a brown bare table; mismated, comfortable chairs; a cheap, worn rug whose colors melted into the general scheme; and a high tide of books and papers, magazines, pamphlets, manuscripts.

"What I'm trying to forget," said Martha, "is a boy. Fourteen days after tomorrow; New Year's Eve was his birthday. I was to pick him up after football practice, but I telephoned him to come home with another boy. It happened on the way home. Only one of thirty thousand last year in this one country," she added in a firm, hard voice as Dina did not speak, "but it happened to be my own. We built this house together; we gathered the stones for this fireplace; he burned the name on the gate. This was our Shangri-la."



"I wish they'd wash these pots before they reconvert 'em!"

HERB WILLIAMS

"YOU are his mother." Dina stated it rather than asked it.

"I am his mother. And I have to come here and face it just so often," Martha Morse said and Dina knew that she was talking to herself, that she was thinking aloud: "I have to sit here without any clods of mud on the floor or any guns left lying around in the bunks or any books face up on the kitchen table, and face it."

"I can't face it," Dina said simply.

"I've had two months."

"You were alone here, Christmas?"

"I couldn't be anywhere else. Yours—your trouble—what you were crying about—wasn't a child?"

"Oh, no. My little girl's fine. But I've made a horrible silly mess of my life," Dina said, "and I just can't bear it."

"It is hard to have to bear what you can't bear," Martha observed dispassionately. "I can't bear life without Tad and sometimes I have to."

"You're all alone?"

"No, I'm not all alone." Tad's mother spoke with sudden definiteness. "I gave up my job in November and moved out to a district I knew on the fringes of the city. You see I was at the city hall for seven years," she said, "since Tad's father and I were divorced, and I knew where our local crop of gangsters is coming from. So I moved out there, took three rooms, furnished them, and began to make friends with the neighborhood's little boys. This year I'm going to get them a playfield. Some day we'll have a branch of the Scouts out there."

"THAT'S brave," Dina said simply, her eyes shining.

"It's not a cure but I have times of being happy, and I'm always tired, always busy, glad to get to bed at night," Martha said, without enthusiasm. "I had a sick baby to care for right up to Christmas day; then they took her to the hospital and I came down here."

"I loved a boy; we were on a week-end party," Dina began, as unexpectedly to herself as to the other woman, "and afterward I found I was going to have a baby. Another man, much older, but very kind and generous, wanted to marry me and for the baby's sake I said yes. My own people were poor, migrant labor and on relief, and I couldn't see any other way out. Now he wants to divorce me and marry another woman, and the baby's father—the man I loved so much a year ago, wants to marry me."

"Hm! And you're in love with the man you married?"

"No, I love him, but not that way. No, I love someone else," Dina explained. They were both seated now on a shabbily upholstered window seat. The boy had sprawled here, Dina thought, chewing apples and reading pulp magazines.

"But they think you ought to marry the first man? Your mother thinks that would be wisest?"

"No, my mother doesn't know, nor my father. No. But you see," the girl went on with a little difficulty, "the man I care for—didn't know either. So I told him. And—and it makes a difference to him. He says it does. He says I would think of it and he would think of it."

"Hm!" Martha Morse said again. "Well, that's hard on you." And there was a silence.

"And do you think you will keep all these boys from becoming gangsters?" Dina's tragic young eyes were very earnest when she spoke again.

"No. But I may keep one. If I'd had a family that I could have done something for, I'd have done that," Martha said, always in the same unemotional tone. "But I didn't. I didn't have anyone. If I can give some boy a push in the right direction that'll be my monument to Tad. I won't have any fun doing it; I don't expect to. But it's something."

Dina stood up.

"Thank you very much," she said simply.

"For not much," the other said with a brief shred of laughter. "I thank you for stopping in. It's done me good to talk a little. You said your name was Howard?"

"Holland."

"Well, Mrs. Holland, just remember that we women have got to bear things sometimes that there's no bearing."

"I know." Dina came out under the redwood again and took the wet trail down the hill. A heavy blanket of fog had blotted out the sunshine now; the morning had turned dark and the leaves dripped.

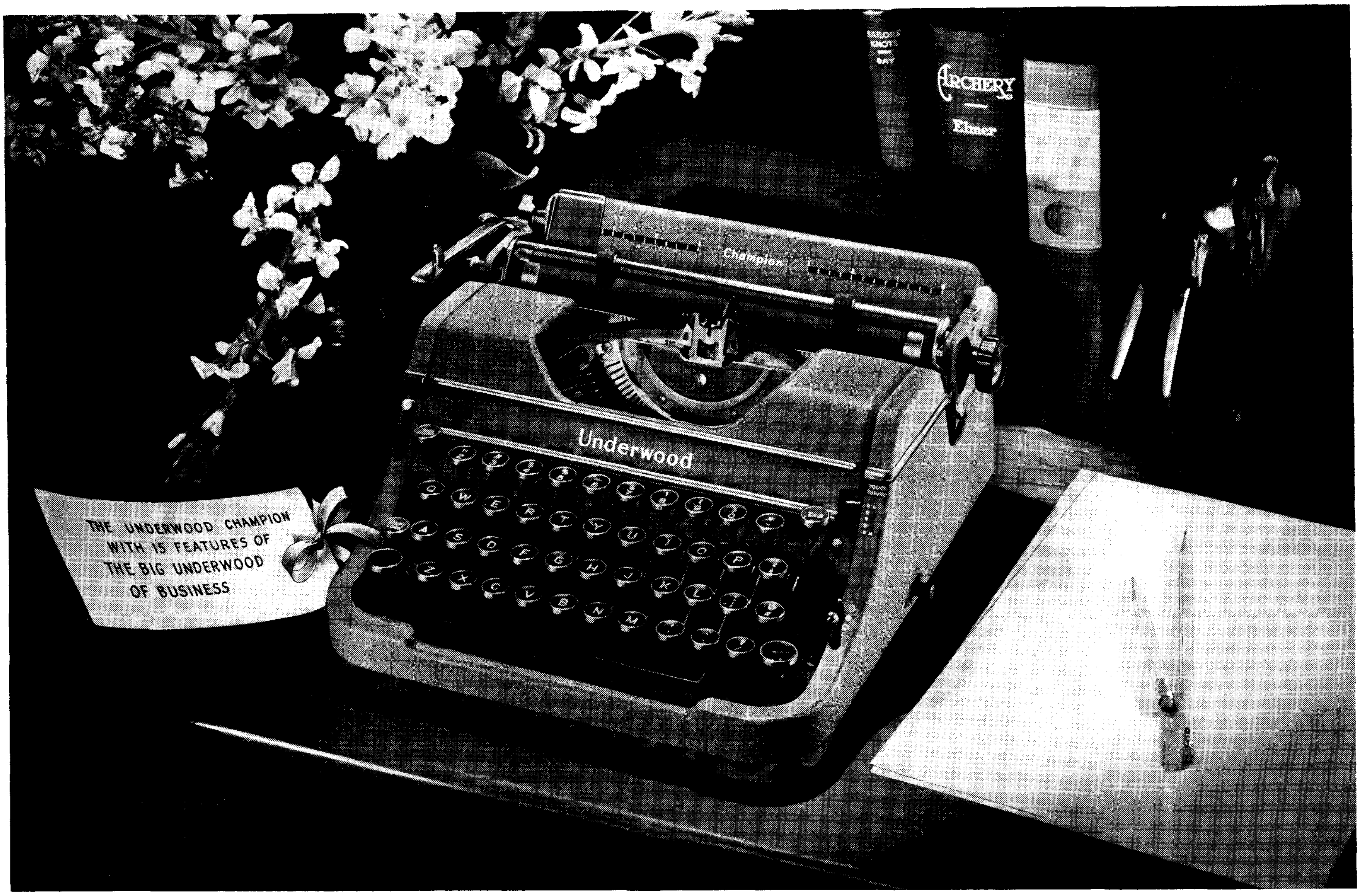
But though she felt no lighter of heart, it was with a braver spirit and a more unselfish courage that she made her way home through the bare orchards and over the rutted roads, and Rogers at luncheon noted nothing amiss.

SHE and Rogers had taken Margaret and Margaret's nurse to Stockton on Christmas Day, in a car laden with presents, but the visit had not been a success, and Dina never thought of it without a conscious reddening of her cheeks and a sensation of shame in her heart.

They had found Donny and El'ner just recovering from chicken pox, and Dina's special little favorite, Lou, wretched with a fever and cold. Margaret, therefore, had been sent away at once with Hall and Ida, and had spent her Christmas Day in a smiling circle of friendly black faces. Dina's father had been discovered unshaven and haggard; he had at once disappeared, to return after an hour clean and dressed and with a bottle of Bourbon from which he continually offered Rogers a drink.

Upon Rogers good-naturedly saying that he would have his with plain water, Art had exclaimed that that was all he would get. The joking remark had somehow missed fire; it had sounded rude and cheap in Art, and although Dina had known that her brother was only trying to help them carry off a difficult situation she could not apologize for him. Art's laugh had said, "Ha! These rich people think we have carbonated waters in the house as a matter of course!" and took the attitude of all attitudes that Dina hated to find at home.

Then her presents had been much too handsome. She had not thought that they would have presents for her, too, and that the small girls' new coats, with bags and hats to match, and something in the way of a paper bill lining the bags, must stand in contrast with the family's feeble little offerings of handkerchiefs and five-and-ten perfume. El'ner and Lou had not felt any self-consciousness; with the divine aristocracy of childhood they had presented their gifts. But Dina's mother had cut her to the very heart with love and loyalty and shame by apologizing, and Myrna had dashed away and returned with red spots in her cheeks and defiant eyes to say that she



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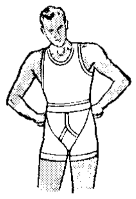
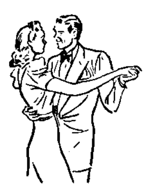


Q. *What is the most suitable underwear for active sports?*

A. Jockey Short—it combines unhampered freedom with masculine support which helps conserve vitality.



Q. *What underwear is correct with tux or tails?*

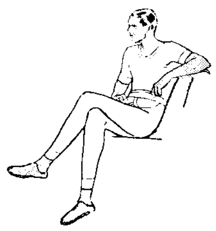
A. Jockey Bellin—it firms the abdomen, imparts a smarter hang to trousers and keeps shirt fronts from ballooning.

Q. *What underwear feels best with tweeds?*

A. Jockey Over-Knee—to shield sensitive skin areas from scratchy materials, and materials from the destruction caused by perspiration acids.

Q. *What underwear offers more comfort than an extra overcoat at football games?*

A. Jockey Long—because it provides protection where you need it, next to your skin . . . and keeps chill away.



Jockey Underwear

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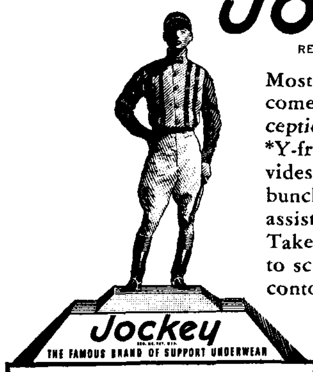
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had not finished her presents for Dina and Rogers but would send them before New Year's.

"Why, Myrn, you have, too!" El'ner had said, round-eyed. "You tied them in silver paper!" To which Myrna's only answer had been an angry, "Mamma, make her shut up!"

Dooley, now thirteen years old, a bold, handsome gypsy of a child who was incapable of the finer sensitivities, had saved the situation for the moment by saying boldly, "Well, I made you and all the girls candy, Dina, but it didn't harden. It always hardens but this time it didn't. So I'm not going to put it in the boxes because it'll smear them all up, and I can use 'em some other time!"

There had been a general laugh in which Dooley had joined with no sign of embarrassment. On the whole the day had not had much happiness in it nor much mirth. There had been no effect of a happy, spirited big family living a comfortable harum-scarum life; Dina had written her mother that she and Rogers would come up for dinner, and was accordingly disappointed that at half past twelve o'clock no table had been set, no meal was ready, and the beds had not even been made.

Her mother had explained that she had thought, of course, "dinner" to Rogers and Dina meant seven at night; Myrna had been sure they would expect an evening meal.

Dina had been cheerful and resourceful about it. Art had taken her in the car to find the nearest open delicatessen store and they had returned with enough cheese and rye bread and doughnuts and candy for three meals. Rogers had eaten with great gusto; indeed both he and Dina had been ravenous after the long cold ride but the feast had been spoiled by her mother's apologies, by the constant running back and forth of Dooley and Art, and by Myrna's proud, hurt excuses that she had an engagement, and immediate disappearance.

WHEN the long day was over, Dina sank back into the stately, old-fashioned comfort of the Holland house gratefully. But even here there was no sense of permanency. All this was not to be hers for long. Aline would supplant her here, and she must make other plans.

Aline did not let her forget this, and as in Rogers' infatuated eyes Aline could do no wrong, Dina could make no protest, and could only try to keep Hinz and Mrs. Bucket, who bitterly resented the usurper, from open mutiny.

No day passed without a reminder from Aline that she expected soon to be mistress of the old house. She brought Caroline to lunch and they completely ignored Dina as they walked about appraising the old Chinese cabinets and discussing the history of the rugs. Aline asked Mrs. Bucket how many of the old crystal goblets were left, who was Mr. Holland's butcher? One day Dina found her and Caroline at the linen closet, Mrs. Bucket standing in sulphurous silence near them while they admired the heavy old sheets and old-fashioned banquet cloths.

"I think we will see how we get along without our dear old housekeeper—" Aline murmured airily to Caroline when Mrs. Bucket had gone. But with Rogers she was always gentle and hesitant. "Let's not change anything, Toppy. I love the darling old place just as it is! We used to have some of our happiest times here, and I want everything to be just the way it was," Aline would say.

On a certain day when Rogers was away, however, Aline came to the house with a keen, handsome young architect she introduced as Sanford Smith, who she explained was going to do some old-fashioned rooms for a museum and would love to see the Holland place.

"Rogers is not here, you know," Dina reminded her.

"I forgot! But I spoke to him about it and he said Mr. Smith could go anywhere he liked," Aline said quickly.

"Oh, that's all right, then." While Aline took the newcomer through the downstairs rooms Dina went up to explain to Mrs. Bucket.

"So that's the way it's going to be, is it?" the housekeeper said. "She'll not leave one thing the way it is, and when she's got it all torn up, then she'll decide she can't stand it anyway, and they'll take a place in town. Well, I thought this was coming a year ago, and perhaps I'm lucky that it's been put off so long. There doesn't seem to be any end to the way that men can mess up the lives of women!" she went on, getting up to fuss with the litter of souvenirs and treasures that covered her old-fashioned bureau, "I'll miss you and I'll miss the baby. We'll never see you again. She'll see to that!"

SHE moved picture frames, vases, trays, glass and silver jars, and Dina knew it was to conceal and control the tears she could not hold back.

"I'll miss you—and the house—and Mr. Holland," Dina said hesitantly, "but I knew from the beginning that this might happen, and that this is what he wanted to have happen."

"Men are crazy!" Mrs. Bucket muttered, going to her big wardrobe, opening one of the heavy doors, fumbling among dresses and coats, and with her head well concealed vigorously blowing her nose. "I looked at the two of you, you and her, the other night at dinner," she said, "and I said to Hinz, 'It must be God made men so blind for some purpose!' "

There was a knock at the door. Aline and her architect stood outside.

"There are some doors locked out here," Aline complained. Dina went hastily to join them and they crossed the upper hall.

"Ida sometimes locks the nursery door when Margaret is asleep," she explained, "but all these doors are open."

"Could be turned into one?" Aline murmured to Sanford Smith.

He walked to the fireplace in Rogers' room, hammered lightly with a beautifully groomed long clean hand on the wall, stepped out to the upper balcony.

"Could be," he admitted; "but, my dear Mrs. Havens," he presently said, "I doubt if it's worth it. The place is hopeless, really. These clumsy old houses were built like forts; tear off the cupolas and porches and you've not made even an impression. You can't lower ceilings and narrow doors!"

"I know, I know," Aline agreed. "Mr. Smith has a very similar house he has to remodel and he wanted to get some ideas from this one," she said to Dina.

Dina felt the subterfuge somewhat obvious, but there was nothing she could say. She opened the door of her room; Aline walked about it rapidly, clucked in despair over the bathroom.

"How many people does he keep in the house?" she demanded.

"People?"

"Servants."

"Oh? Oh, yes, servants. Well, there's Chong and his boy and Lily and Hinz and the outside ones, Hall and Mr. McPherson and Porty Joe."

"And Bucket."

"But she," Dina protested, a little shocked, "isn't a servant."

"Oh, isn't she?" Aline asked, raising her eyebrows. "What I'm trying to work out is where I'll put my maid," she added, turning an indifferent shoulder to Dina and speaking now to the architect. "I had to let the woman I had go but she's not got another position and she wants to come back."

"You must have a dozen unused

rooms up here." They went about, peering and murmuring, and Dina perceived not only that Aline was planning the complete reconstruction of the cumbersome old mansion, but that she was carrying on a brisk flirtation with the personable Sanford Smith.

Anger rose in her heart. But why be angry? There was nothing she could do. If she were uncharitable enough to describe the whole scene to Rogers he would only laugh.

"That hell cat!" he would say with relish. "She told me she wanted this place to be our home forever and forever and she evidently meant it! Didn't give you any trouble, put you out, did it?"

To which Dina would have to reply only an amiable, "No."

Aline and her escort finally went downstairs. Dina remained in her own room, unable any longer to act the part of agreeable guide. She went to the window and stood there, looking down at the gardens and the drive, the ache of parting already strong in her heart. Evidently women like Aline could do pretty much as they pleased; for some inscrutable reason the laws of morality and decorum never closed down upon them. In a few weeks Dina would have to leave all this dignity and comfort and security and Aline would be mistress here.

While she watched, Aline and Sanford Smith came out to the man's one-seated open car, parked down by the entrance. He went around it to open the door for his companion, who got in with some little flourish of settling and getting comfortable. When he was in his seat they put their arms about each other for a long kiss, and his arm was still encircling her as they drove away.

Dina stood immovable for a long time. No use to tell Rogers this either; it would merely sound catty and feminine. But it deepened the cloud that hung so darkly over her in these days.

IT HAD been upon this mood of doubt and uneasiness that Andy's letter had fallen with shattering force. Her friend, the stronghold of all her thoughts in these last weeks, was gone now, and she and Margaret would have to face the world alone.

What made it harder was that Rogers was sure that she shared his new mood of happiness and confidence. He was seeing Aline constantly; he would come back from a luncheon engagement as absorbed as a boy in his own felicity, willing to give Dina occasional glimpses of it, occasional fond quotations from Aline, but almost entirely oblivious to Dina's gathering problem. She knew, from hints that he had dropped almost unconsciously, that he felt sure she and Vere would presently straighten out the whole affair by a quiet marriage.

"That boy's tremendously improved," he said more than once. When one morning he and Dina and his lawyer had a short session, and Dina signed various papers and was handed a formidable brown envelope that contained all the documents necessary to the transference of the Stockton property from Rogers to herself, he quite innocently betrayed his attitude by saying to Dina after Callaghan was gone: "Of course, that doesn't mean that I won't keep an eye on you and Vere."

Vere was constantly at the house. Usually his calls were short, and he was always much quieter than he had been. Sometimes if Margaret was out on the lawn in the sunshine, he and Dina and the nurse were together for an hour, but on these occasions Dina never sent Ida away, and she received any comment Vere made about the little girl without response.

Vere had a job. He was working as a clerk in the office of a San Francisco attorney who was a friend of his father, and at the same time was being coached for the bar examinations which he would attempt again to pass later that spring. But on Saturdays and Sundays he was free, and on other days he might drop in late for a drink and a game with his uncle before dinner, or stay for dinner and make a fourth at bridge afterward.

Only once or twice in the first weeks of the new year did he remind Dina in words that he was longing for complete forgiveness but in many little ways the evidences of it were inescapable and she knew that Rogers thought it would be the natural and most advantageous solution of her problem.

IT WAS late in January. She was with Rogers in the library just before dinner when he suddenly said to her:

"Look here, I want to talk to you, and I don't know that I'll ever find a better time! Sit down over there," he added, taking his own fireside chair; "a lot's been going on, and I don't know how much you know about it. You know, I suppose, that Aline has gone to Reno? She gets her divorce about the first of March, and she wants me to go up to Reno about the first of May."

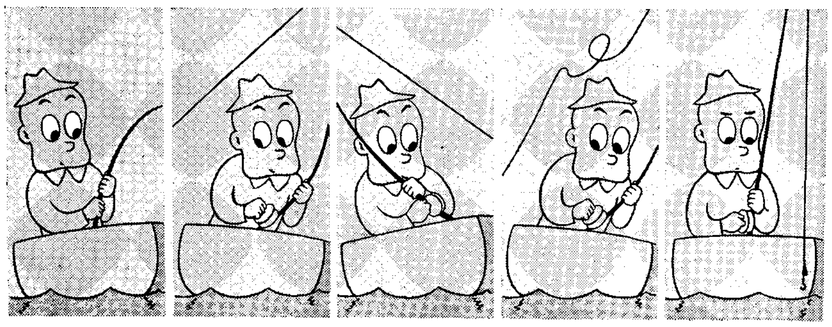
May! A respite! But wasn't it the plan that Dina was to be the one to go?

"She didn't want me to be there when she was there," Rogers explained, with the indulgent air he always used when mentioning Aline's vagaries. "Now she doesn't want me to go too soon, so that everyone will draw the inevitable conclusion."

"But everyone *will!*" Dina exclaimed scornfully.

"Personally, I don't care what anyone thinks," Rogers observed mildly. "But there's more to it than that. Aline wants to go east in March, get some clothes, see some people, sort of break her friends in to the idea of marrying again so soon. I'll be back in mid-June, and then I suppose—" He tried for an indifferent, a casual tone, but ripples of pleasure broke through the expression of his face and pride sang in his voice. "I suppose the big hawk will light," he finished.

"Now, what about the rest of it?" he presently resumed, as Dina made no comment, merely watching him with



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wide-open, serious eyes. "This is what I want to say and then you can speak up if you like. If you prefer to go to Reno in—say March or April, that's all right with me. It's only a matter of six weeks and it's a fascinating little city. But if *you don't, I go. The reason I've taken* it for granted that I'll be the one to go is that I know the town and I know the ropes. Then again, I thought it would be tougher on you; you'd have to get settled, find a place for yourself, the baby and Ida; I thought you'd be more comfortable here with Bucket. However, suit yourself.

"The thing I'm going to ask you straight out is this: what are the chances of your patching things up with Vere? I know he is more in love with you than ever. I've seen that ever since he's been dropping in here so often the last few weeks. In every way it seems a sensible arrangement. And I can tell him that he's getting one of the sweetest companions any man ever had!"

He added the last phrase with his big, brotherly smile. Dina did not move her eyes nor speak.

"You know he's very anxious for it, Geraldine? The boy seems to have steadied, and seems to be really in earnest. There's no question he loves you very deeply."

She cleared her throat. "Yes, I know," she said faintly.

"He told you so?"

"Well, yes. Yes, he said so."

"WOULDN'T it be the natural arrangement? For the baby's sake, and everyone's sake? Oh, I know," Rogers added, smiling into the fire as he stuffed his pipe. "I know Vere's young. All boys his age are fools; it's a callow time. But he's a nice kid, as boys go, and he's had his lesson. He got poisoned by Caroline's ideas for a while, and acted like more or less of a fool, imagining that there wasn't anything to marrying the Worthington girl except wanting to, but he's sobered down now. He told me the other night that he'd never really cared a snap of his finger for Kit Worthington. Now he's talked his mother over to this idea of marrying you. At first Caroline raised particular hell, but I had a talk with her, too, and she saw how the boy felt— We've all spoiled him, Geraldine, but he's a decent enough fellow at bottom!

"Aline was all against it, too," he went on, thinking aloud now, his half-smiling eyes on the fire. "She's not—never has been—a particular admirer of yours. She resented my marrying you—well, you can't blame Aline! Now, I suppose she doesn't like the idea of your becoming 'Mrs. Vere,' as you'd still be in the family. However, I've convinced her it's all for the best.

"How about it?" he added, surprised at Dina's silence and glancing at her curiously. "Anything to prevent?"

"If—if he had stood by me last year there wouldn't have been anything to prevent it," Dina said in a not quite steady voice.

"Well, too late for that," Rogers murmured, frowning in faint disapproval.

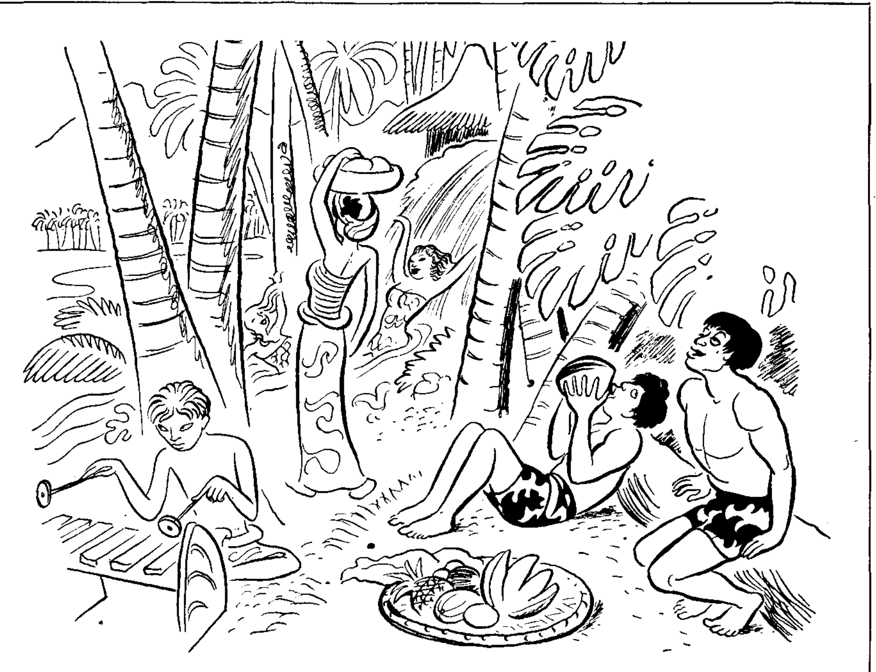
"Yes, too late to make that right," she agreed, looking thoughtfully down at the red embers in the grate.

Rogers continued to eye her, puzzled and not quite pleased. "Wouldn't it be something to make it right?"

"I don't know," she said drearily.

"Why, what's the matter with you, Geraldine?" he said, in the affectionate tone of one reproving a child. "After all, Margaret is as close to him as to you—"

"Oh, not as close!" she interrupted him warmly, as he hesitated, trying to meet her mood. "Not as close! Not close at all. The Vere I knew a year ago," Dina pursued, not looking at her companion, "doesn't seem to have anything to do with this Vere."



"A teeming metropolis, perhaps, with a tiny dwelling place high in a tower of granite—some place where I could get away from all this"

"But you like him?" Rogers argued. "Come now, you like him. Why punish him longer than you have to? It would mean so much to me, Geraldine, to have you still a member of the family, and to have little Flyaway upstairs coming to *visit me sometimes. Isn't it exactly* what you were thinking about a year ago?"

"Thinking!" she echoed, still not moving her eyes to his. "Praying, lying awake nights, crying for! Wishing every time there was a telephone call that it might be him, waking up every morning wondering if there might be a letter!"

"YES, I know, I know," Rogers murmured soothingly, for there was a rising storm in her voice. "But that's past, Geraldine. Here you are, the same boy and girl, with no reason in the world why you can't be happy together."

"There *are* reasons, Rogers." She was trying to hold her emotions in check, she had laid one hand on her breast as if to keep down the feeling that shook in her voice and smoldered in her eyes. "I am not the same girl," she began quietly. "Never the same girl again! I killed that girl who danced and worked in Meyer's and cooked dinners and thought that if ever she married it would be someone who thought she was the most wonderful person in the world! I killed her," Dina repeated feverishly, getting up to stand with her back to the fire now and looking down at him with blazing eyes; "she died in those nights when I lay awake, tossing and wondering, looking at my little sisters and thinking how ashamed they would be of me! She died when I waited and waited, and everything that had been young—young in my love for Vere—"

She was crying now and stammering, and Rogers, his face all concern and sympathy, put out a hand toward her.

"My dear, my dear, don't feel so bad! There isn't any need to remember all that!"

"I don't have to remember it!" Dina went on, uninterrupted. Her face was wet with tears, but sheer anger kept her voice steady. "I don't have to remember it because it was *me*," she said. "It is me, burned into me, burning what used to be me away. Nausea and cold mornings and thinking, 'Oh, why doesn't he send me some word? Why doesn't he say he loves me?' Weeks of it, and no money, and having to come here to you begging, whining, one more girl who couldn't say 'No!'

"And I'm not that sort of girl," she began again vehemently, silencing her companion with a quick movement of her hand, "I never have been that sort of girl, to have Caroline and Aline discuss, for you to talk to Vere about! 'It would *square her*, Vere, and *after all*, it's your child, and she's a dear little friendly thing—' "

"Oh, shut up!" Rogers interposed, almost as roused as she was, "nobody ever said anything like that!"

"No, I'm not that sort of girl," Dina repeated feverishly, her nostrils dilating and her breast moving quickly. "I never was. I was poor and I lived in a dirty house and I never had much training, but I always knew better than that! I always looked at the girls who ran with boys and stayed away nights as being different from me! Even Fran, who'd been married, and who didn't care much what she did—I never felt she was like Nellie O'Connor and me—"

"I *ask* you not to talk that way!" Rogers put in grimly.

"I will talk this way because I don't think it's fair," Dina went on breathlessly. "Aline and Caroline can discuss me, can say, 'Oh, why not let him marry the poor girl; it'll steady him!' Vere's father can write from New York, 'Go ahead, you're the best judge!' You can sit there and decide what I shall do. Who thinks about me? Who realizes what it is for a woman to be frightened and lonely and sick—for weeks and weeks—with no one to turn to! Or how she feels when she has to marry a man she's seen only twice, just to protect the child"—her voice broke—"the child she loves more than anything in life! The child she doesn't want anything ugly or shameful ever to touch! A lot of men, a lot of divorced women deciding what she shall do, men taking care of her when her whole body is torn in two having a baby, men coming to tell her that she can't walk for months, everyone pitying her and trying to help the poor little fool who's gotten herself into this mess!"

"GERALDINE," Rogers said quietly. He had given up his attempts to silence or calm her; he was lying back in his chair, fingers locked on his stomach, bulging gray eyes regarding her from behind the strong glasses.

"No," she said at white heat, "I'll not stop! I want to say that I'm not the same girl all this happened to. I've studied; I've read books; I've thought! And I'm not going to marry anyone, not for *years*. I'm going back to my mother, and if anyone follows me there I'll go farther! I'll get away! I've got to think it all out! I've got to be by myself with Margaret! I'm *done!*"

"I see now how you feel," Rogers said mildly, after the long moment of silence that followed. "I'll not try to stop you, my dear."

She broke suddenly. She was on her knees beside him, one arm locked tight about his neck; he felt her cheek wet against his own.

"I'm—I'm a woman, don't you see, Rogers?" she sobbed. "And I've got to know—about myself and my baby and what's right for us, without anyone else telling me anything again! You helped me so once, won't you help me now?"

LITTLE Lou Cashman, feverish and weak, opened her eyes at twilight to find a dream come true. Here was Dina back again, with an apron over her cotton dress and a tray in her hands. The room was dim with sweet, dying spring light; there were violets in a glass cup on the table, and here was Dina, without her hat or furs or any of the beautiful clothes that made Lou feel she was a stranger but just her old self.

"Hello, mosquito, how do you feel?" Dina said, sitting down beside the bed.

"Oh, Deen, Deen, did you come?" Lou faltered, wide awake.

"I did, and I brought Margaret, and Mamma's giving Margaret her supper in the kitchen, and you've got to eat yours!" Dina answered.

"And are you going to stay all night, Deen?"

"I am. And for lots of nights. Now, sweetheart," Dina said, in a suddenly urgent and lowered tone, "if you cry I'll go right out and wait until you stop! Mamma tells me you've not been to school since Christmas."

"I'd be well one day and then all wabbly and coughing the next," Lou confessed, one small thin hand locked tight in her sister's. "I won't cry, if you'll just stay," she pleaded.

"She's going to stay," Myrna said from the doorway. "Her husband's going on a trip, and she's going to stay weeks, aren't you, Dina?"

"I certainly am," Dina agreed. She was spooning chicken soup carefully into Lou's obediently opened little mouth. "Dooley's being a darling, and she's going to sleep on the couch in the back parlor with Margaret's crib next to her, and Ida goes home to her own family at night, and I sleep right here where I can keep an eye on you!"

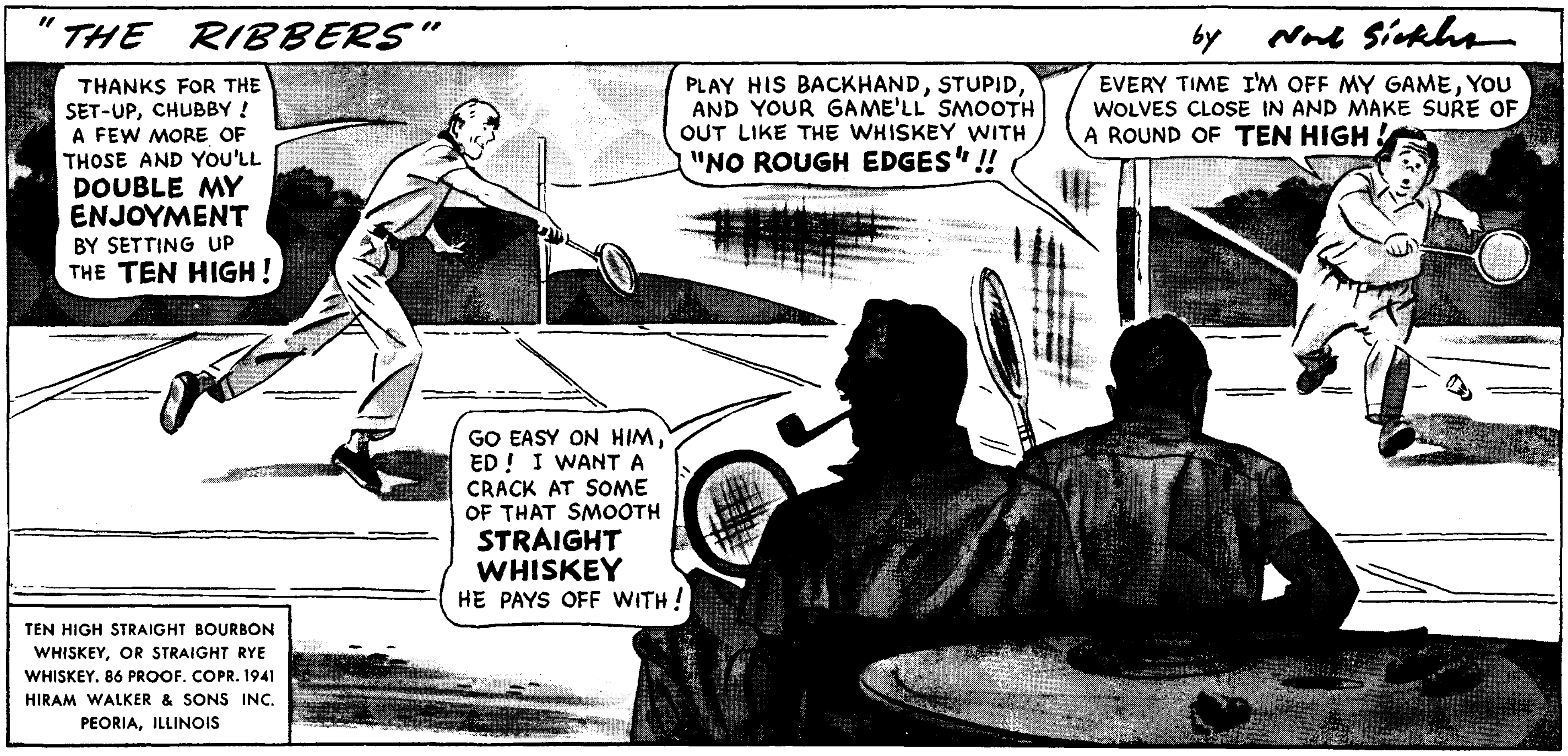
"Oh, Dina, I can't help crying a little, but I'll eat, truly I will—milk and everything," Lou faltered gallantly, "and I'll stop coughing if you rub me with that giggly stuff; I'll stop tonight!"

"You needn't be ashamed of crying," Dooley, who had come in for a sight of Dina, reminded her little sister generously, "becuz we all cried when she got here, didn't we, Dina? Mamma began to cry and Donny grabbed hold of Dina's skirts and began to cry and then little Mar'grit cried and I did, too. Becuz Dina's going to stay with us and we'll have fun—and games at the table, like we used to have, won't we, Dina?"

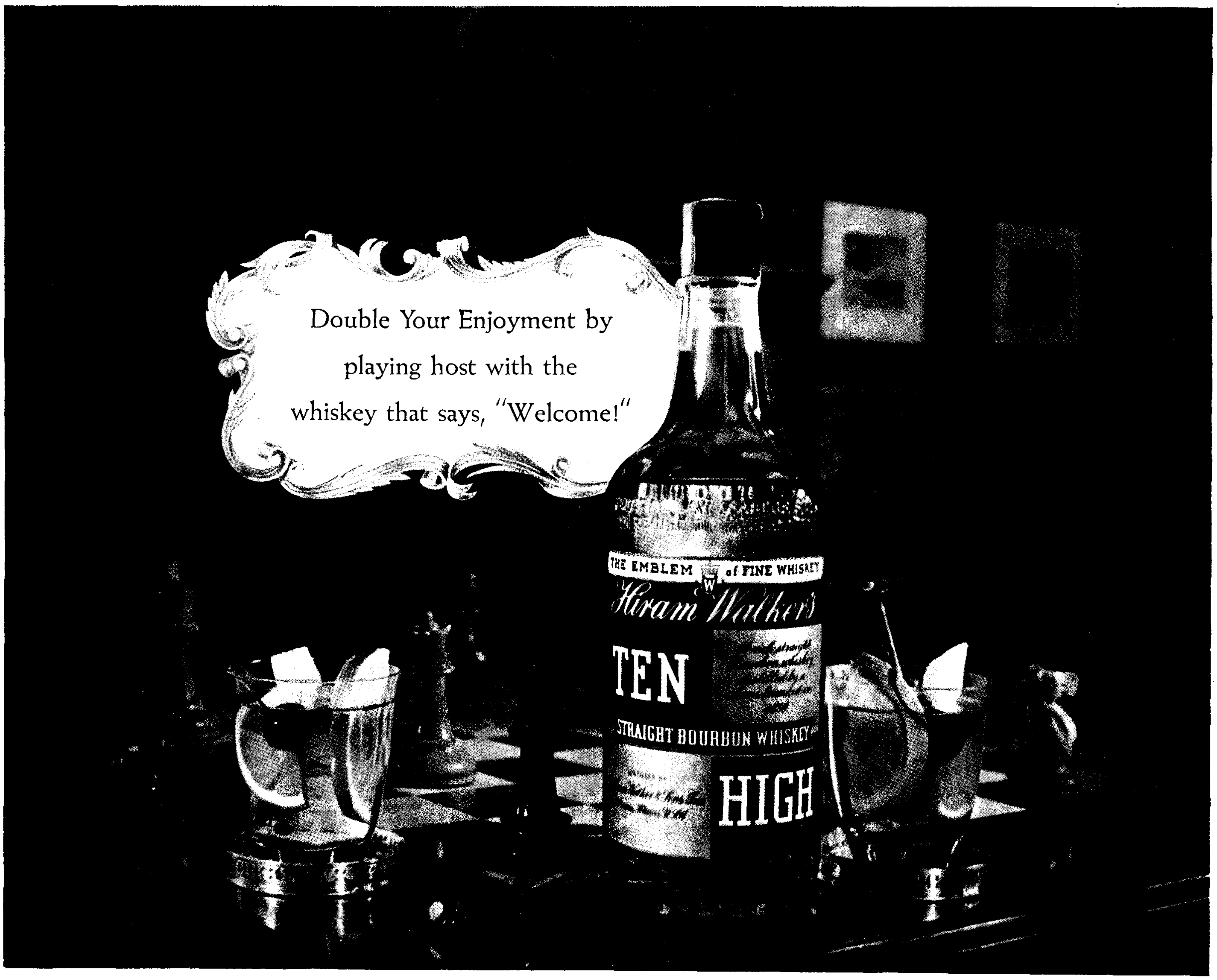
"We'll have everything," Dina said. "But now all of you clear out of here and let Lou finish this. Chong made that for you, Lou, because Mamma'd written me you loved the soup I brought up last time. But tomorrow I'm going to get three big chickens and make you some better than that!"

The door closed on the others. She was alone with Lou. She sat steadily feeding the invalid and Lou looked at her with eyes that could never drink their fill of the adored face. And deep in Dina's heart there was at last a certitude, a something like content.

(To be continued next week)


"THE RIBBERS"
by Ned Sickles
THANKS FOR THE SET-UP, CHUBBY! A FEW MORE OF THOSE AND YOU'LL **DOUBLE MY ENJOYMENT** BY SETTING UP THE **TEN HIGH!**
PLAY HIS BACKHAND, STUPID, AND YOUR GAME'LL SMOOTH OUT LIKE THE WHISKEY WITH **"NO ROUGH EDGES"!!**
EVERY TIME I'M OFF MY GAME, YOU WOLVES CLOSE IN AND MAKE SURE OF A ROUND OF **TEN HIGH!**
GO EASY ON HIM, ED! I WANT A CRACK AT SOME OF THAT SMOOTH **STRAIGHT WHISKEY** HE PAYS OFF WITH!

TEN HIGH STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY, OR STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY. 86 PROOF. COPR. 1941 HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC. PEORIA, ILLINOIS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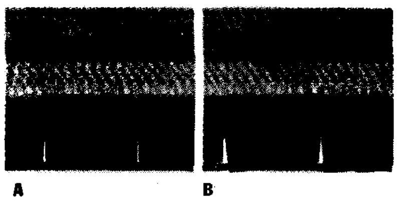
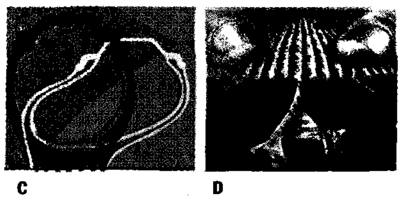
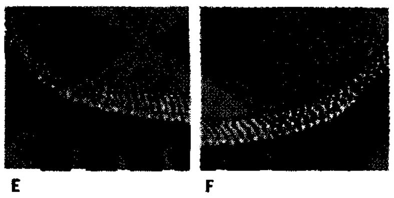


THEY FEAR NO SKIDS. The instant brakes are applied Royal Master's seven ribs break into individual, tilted tread blocks (A to B) wherever they touch the road. Note (B) how blocks cut through the film of water, dust, oil to grip the road. This active tread—a moving, working safety device—controls skids, stops you quicker.



THEY FEAR NO BLOWOUTS. On a curve at high speed (C) outside tires may carry double their normal load, throwing terrific strain on the cord body. With Safety Bonding (D) each cord is treated in pure latex before the plies are cushioned in heat-resisting rubber. This doubly protects against blowouts due to heat, impact or speed.



THEY GET MORE MILEAGE. The thick, long-wearing tread of Tempered Rubber (E) now has been improved with a special compound to give it greater resistance to destructive heat and even more mileage. When the tread is half worn, any U. S. Dealer will regroove it (F) restoring the rib-depth ... nearly doubling the non-skid wear.

LONGER DRIVES! "If my Royal Masters ever *do* wear out, you may be sure I'm buying another set. I find their cost is more than justified by their longer mileage," says a salesman.

PLAY SAFE! "Royal Masters once saved my life. During a rain storm the car ahead skidded . . . Frantically I applied the brakes and my tires brought me to a 3-point stop," writes a motorist.

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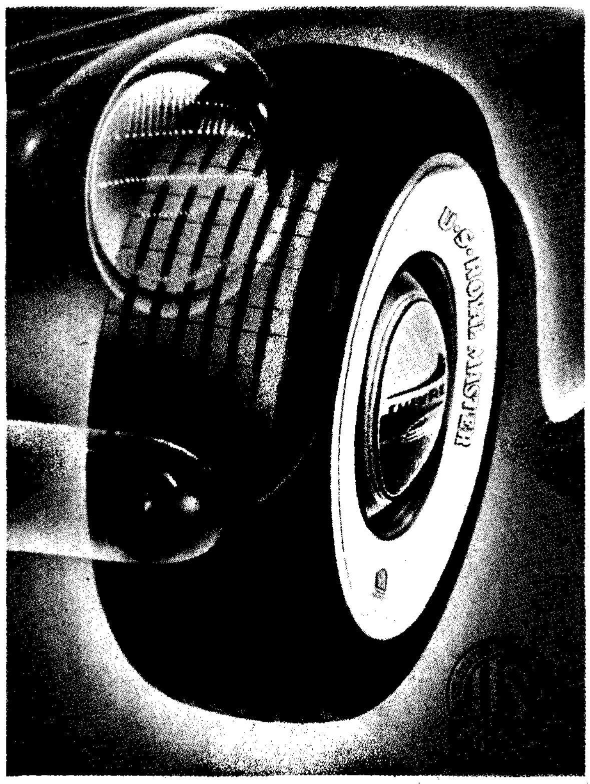

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Our New Army

Continued from page 19

some more of those divine, delectable and toothsome greens." The sergeant, being human, just couldn't take it.

IT WAS hot and dusty and Pvt. Addison T. Landwehr, HQ Co., 148th Infantry, on maneuvers in the woods near Shelby, was thirsty. Approaching a refreshment stand near the maneuver area he asked the woman attendant for a glass of water, please. "Sorry, soldier," she said, "but the health department says we can't serve water because there's bacteria in it." Pvt. Landwehr regarded the woman carefully for a moment as he worked on a plug of chewing tobacco, then, "How big are they?" asked he.

ARKANSAS

35TH DIV.

CAMP JOS. T. ROBINSON, Little Rock. After a month of Tennessee maneuvers, a lot of 35th Division soldiers found tent life too soft. Noncoms of one regiment got up before reveille one morning and found most of the men sleeping under trees and in company streets. "The beds aren't lumpy enough," they explained. Because of the heat, the top was removed from the big tent theater and the place was full one night when a young cloudburst came along. The men, used to rain and engrossed in the antics on the silver screen, didn't budge.

One thing that gets them, though, is the bug blitzkrieg. Chiggers seem to come from nowhere to settle on ankles, legs and around the waistline; and ticks, lying in wait in the woods, take hold of anything into which they can sink their fangs. Chiggers don't like sulphur and some of the boys have taken to eating powdered sulphur with their salt tablets so it'll ooze out of their pores. This keeps the chiggers away, all right, but it makes a guy smell like rotten eggs and raises heck with his social life. Ticks are bigger and easy to find but removal from the epidermis leaves the insect's head under the soldier's skin. A flight surgeon of the 110th Observation Squadron at near-by Adams Field finally solved that one. With the glowing end of a cigarette he gives the invader a hot foot, which so annoys the bug that he backs out and turns around to see what's going on. From then on he's a dead duck.

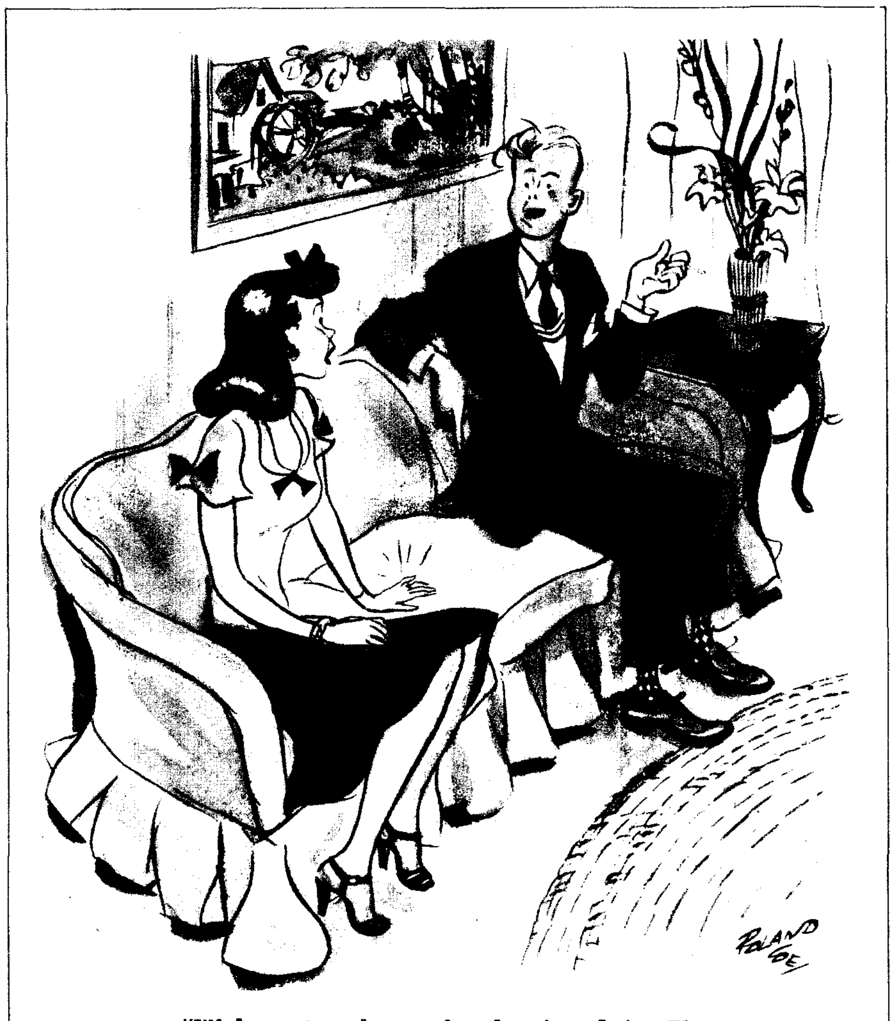
BATTERY E, 127th F.A., includes members of thirty-six Indian tribes and it's going to be an all-Indian outfit as soon as their peace pipe and other ceremonial apparatus arrive from home. To keep the record straight, the Redskins are going to adopt, into one tribe or another, Sgt. George Wright and Pvt. Francis Gearhart, the only palefaces in the battery.

CAMP Ordnance Officer Lt. Frank E. Morhart is looking for a 35th Division soldier who has "blue to gray eyes, light brown or blond hair, wears glasses, good-looking, about five feet, eight inches tall, medium build and is training with fellows from North Platte, Neb." If he finds him the lieutenant is to notify a girl in Omaha, who met the lad on a bus between Kansas City and Omaha and neglected to ask his name.

MISSOURI

6TH DIV.

JEFFERSON BARRACKS, St. Louis. In contrast with the dispatch above is this item involving Pvt. Gerald Schori, who answers all phone calls for information at post headquarters here. Not long ago a young woman called and admitted it was all kind of silly but perhaps Pvt. Schori could help her. "I was out at the Municipal Opera the other night with two other girls," she said, "and we talked to a soldier from Jefferson Barracks. He knew about music and said he had sung in light opera in St. Paul. He had a small mustache and his home was somewhere in the northeast part of Iowa. Do you suppose you could find him for me?" Pvt. Schori said, sure; he was the man. "No, I'm serious," the girl went on. "So am I," replied Pvt. Schori. "There are five thousand soldiers here but I'm the guy you're talking about." He was, too.



"I'll have to ask you for the ring, Lois. The draft board wrote me to wind up my affairs"

ROLAND COE

CHANUTE FIELD, Rantoul. Pvt. Angela San Paolo threw his 17th School Squadron into a shambles when he wasn't on hand to receive a telegram that read: "Cecilia had triplets. Mother and babies doing fine. The Family." Pvt. Harley Neal of the Signal Corps read the message to Pvt. San Paolo's top kick, Willard Morgan, who did a lot of plain and fancy searching before he located his man. It made Sgt. Morgan pretty sore when San Paolo read the wire a couple of times without showing any signs of excitement, but the pay-off came when the recipient explained that Cecilia was the family cat.

MICHIGAN

5TH DIV.

FORT CUSTER, Battle Creek. That old Quiet Please sign, cherished by public libraries, has been chucked out of the window at this post's book nook, where page probers do their perusing to the accompaniment of a nickel juke box going full blast. Nobody seems to mind too much. The library is situated on a balcony overlooking the service club dance floor, and some of the readers actually keep the musical horror supplied with coins while they do their literary browsing.

VIRGINIA

CAMP PENDLETON, Virginia Beach. It looks as though Pvt. Johnny Meehan, Battery A, 244th C.A., will retain the title of the original eight-ball rookie. Following his release from initial quarantine our subject had no sooner completed sprucing up for a trip to town when he was assigned to K.P. duty. Meanwhile, he loaned his overcoat to the mess sergeant, who lost it. In the next few days three officers reprimanded Pvt. Meehan for being out of uniform, the lack of which gave him a heavy cold, to cure which he spent ten days in the hospital. On the rifle range Pvt. Meehan discovered he couldn't sight with his right eye, so he began firing left-handed and scored two bull's-eyes with the first three shots. Spotted by an officer, he was ordered to switch back to right-eye firing, after which his shots went so wild he was ordered off the range. On guard duty he was bawled out for having a rusty rifle. Two hours of cleaning netted him another bawling out for having the gun too oily. Unable to strike a happy medium, Pvt. Meehan changed rifles in the supply room and drew one with a defective barrel. In the interim he walks around with size-42 shorts around his size-30 waist and is having trouble with a completely strange pair of shoes that came back from the repair shop. If a day goes by in which something screwy doesn't happen to him we'll let you know.

VIRGIN ISLANDS

BENEDICT FIELD, St. Croix. Chief among the problems which face the soldiers in this land of old Danish customs is lack of entertainment and laundry facilities. The boys have so far been able to cook up a modicum of entertainment and have lately improved the laundry situation. In all St. Croix there isn't a single establishment devoted to cleaning and pressing, but word got around among native females that this service was needed and they responded individually. Now, on Friday afternoons, the roads leading to the field are filled with an army of colored women balancing bundles of laundry on their heads, or driving two-wheeled, donkey-drawn carts containing clean clothes destined for customers known only as Sergeant, Corporal and Private. Just how the men recognize their laundresses (and vice versa) is another problem, but the system has worked to date, with no socks missing.

PERHAPS the most unique disbursements "contributing to the pleasure, comfort and contentment of the enlisted men of the organization" were found by the field's commanding officer, Major John C. Wade, while he was auditing the funds of Co. A, 27th Engineers. "Oats for Company Race Horse," was one. The other: "Seamstress, Repair of Jockey Suit."

GENERAL

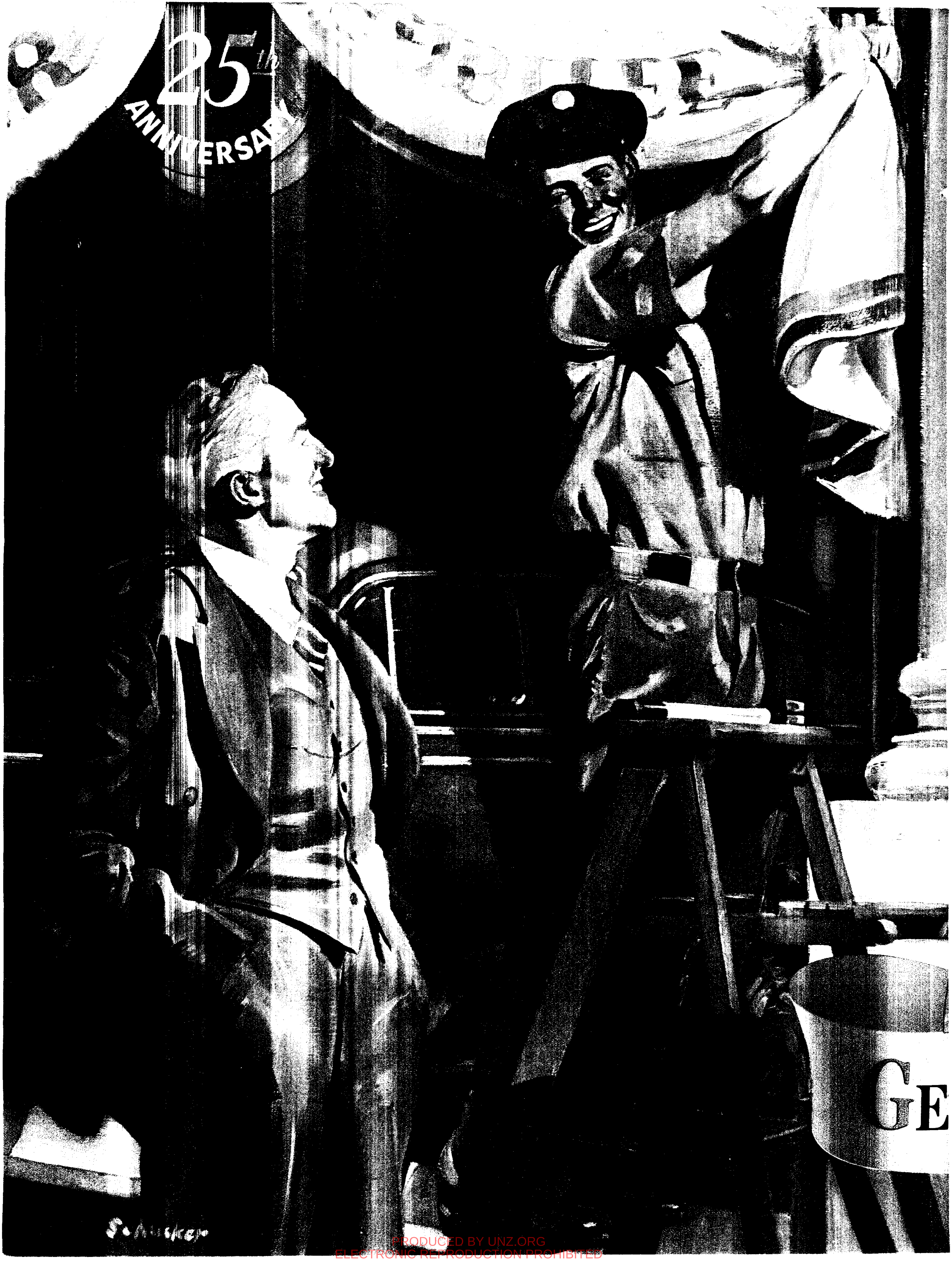
THE Camp Roberts (Calif.) Dispatch is running a series of weekly interviews with screen personalities written by Pvt. Nathan Waldman, former Hollywood correspondent. Corp. Eugene Gear, of The Dispatch, says any camp paper can have the column, for free, merely by asking him for it.

"WHY," asks a Columbia, S. C., newspaper in an editorial entitled Scrambling Field Armies, "do magazines go to vast expense to gather illustrative material, and then spoil the layout with inaccurate explanatory text? Collier's of July 26th, for instance, presents in full colors the shoulder insignia of our field armies, their corps and divisions. But the text scrambles amazingly the geographical distribution of the units comprising the armies; for example, placing 'way over in the Third Army the troops of the First Corps, training in the Carolinas, whereas in fact they belong to the First Army—and so on."

One sure way of getting spots before the eyes is to try to figure out why the Army places what units where, and when, but that's up to the War Department. Probably the most confusing factor is that geographical and tactical areas are entirely different. For example, the First Army geographically covers the first three corps areas (twelve states from Maine to Virginia), but tactically the First Army contains the First, Second and Sixth Army Corps—and home plate for the First Army Corps happens to be located at Columbia, S. C. On the other hand, the Third Army geographically covers thirteen states in the South and Southwest and comprises the Fourth, Fifth and Eighth Army Corps for tactical purposes. This department didn't say any First Corps troops were in the Third Army; it merely stated that the Carolinas were included in the geographical boundary of the Third Army.

WHO spoiled what layout?

G. W.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They have taught many a beginner how to drive, have helped young people "budget-buy" their first automobile, have been friend, guide and counselor to countless neighbors in many different ways.

And over the years they have been good businessmen too, providing for their own, giving employment and opportunity to others, meeting pay rolls, paying taxes, owning property—businessmen doing their full share in local community affairs.

Thus to General Motors, as to their friends and acquaintances in their home towns, they are truly partners in progress.

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Boots, Boots, Boots!

Continued from page 12

"Easy dough—right in our mitts. Agh!" he said. "We could permote them boots fer maybe fifty bucks. But, ner, you woon't even—"

A groundward gesture of Seaman Linn's right thumb cut him short. "You're talkin' against the highest ideals of the U. S. Navy, Tim," he said, "an' if I thought you knowed better I'd call you a fif' columist traitor that had made a deal with Hitler. C'mon!"

At this point, a taxicab slid up to the curb.

"Oh, sailor boys! Yoo-hoo—wait a minute, sailor boys!"

Tim and Benny halted in their tracks.

A small, plump, corn-fed maiden stepped from the taxi. Her hair was pumpkin-colored, her eyes were a walnut brown and her voice had the gurgle of apple cider running down a press-mill trough.

"Callie Mae, you reckon you kin trus' these sailor boys?" she questioned herself, shyly and half afraid. Then she gave Tim and Benny a sweet smile. "Reckon I kin. Reckon I jest *will!*"

Seaman Linn was again unaccountably speechless, but Fireman Dunnevan said, "The polar bairse is over yonder, Miss. I . . . uh . . . guess you already seen the monkeys?"

Callie Mae shook her head. "Oh, dearie me, Callie Mae," *she announced*, "I reckon you been jest plumb misunderstood." Her lower lip quivered tragically.

Seaman Linn spoke. "*Looks like this* is Arkansas Day in Balboa Park," he said. "What can we do for *you*, kid?"

The maiden's eyes filled with tears. "It's Gerald an' Robert!" she blurted. "The sailor boys that jes' now run off!"

"Yeah?"

"Yerse? Whut'd they do?"

Callie Mae looked at the ground. "Robert, he jilted me, Mistah Man," she said simply. "He's jest about busted my heart right in two. But it wasn't Robert's fault. That pesky Gerald, he put Robert up to leavin' me in the lurch."

Fireman Dunnevan and Seaman Linn exchanged glances.

"*Benny* . . . get it? That's why they was in such a big hurry to join our ship! Agh—the dirty—"

"Right!"

THEIR words stung Callie Mae into a dramatic outburst.

"A ship? Oh, the Lawd save you naow, Callie Mae! If'n Robert goes off on a ship, you're plumb ruint!" She turned to Fireman Dunnevan. "What ship, Mistah Man? When does it sail? Jes' tell me that much . . . please, please—it's my onlyest chance!"

His sentimental Irish heart completely won, Fireman Dunnevan growled, "Agh, they wanted us to recermmend 'em fer the Trimble, Miss. But I an' Benny will fix that!"

"You—you could stop it?"

"Yerse!"

"An' fix Robert so's he won't go sailin' off on a ship?"

"I an' Benny is the best fixers in the U. S. Navy, Miss. We got ferce *an'* brains. I . . . uh . . . Benny could queer them boots so's they'd get put in Portsmerth—or anyways, kicked outa the Navy. Right, Benny?"

"Hold on, Tim—"

Callie Mae opened a patent-leather handbag, and pulled out quite a roll of bank notes.

"I'd thank you so kindly!" she said, "an' besides, I'd jes' give y'all nice sailor boys every las' penny of this!"

The regeneration of Fireman Dunnevan had begun. He hesitated not an instant, but pushed the money back to Callie Mae.

"Ner, Miss," he said stoutly, "we don't want a dime. They's a high ideal in the U. S. Navy against seein' good girls took advantage of. C'mon, Benny. Let's grab this cab an' catch them sods!"

"No brains, Tim, no brains!"

"Hunh?"

This objection by Seaman Linn brought bitter words from Callie Mae. She wrung her hands, saying, "Oh, Callie Mae, the nice, big sailor boy wants to he'p you, but the little sailor boy, he—"

"Blaaah!" said Seaman Linn, coldly. "Do we look at this from all the angles or do we go bustin' off an' glom the works by usin' methods of brute force, so on an' so forth?"

"Benny's the brain, Miss," Fireman Dunnevan interpreted, "an' with a brain you can allus get an idea. He means he's got an idea."

"Right!"

"An idea! Oh, Callie Mae, this dear, cute little sailor boy is a-goin' to he'p you after all!"

Seaman Linn jerked a thumb toward a sunlit patch of grass. "Let's discust this matter, Miss. They's a lot of angles. The main an' foremost point is: do you jest want Robert kicked outa the Navy or do you wanta *marry* the guy?"

"Oh, Callie Mae wants to marry Robert!"

"*Then I gotta ast you a personal question.*"

"But, *Benny*—"

"You jes' ask me anything, sailor boy!"

"Well . . . uh . . . is they a . . . uh . . . physical reason, so on an' so forth, why you . . . uh . . . ?"

Callie Mae clasped her hands and nodded. "Yes, suh, there pinely is," she said.

Fireman Dunnevan snorted angrily. "Robert *betrayed* you, miss?"

"Oh, Callie Mae, I do hope youah doin' the right thing, tellin' sech a dreadful truth. I reckon I am. I reckon I *will!* To be plain an' simple abaout it—yes!"

Seaman Linn spat delicately through his teeth. "That fixes everything okay, kid," he said. "We go right ahead an' let Robert an' Gerald join the Trimble!"

"An' go sailin' off to *wahr?* Oh, no—"

"Yerse, Miss! We got a rule in the U. S. Navy that if a sailor betrays a girl an' she complains about it, he's gotta marry her or else."

CALLIE MAE jumped to her feet. "Oh, Callie Mae, ain't you sorry fo' all the mean an' hateful things you thought abaout ouah Navy?" she exclaimed. "Do I jes' go an' complain to Admiral Somebody?"

Tim and Benny traded grim glances.

"After Robert's joined our ship, kid," said Seaman Linn, "you jest complain to Chief Bosun's Mate Mulcahy. That'll be enough."

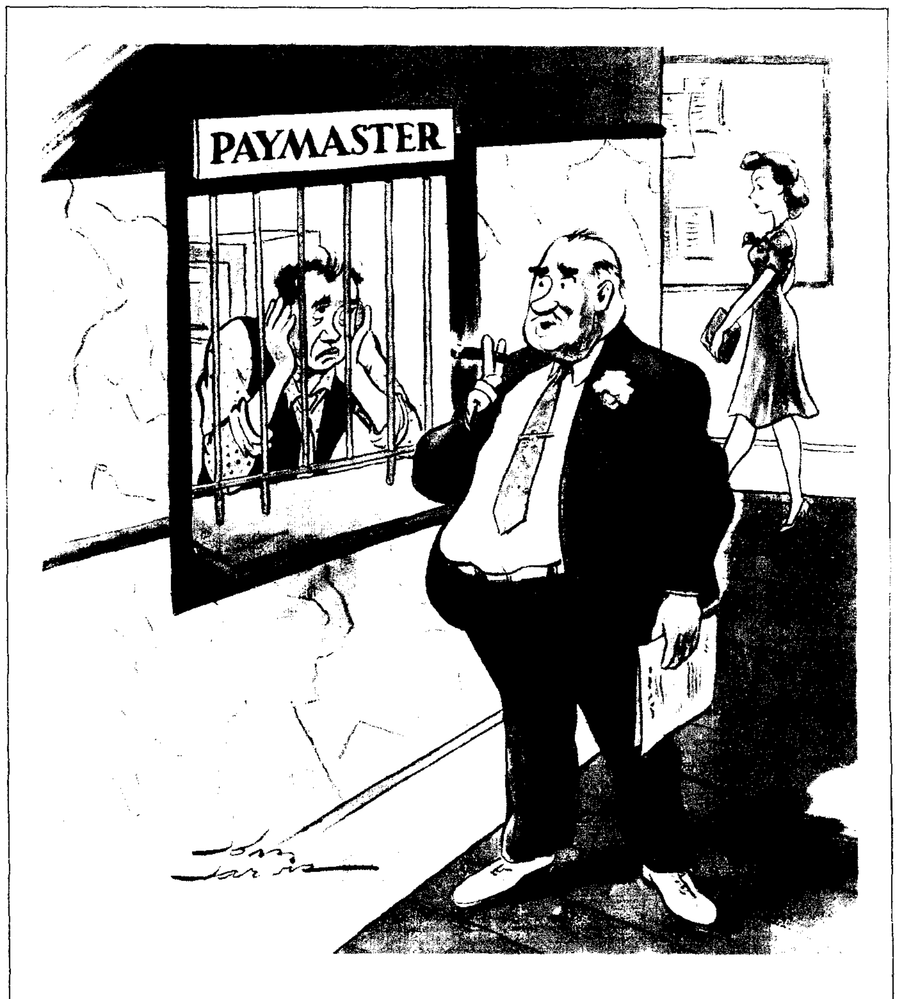
"Yerse!"

"You darlings. Callie Mae is jest a-goin' to give you both a great big hug an' a kiss—"

But before Callie Mae could thus express her thanks, another taxicab lurched to a stop with a climactic shrieking of brakes. A thin, hungry-looking man, shorter than Seaman Linn and without a hat to cover his balding head, popped spryly out.

Callie Mae took one look at him, gasped, and said in low, anxious tones, "Where kin I meet y'all boys later?"

"Two o'clock—in front of the Y on Broadway. Is this guy a friend of yours? He looks like he knows you."



"You need to get away from it all, Rollins. Suppose you take a two-week vacation—without pay!" JOHN JARVIS

"The pesky feller is my worst enemy. Oh, please don't let him foller me!"

"Right!"

Guarded by Tim and Benny, the maiden hurried toward her own taxicab. The little man, who had started to approach Callie Mae, changed his course in an effort to intercept her.

"Now, Sugar, you've got to talk to me—just ten seconds, Sugar—"

"Scat, you pesky rascal!"

Callie Mae swept past her worst enemy and into her taxicab. When the little man tried to follow, the hefty left paw of Fireman Dunnevan reached out and jerked him back.

"Rough stuff, eh?" he said.

"Yerse! Want it rougher?"

"Ju-das, Tim—don't hit him. You'll knock his head off'n his shoulders!"

The taxi carrying Callie Mae roared down the park drive.

"Now, now, my friends—this is all a misunderstanding. No reason for us to have an ugly quarrel. Let me explain, I beg of you—"

"Turn him loose, Tim."

The little man shook himself together and smiled ingratiatingly at Seaman Linn and Fireman Dunnevan. "I like sailors. I admire our splendid Navy—indeed I do!" he said. "You men, I take it, are Sugar's friends?"

"Yerse!"

"We only jest now met the gal," Seaman Linn corrected, "but she ast us to help her in a certain private and confidential matter with reference to her love life. She said you was her worst enemy."

Callie Mae's worst enemy sadly shook his head.

"Before God and man, that is an untrue statement, my friends," he said. "I know all about the matter to which you refer—"

"Agh!—he's a city slicker, Benny!"

"What part of Arkansas are *you* from, Shorty? I bet on Little Rock or Pine Bluff."

"You never heard of Ben John Ribblesdale?"

"Ner!"

MR. RIBBLESDALE recovered from this shock, after wincing dramatically. "I say only this, my friends—if you encourage that little girl to marry Robert, you know not what you do."

"Yerse?"

"Definitely. It will wreck her whole life."

"Why?"

"It so happens that I cannot speak freely—"

"Blaaah!"

"—but I say, before God and man, that I shall go to any length to dissuade Sugar from taking this fatal step. Any length!" Mr. Ribblesdale pulled a checkbook from an inner pocket and waved it under Benny's nose. "I am prepared to pay as much as five hundred dollars for effective assistance in blocking this marriage."

"Five *hunnert?*"

"Yes."

"Benny! Didja hear that? He says five hunnert bucks jest to bust up Robert an' Callie Mae—"

Seaman Linn jerked his thumb contemptuously groundward. He turned on Mr. Ribblesdale.

"Not for fi' thousand, Shorty!" he said. "I an' Tim an' the U. S. Navy has got somethin' better to do jest now. We're busy tryin' to save little punks like you from Hitler. Crawl back in 'at cab before I bust you one!"

"Before God and man, I—"

"G'wan, now! Shove off!"

Mr. Ribblesdale pocketed his checkbook. "You know not what you do, my friends," he said.

Turning on his heel, he retreated with dignity to his taxicab, boarded it and rolled away.

But he was wrong. Fireman Dunnevan knew very well what he and Seaman Linn had done.

"Judas, Benny!" he mourned. "In olden times you'd 've took the dough from Gerald an' Robert to get 'em on our ship. Then, you'd 've took the dough from Shorty to keep Gerald an' Robert off'n our ship, so's Callie Mae couldn't make Robert marry her. Yerse—an' you'd prob'ly 've took dough from Callie Mae an' made Robert marry her anyways! Yerse!"

Seaman Linn gulped, but the light of high purpose "robed him about as with garments ineffable."

"I an' you is through with all that fer the duration, Tim," he said gently. "C'mon, Fireman. I'm gonna turn you loose on them monkeys. Maybe you can sucker 'em outa a few bananas!"

Fireman Dunnevan thought this over, three deep furrows in his brow. "Is—is that sarcastical, Benny?"

"A brain!"

"An' we go through with ut, strickly on the level?"

"Right!"

CHIEF Bosun's Mate Daniel Patrick Mulcahy of the U. S. Destroyer Trimble stood near the ship's port gangway at 1:30 o'clock that afternoon and beamed upon four happy sailors. Only a stroke of great good fortune could have moved Chief Mulcahy to beam upon any sailors at any time. He was known from Shanghai to Brooklyn navy yard as "Nails" Mulcahy.

But the chief, on this occasion, was not content merely to smile. He chuckled. He took another look at Boots Robert Treadway and Gerald McCudden, and chuckled again. Then, he turned to Seaman Linn and Fireman Dunnevan.

"Sure, now," he said, "these are the likeliest lookin' boots I've seen for some toime. Good worrk, Linn!"

"Thanks, Chief!"

"Yerse . . . thanks."

Chief Mulcahy addressed the widely grinning Gerald and Robert. "You bhoys go forr'd an' report to Chief Larsen. Oi'll sind to the station for yer papers. Oi'm takin' no chances on havin' another ship steal ye!" He pointed a stubby forefinger toward Gerald's mouth. "Keep that brightworrk nice an' shiney, son!"

Gerald and Robert joined in the laughter. Robert said, ducking his head toward Seaman Linn, "We thank you so kindly, Mistah Linn, suh. We suttinly are mighty glad to git abo'd sech a nice ship!"

"Yayyy tell!" said Gerald, "an' we sho will work ouah tails off fo' you, Chief Mulcahy, suh!"

The chief nodded dotingly after them, as they hurried toward the fo'c'sle. "A pair av good, clean, wholesome lads," he said. "An' scarce enough they are, these toimes, with so many city-ruined hellions pourin' inter this Navy."

"Right, Chief!"

"Yerse—right!"

Then came the accolade for Seaman Linn and Fireman Dunnevan.

"The cap'n an' I am takin' due notice av yer change in heart, Linn. You an' Dunnevan have gone a matter av six weeks without shenanigans. See to ut that the good worrk continues. Ye may have liberty until nine P. M., as a rewarrd fer findin' the farrmers!"

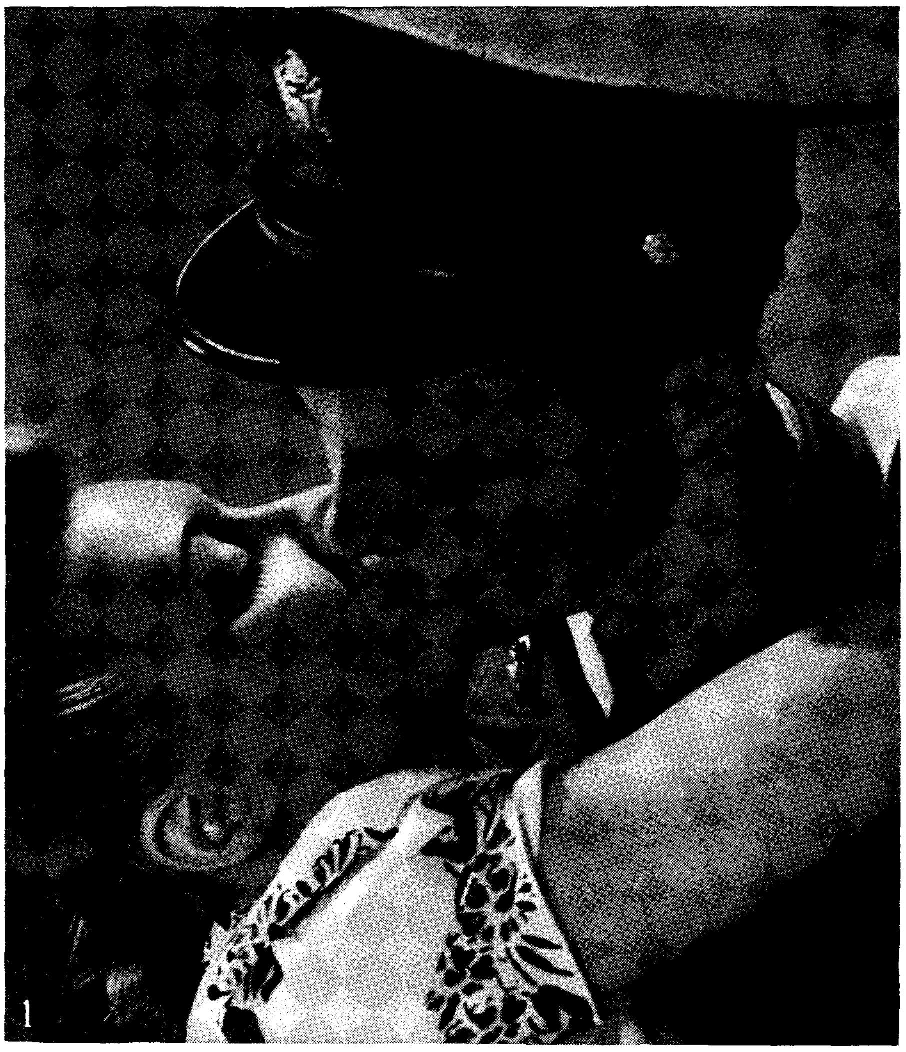
"If you knowed whut it corst I an' Benny—"

"Pipe *down,* Tim! Thanks, Chief. We're only doin' our part in the national defenst, so on an' so forth. Uh . . . by the way . . . will you be home later this aft?"

Chief Mulcahy, a pious family man, nodded.

"An' where else would I be? Why?"

"Oh . . . uh . . . I just wanted to know in case . . . uh . . . anything was to come



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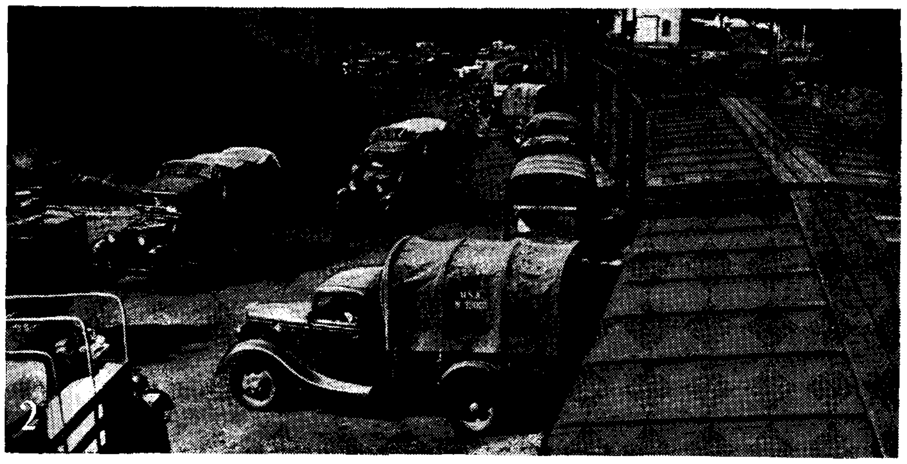

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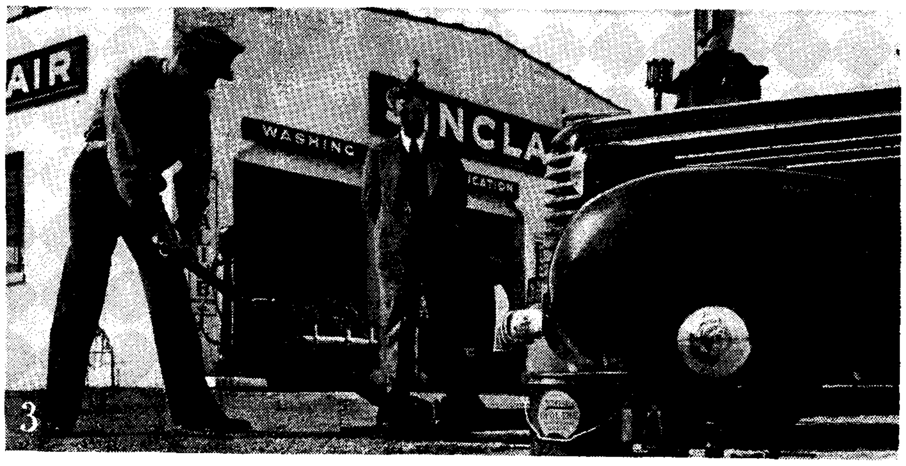

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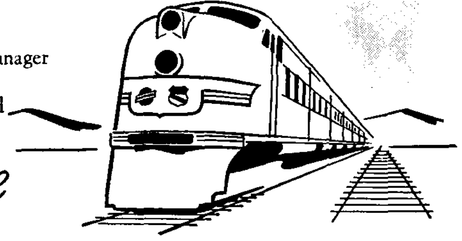


The Progressive
UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD

up about Robert an' Gerald. Jest want to be sure they's a hunderd per cent, Chief."

"Nivver worry about *that,* Linn! Oi've been judgin' human character too long. Off with ye!"

AT 2:30 o'clock that afternoon, Chief Mulcahy sat on the front porch of his cottage in Coronado, reading Our Navy magazine. His good wife, Norah, was singing as she went about her household tasks within. Except for the drone of airplanes buzzing about the North Island base, it was a scene of cheerful tranquillity.

At 2:32 o'clock, a taxicab stopped in front of Chief Mulcahy's cottage. The chief did not glance up from his reading until he heard a girlish voice exclaim:

"Callie Mae, you're plumb scairt an' breathless! You cain't face Mistah Chief Mulcahy—no, you kin. You will!"

"He'll take your side, Miss!"

"Yerse!"

The chief heaved to his feet, frowning. Seaman Linn and Fireman Dunnevan, accompanied by a tearful country maiden, approached the porch steps. Mrs. Mulcahy came to the front door.

"Whist, now . . . whut's all this, Linn?"

Callie Mae did her own talking.

"Mistah Chief Mulcahy," she said, tragic but brave, "I jes' hate to bothah the U. S. Navy abaout a po' little gal like me. But Mistah Robert Treadway, that's jes' naow joined y'all's destroyah has turnt out mighty unremindful. He—he lef' me in the lurch, instead of maryin' me. These boys say the Navy don't allow a sailuh to leave a gal in the lurch. Am I correckly info'med?"

Mrs. Mulcahy stepped out on the porch. "You poor little thing," she said. "I'll talk to her, Daniel. We'll go inside."

Bursting into sobs, Callie Mae allowed Mrs. Mulcahy to lead her into the house.

Seaman Linn and Fireman Dunnevan faced Chief Mulcahy's grim scowl with self-righteous calm.

"We're sure sorry this little matter come up, Chief," Seaman Linn said. "We was deceived by Robert's falst face, so forth an' so on, as much as you."

"Yerse!"

"Indeed, indeed?"

Over his shoulder, Seaman Linn saw another taxicab rapidly approach and slide to a stop in front of Chief Mulcahy's house. "I guess you can get this all straightened out, Chief," he said, "so I an' Tim will shove off—"

"Ye'll stay right here!"

Mrs. Mulcahy returned to the porch. She looked at her husband sadly, as Callie Mae's snuffles grew into a wail from the living room.

"Whist, Norah. Is ut—"

"Yes. Something will have to be done!"

Chief Mulcahy nodded. "Tell the child to prepare fer a weddin'," he said. "I'll be havin' a talk with that scamp—"

There was an interruption.

Mr. Ben John Ribblesdale, brief case in hand, had reached the porch. "Wedding!" he exclaimed. "You know not what you do!"

Chief Mulcahy grunted. "Who're you, Shorty?" he said.

"Pay no attention to him, Chief," put in Seaman Linn, briskly. "He's a screwball shyster that—"

But this time Mr. Ribblesdale spoke out clear and bold.

"Before God and man, friend," he said to Chief Mulcahy, "I am not a screwball and I am not a shyster. I happen to be—"

Callie Mae rushed out the front door. "You git away f'm heah, you nasty little rascal!" she said. "I got enough grief an' sorrer withaout you buttin' an' embarrassin' me. You hesh up an' leave right this very minute—"

Mr. Ribblesdale cackled like a nasty little rascal. "Talk plain English, Sugar," he said. "Save your accent for pictures!"

Callie Mae blinked. "Naow whut on earth kin he be talkin' abaout?"

Chief Mulcahy glowered. "On your way, Shorty," he said. "We're takin' care av this young lady!"

Ben John Ribblesdale stood his ground. "Can it be possible," he said, "that you Navy people have never heard Sim, Sime and Minnie, the Homespun Harmony Trio, on the radio?"

Mrs. Mulcahy gasped. "I have!" she said.

"Well, this is Minnie—"

Callie Mae turned on him, her eyes blazing. "Now, we *are* through, you rat!" she yelled. "You're fired. I tear up the contract. We're washed up. You filthy little—"

Seaman Linn grabbed Ben John and swung him around.

"She ain't a country kid? Jest an actruss?"

"Born in Jersey City, friend!"

"Gerald an' Robert—they ain't—"

"Born in Pittsburgh and Webster Groves, Missouri, respectively, friend!"

Fireman Dunnevan spoke: "Robert, he din't betray her? *Ner?*"

Mr. Ribblesdale turned on Callie Mae reproachfully. "So it wasn't enough to wreck your own career, Sugar? You want to smear Robert all up and get him barred from the networks?"

Callie Mae burst into genuine tears. "*You* did all the smearing. *You* talked me into signing for pictures and breaking up the act. That's w-what made Robert join the Navy—to—f-forget me—"

Chief Mulcahy, very red in the face, grabbed Mr. Ribblesdale by the arm. "Agh . . . I've a good mind to slap you off this porch—"

"Before God and man, friend, you know not what you do! Sim, Sime and Minnie was a great act. Not a finger would I have laid on it. But Robert and Gerald would have been drafted into the Army. They merely decided to volunteer for the Navy, instead—"

"That's a lie! You made me break Robert's heart!"

"I tried to save you a career from the wreckage, Sugar. A great future in pictures. But no—you want to marry a sailor—"

"Pipe down!" roared Chief Mulcahy. "Linn . . . Dunnevan!"

"Y-yessir, Chief?"

"Yerse?"

"The brig fer ye both! Shove off!"

SEAMAN LINN and Fireman Dunnevan sat on upturned scrub buckets in the storeroom brig of the Destroyer Trimble. It was the witching hour of 8 P. M., when all shore-liberty parties are just starting to have fun.

"Benny?"

"Yeah?"

"Yeoman Webster says Callie Mae is gonna give up her contract in pictures an' Robert is gonna marry her."

"So what?"

"I feel orful, Benny."

"Ha!"

"Ain't you sorry we din't take all the dough they offered us, Benny?"

"Naw. Pipe down."

A key rattled in the lock of the steel door. It opened and Chief Mulcahy stood there, beaming.

"Okay, you guys," he said. "I thought ye'd collected plenty fer suckerin' me, but that theayter agent says ye refused a tidy forrtune. Git ye out on a 48 liberty. An', Linn!"

"Yessir!"

"If ye run afoul av any av this new crop av boots—take 'em! 'Tis the only way to save this man's Navy from bein' too smart-alecky. Consider that an order!"

You're a Good Kid

Continued from page 14

lack of sleep or the heat. But came a day when she knew what it was, and she faced it. She couldn't quite see the pretty home nor the four children, but she could see the man, and it was Clay Cosgrove.

It was bad enough the nights he was racing at other tracks and didn't meet her, but the night that Freeport was racing, and he didn't come in for coffee with the other fellows, Liz got a real taste of terror. She looked up and down the counter frantically, and her serious gray eyes were pinched with pain for them all to see. She counted noses again and again until Hick Donovan leaned over the counter teasing her with his smile.

"Lookin' for Cosgrove? He took a roll tonight, but he's okay. He's downtown, gettin' patched up. He'll be along later."

IT WAS the sight of the two plaster patches, one on his forehead and one on his jaw, that set off the fuse of Liz's fury. She shook so that she could hardly pass his coffee across the counter without landing it in the saucer.

"You look kind of pale," he told her. "Had bad news?"

She looked up then, with one of those thin-lipped, bad-report-card looks, and that was how Clay knew. It set everything going inside of him with a great loud singing, and his face was a most wonderful thing to see.

She wouldn't talk to him when he fell into step with her that night. She kept her head turned away, murmuring impolite little murmurs when he spoke to her, racing along the sidewalk as though she couldn't wait to get the walk finished with. Finally, Clay said:

"Take it a little easy, will you, Liz? I'm gimpy tonight."

She stopped short then, and looked up at him from one plaster patch to the other.

"Does it hurt you, Clay?"

"No. I just twisted my foot and it's gimpy."

"I'm sorry," she said, not wanting to say it. It was his own fault and he shouldn't expect sympathy.

When they reached her boardinghouse, Clay put his hand on the gate and held it closed. "Look," he said quietly, "there's something I got to say to you, Liz. It won't take long."

Liz stood still in the shadowy moonlight, her face in the darkness, no way of telling that her heart had dropped into her shoes and there were tears of misery in her eyes.

"Fellow does a lot of fast thinking when he sees the fence coming for him," Clay said. "Gets to thinking about the folks he loves, and how lousy they're going to feel if he's pulled out cold."

Liz didn't say anything.

"I was thinking about you tonight, Liz. You're a good kid. Would you feel bad?"

"Of course," Liz said tightly.

Clay put his hands on her shoulders and brought her nearer to him until he could see the moonlight on the pale, scared face of her, and the teardrops in her eyes. His voice was a deep, gentle thing.

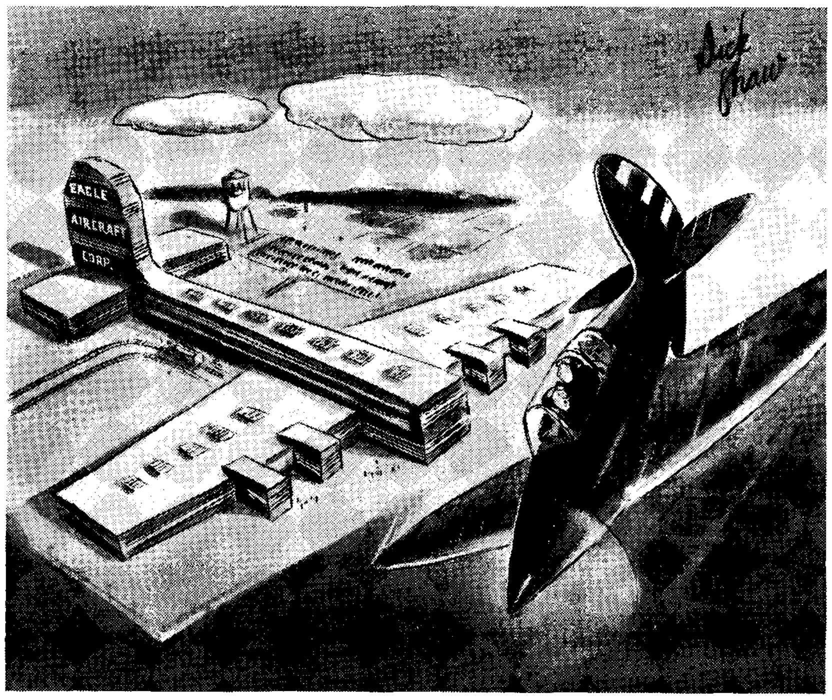
"Liz," he said, "all the good goes out of it for a man when he lets it push him around. All the rest of his life, he's saying behind his wife's back, 'I'd have been a better man without her.' Would you have that happen?"

Liz couldn't answer him. She was crying silently, deep in her throat, and she couldn't answer him. But her heart was set stubborn against his words.

"I love you, Liz, and I want to marry you. But I'm afraid to ask you for fear you'd ask me to give up the track. I wouldn't want to be forced to choose. There's one kind of love I don't want to have with a woman, Liz—the kind that'll make a schoolboy out of me for the rest of my life! I'll choose for myself what work I'll do, and my wife will have a stout enough heart to bear with both of us. That's the only way it can ever be with me! Now, I'm going to ask you just one favor, and it won't hurt you to say yes. I want you to come to the races Friday night, and see for yourself what they are."

"It won't make any difference, Clay," she told him, crying. "But just so you can never say I wasn't fair . . ."

She sat by herself in the stands, Friday night, high over the west curve, shaking with nervous fear. She didn't like any of it—as though she could! The



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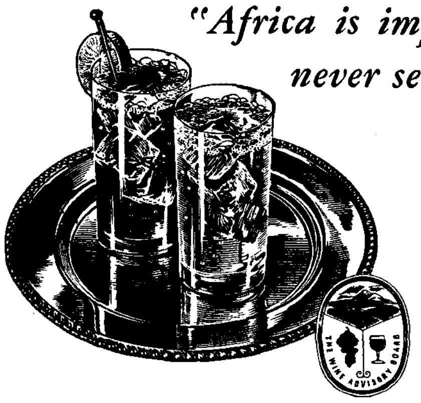

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shattering noise that drove its vibration through her jaws like the dentist's drill—the pale blue billows of smoke coming up across the track in a never-ending stench—the shriek of tires on the curves. Noise and smell and the dizzy grinding, grinding of those midget racers going nowhere.

"It's only that I promised Clay," she thought.

It couldn't be over too soon for her. Clay rode the second elimination heat and placed. Liz watched him come out on the track with a peculiar feeling of indifference, of unreality. She could not recognize him in monkey suit, cap and goggles. He was Number 36, blue and white, and if the announcer had not called his name, she would not have known that it was him.

GRADUALLY, the terrible pounding of her heart began to tell her it was Clay when Number 36, blue and white, took the west curve with a scream of tires, flashing past that spot on the fence, bald with bright new lumber, where the kid they called "Spin-dizzy" had plowed through last Tuesday. Past the west curve, now, around for another lap, the blue smoke turning orange as the going got hot; down the stretch again to take that curve past the bald new lumber. Then, the checkered flag axed down on the finish, and Clay had placed. He'd race the semifinals.

"Popcorn! peanuts! candy!—"

She couldn't have swallowed a thing, the way her throat felt. The smoke was fierce, drifting idly upward beneath the floodlights. She watched two men down on the track, one throwing resin on the west curve, the other spreading it with a broom. This was a somber, violent business and Clay should have known that seeing it would make her hate it more than just thinking about it. *I'll choose for myself what work I'll do, and my wife will have a stout enough heart to bear with both of us!* Not this Liz! A woman wanted a man; not a foolhardy, reckless kid with a big grin.

She'd tell him that. The sooner, the better. She could tell him easy tonight, cold-mad and frightened as she was. She sat through the next race, hardly seeing it for the aching fury that burned in her. What use was a man who wouldn't grow up? What could two people ever have together, gadding around the country in a trailer, like a couple of school kids playing at marriage!

The announcer called the intermission, and the stands began to empty, everyone going down to stretch legs and buy sodas and hot dogs, and mill around the pits staring at the cars and the racers with quiet awe. Liz sat still, feeling lonely and a fool. Clay would be looking for her in the pits. Even now he must be looking for her. Well, this was as good a time as any, while her mind was so cold and clear.

She got up and walked down the ramp, her legs trembling with stiffness.

She saw the backs of a dozen slender young legs lined up along the fence of Clay's pit, their owners leaning over, watching Shorty and Clay cleaning spark plugs. She was glad she had worn a hat and gloves. They lent her dignity. Clay stood up and wiped his hands, grinning over the heads along the fence, and Shorty smiled and tipped his hat.

"Hello, Liz."

"Hello, Clay. Hello, Shorty."

The girls moved away from the fence, eying her critically over their shoulders. Liz stood up straight and looked down at the midget blue-and-white racer.

"It's cute, isn't it?" she observed.

Clay laughed, and Shorty looked up with disgust, changing suddenly as he caught sight of her eyes. They looked at each other with a wary antagonism. Then Shorty wrinkled up his homely face and shook his head.

"Cute, is it? That ain't sayin' much for a buggy that's got the race ahead of it this one's got. The semifinals will be a lousy grind."

Liz knew he was warning her not to upset Clay. It hadn't occurred to her before that he had this other race ahead of him—perhaps two races, if he came in with the first three in the semifinals. Maybe she ought to wait.

"Hot dog, Liz?" Clay invited.

"No, I don't think so, thanks. I'd better be getting back."

He walked with her as far as the soda stand. His eyes were shining with the excitement of having her there. He bought a candy bar for her, thrusting it shyly into her hand.

"Well, what do you think of racing now?" he asked her.

Liz thought for a long moment, evading his eyes.

"I'll be able to tell you better when it's all over," she said.

"I'll race the second semifinals. And—I hope!—the finals. Meet me at the pit afterward and we'll paint the town sky-blue pink."

"All right. I'll meet you."

They were rolling them out for the first semifinals when she got back to her seat. An hour, two hours didn't matter, she thought coldly. Shorty was right about not upsetting him before he raced. She wouldn't want it on her conscience if anything should happen. He was a nice kid, Clay. Just a good kid.

The noise began again, drilling through her teeth, the blue smoke idling upward, and on the green in the center of the track, the news photographer put a new flash bulb in the camera, and mechanics sprawled on the grass, waiting for engine trouble to send them leaping into action.

Around, around, around, the green lights along the track flashed to yellow as Number 44 careened crazily with a flat and was rolled onto the grass for repairs. Green again, and the little cars shot ahead, their smoke turning orange, the floodlights sending back flickering reflections from the cars and the helmets. Around, slow for the curve, tear up the stretch, slow for that west curve with the bald lumber patch.

Liz looked down at her program. Fifteen laps. Not long now. Not long before she could tell him not to ask her, before she could go home and take a bath and go to bed to sleep forever.

When she looked up again, she saw the two cars climb, swerve, lock wheels. They began to turn slowly, around and around. Liz watched them, hypnotized. When they hit the grass the top car turned over and rolled. And there was a man in that car, and the stands were screaming. She stood up and screamed herself until the car stopped rolling and the driver climbed out and held out his hands to the mechanics. They carried him, half walking, off the track. The lights were still flashing red when they rolled the two cars out of the way. The lights flashed green, and the announcer called, "Heads up! Heads up!"

Liz sat down, cold and shaking. The race went on. The ambulance pulled out of the grounds with its freight.

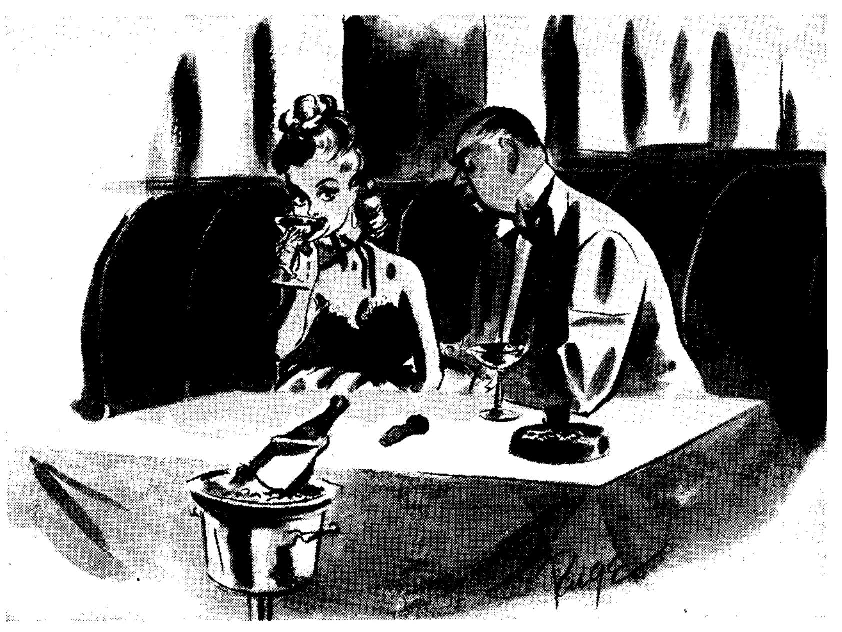
There was a long delay before the second semifinals. The cars were rolled out, they took their trial warm-ups around the track, the announcer called their numbers, colors and names, and then, lined along the track for the start, they waited. What was the delay? The stands were getting restless. The announcer came on:

"Sorry, folks, but we're waiting for the ambulance to come back. You know it's the rules that a race can't be run without an ambulance on the grounds. Suppose we review the line-up—"

Liz was suddenly shivering with cold. She watched the men fidgeting in their cars—watched Clay readjust his goggles. Waiting for the ambulance—how must it feel to be sitting down there waiting for the ambulance, knowing you might need it in fifteen minutes?

THE ambulance pulled into the grounds and the stands cheered and the cars began to roll. Around, around, gathering their speed, jockeying for position until the green starting flag snapped them into roaring life. Liz watched Number 36, blue and white; watched him so intently that it was as though her eyes were the force behind his speed. Fifteen laps. She counted them studiously. Seven, eight—Clay was in fifth place. Ten—eleven—he moved up to fourth, to third. The track was covered with hot orange smoke, and the stands were quiet.

Twelve— He was coming down the stretch for the west curve, and suddenly Liz stood up. She had seen the slight swerve, and on the west curve, Number 36 went into a wild spin. In a second he was over, rolling, rolling for the fence. There was a splintering crash, and Liz saw the fence bulge as he plowed into it. She could not see the car down behind the fence, but she could see the four wheels spinning in the air, and she knew



"If you giggle and say, 'Oooh! The bubbles get in my nose,' I'll ram that glass down your throat!" JOHN RUGE that Clay Cosgrove was pinned under that overturned car.

She began to run. There wasn't a sound from her, but as she ran she kept saying to herself, "I'm glad I didn't tell him! He's dead, and I'm glad I didn't tell him!" At the entrance to the track they were bringing him out on a stretcher. His eyes were closed, his face perfectly relaxed. She saw Shorty and he shook his head at her.

"Wait here, Liz," he said. "Wait here for me."

They were gone in a second, and then she heard the ambulance pull out. She could hear it out in the street, its siren growing faint in the distance.

Shorty came up and took her by the arm.

"Come on, Liz. I've got the roadster over here."

He put her into the car and got in himself. His homely face was pale green. He didn't speak to her, and she didn't ask him any questions. She didn't want to talk about it.

AT THE hospital they got out of the car and went into the hall. There was a waiting room and they sat down. At one o'clock the doctor came in.

"He'll be all right," he told them. "Broken collarbone and a slight concussion and a few minor bruises. He must have taken quite a spill."

Shorty was smiling all over his face, digging down in his pocket for his cigarettes.

"Colossal!" He nodded. "Can we see him?"

"Mmm. Maybe you'd better go in before you go home. He wants to see you. Is this Liz?"

Liz blushed at the humor in the doctor's smile. She stood up.

"Oh, thank you, Doctor. Yes, I'm Liz."

The doctor smiled at her a moment in silence. Then, he said, "It will be a long time before he races again, you know. Perhaps, while he's mending, you could persuade him to quit this suicidal racket."

Liz looked at Shorty quickly. He had stopped his cigarette halfway to his lips. She looked down at the candy bar in her hand, smiling.

"He won't quit." She shook her head. "He's too stubborn to quit. When he's done with racing, it won't be because you or I want him to. It'll be something—something inside of himself. He's too much of a man to do it any other way."

Shorty held her arm solicitously all the way down the long hall to Clay's room. Clay was lying flat in the high bed, half buried under the cast and the ice bag and bandages. When he saw them, he grinned.

"Hi, fellows. Gee, Liz, you must think—"

"You're not supposed to talk," she interrupted him softly. "You're not to worry either. Shorty will have Number 36 ready and waiting by the time you get out of here."

He reached out his good hand for hers, and smiled at Shorty over her head.

"You're a good kid, Liz," he said. "You're an awful good kid."

G-2 Men

Continued from page 13

wide experience as a military attaché himself. He was military attaché in Russia in 1916, served as an observer with the Bulgarian, Serbian and Montenegrin forces during the Balkan wars. He was in the St. Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne offensives of September-November, 1918. Then he served successively in Austria, Yugoslavia and Czechoslovakia. From 1922-25 he was military attaché at Constantinople and in July, 1939, he was named military attaché to Great Britain and Ireland.

Before an officer is eligible for appointment as a military attaché he must be a graduate of the Command and General Staff School, he must know the language of the country to which he is to be accredited. Only our attaché in Turkey is unable to speak the local language. He gets by with French.

He must also possess good looks and the capacity to mix well in any society. He must be personable, energetic, tactful and have an inquiring mind.

And there is another important qualification—the missus. The military attaché's wife can make or break him. She must get along with the other embassy or legation wives and upon her, largely, depends the success or failure of the heavy social schedules the military attaché must keep.

The G-2 chief also considers the individual temperament of the officer as to its suitability for the capital for which he is candidate. For the bigger capitals it is desirable that the military attaché have private means, as his expenses are likely to exceed his pay allowances. For all the tremendous returns we get from the work of the m.a., we don't lavish money on him.

It is essential that the m.a. and the ambassador get on well together. The attaché has two chiefs, the chief of G-2 and the ambassador. The attaché reports in code direct to the War Department in Washington, but he also serves as adviser to the ambassador.

All gathering of information must be done on the up and up. The Army employs no spies in peacetime and our military attachés are not allowed to engage spies. They are not given so much as a thin dime for the purchase of information. We are the only major power on earth that has no secret fund for these purposes. The British for years employed the largest secret fund, a staggering amount, according to popular belief, but, since the advent of Hitler, Germany is said to have passed her in this type of spending.

Brains Instead of Money

So our attachés must depend solely on their brains and personalities to get information for which other powers lay out the bank roll—a neat trick, but they have managed very well.

How do they do it? In a thousand ways. First, of course, through direct communication with the war department of the country in which stationed. The military attaché's initial act upon arrival is an official call in full uniform upon the minister of war. From then on he keeps the closest possible contact with the war department and intelligence service of the country and seizes every opportunity to attend maneuvers, visit troops, inspect munitions and armament factories.

Real ingenuity is demanded in picking up information unofficially and sometimes unconsciously divulged. At social functions, cocktail parties, teas, state affairs, the alert attaché finds many a lead. Chance remarks and hints can be valuable. That is why he is encouraged to entertain widely and attend many functions. This important part of his work is responsible for the erroneous idea that his is a "coffee-cooling" job. Actually, the social end of the job is

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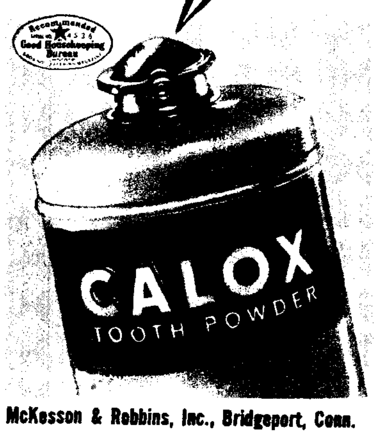

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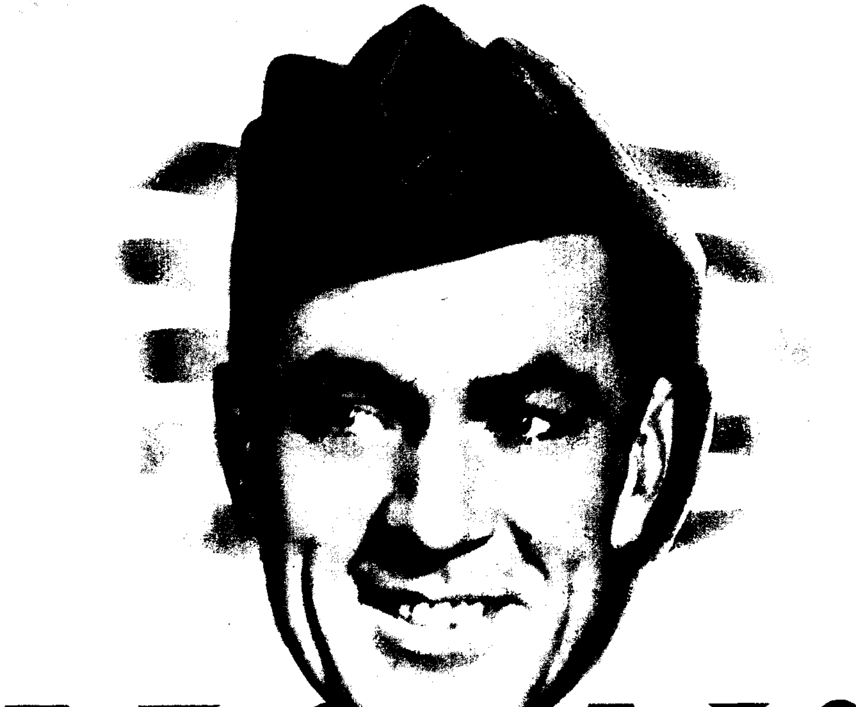

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frequently a hardship. I have known Brigadier General Horace Fuller, who made an outstanding record in France before and during the war, to attend as many as five important social affairs in a day—a big official luncheon at noon, a couple of teas and a cocktail party in the afternoon and evening, an official dinner—and then go back to the embassy late at night and work over his reports to Washington until early in the morning.

Washington Wasn't Guessing

On August 26, 1939, while many of the big minds around the world were bumbling about a "second Munich" and saying "Aw, they won't fight," General (at that time Colonel) Fuller had the situation so well taped that he was able to cable his chief in Washington the exact disposition of German forces on the eastern frontier, almost to a division. In plain, terse English, he said the preparations for the Polish invasion, which he had been reporting in detail for weeks, were complete. The attack could be expected in five days at the most. It came, as you recall, on September 1st.

That is not a secondhand, after-the-event story. I happened to have had lunch with General Fuller in Paris that day and I remember every dreadfully prophetic word the general spoke. He said if the weather stayed dry the Poles could not hope to last more than four weeks at the very outside. You remember, they were finished in eighteen days. As to the French, he said:

"If the French take the initiative, if they gamble, they will have a chance. I fear they won't. And if they don't, if they stay on the defensive, I'm afraid they'll be licked in less than a year."

Six months before the Germans struck at Norway, General Fuller warned that a Scandinavian expedition was apparently in the making. He said from September on that the Germans would strike at France through the Lowlands and provided the War Department with accurate reports of the swelling Nazi concentrations at Aachen and other key jump-off points on the Western Front.

General Fuller wasn't blind to the unpleasant fact that the French were criminally wasting their opportunities during the winter. He reported the disgraceful failure to get aircraft production going, sabotage in factories, obstruction by Fascist-minded capitalists, lack of preparation in the north, suffering morale. So, when the shocking end of France came, G-2 in Washington was prepared for it.

Where did Fuller get his amazing information on German troop movements and dispositions? From the French Intelligence, of course. And they had paid plenty for it. He could get that information only because France and the United States were on very friendly terms. But don't think for a minute that was the only reason. Don't think that they were handing out that precious information to just any American official. General Fuller got it because of four years of the ablest preparation, four years during which the French had come to know him closely as an intelligent and honorable officer.

America's relationships with the country to which he is assigned make a great deal of difference to the attaché. The better these relationships, the more effective his work can be.

Thus, Brigadier General Raymond E. Lee, our brilliant military attaché to England and Ireland, and big Brigadier General Martin F. ("Mike") Scanlon, our air attaché to England and Ireland and one of the most popular officers in the Army, get the fullest sort of coöperation from the British today.

These officers are doing a tremendous work in the battle of Britain. Working steadily under conditions of danger, they are keeping Washington accurately informed of the progress of the war and reporting in detail the hundreds of vitally important facts about air warfare and material. They are assisted by large staffs of officers from our Air Force and by other technicians, as well as by a steady stream of special missions, including observers from the Air Force, field artillery, signal, engineering, medical and quartermasters corps. They prepare the way for such important visitors as Major General George V. Strong, chief of our War Plans Division, and Major General James E. Chaney, ranking expert of our Air Force.

Colonel Bernard A. Peyton is holding down the difficult Berlin post, aided by five assistants. He succeeded Colonel Truman Smith, who before the war kept G-2 informed on the enormous air force and armored army the Nazis were building in preparation for war.

Lieutenant Colonel Barnwell R. Legge commands our listening post at Berne, that tricky crossroads of rumor, propaganda, fact and fable. Now *there's* a pink-tea lad for you. Cherubic, smiling Barney Legge can drink pink tea with anybody. But he can play rough games with anybody, too. He was a second lieutenant when he entered the terrible Soissons show of 1918. He finished in a slightly punctured condition, but he was commanding the entire 26th Infantry. Every superior commanding officer had been killed or disabled in that holocaust. How he came out alive nobody knows, least of all Barney.

Steady, even-tempered Major Robert Schow is our attaché at Vichy. Schow was one of General Fuller's valued assistants at Paris until France fell. Not long ago the Paris press printed a violent story to the effect that Major Schow had knocked down a French captain who objected to the playing of America. It is not clear what, if anything, actually happened. But, without knowing the facts, I'd be willing to bet on two things: (a) that if quick-spoken Bob Schow hung one on a French captain, the Frenchman had it coming to him; (b) that if the Frenchman was socked by Bob Schow, he knew he was socked—but expertly.

The Coffee-Coolers Pay Off

Other attachés in key posts are Lieutenant Colonel Norman E. Fiske, Rome; Lieutenant Colonel Harry I. T. Creswell, Tokyo; Lieutenant Colonel William Mayer, Peiping; Major Joseph K. Baker, Athens; Major Ivan D. Yeaton, Moscow.

Space is too short to mention all of those whose work has shone during the war. Men like Lieutenant Colonel Sumner Waite, the assistant m.a. at Paris, a tank expert whom we can thank for a lot of our knowledge of modern armored equipment. Then there was Major Rene Studler, the ordnance expert who had a roving assignment in Europe for four years. Major Studler hails from Columbus, Ohio. He has a red guard's mustache, a mathematical mind and epicurean tastes. He is credited with having a photographic eye which has been very useful. Studler has been known to see war machines and sketch them from memory.

Thirty years ago we had only three military attachés abroad. Today we have fifty-two with the rank of military attaché in forty countries, several with large staffs.

These extraordinarily gifted men of the Army and their counterparts, the U. S. Naval attachés and their men on the oceans and seas and in foreign capitals, are doing work of inestimable value for the nation.

The coffee coolers are paying off at extraordinarily long prices.

Black Planes at Night

Continued from page 15

heard the rattle of machine-gun fire. It is a quick, sharp bark, quite unlike the sound of other guns. A great drama was being played up there above us. German planes loaded with thousands of tons of high explosive were trying to get through to London. London slept all unaware.

Then, ten thousand feet above and two miles to the east, a tremendous golden and purple ball of fire appeared. It lit the whole countryside. It seemed to hang in the air for seconds.

"That's a new kind of flare they're dropping," I said.

The two pilots looked at me with pitying eyes. "That's not a flare," one of them said quietly. "That's an aircraft on fire—I hope one of theirs."

The light changed to sullen yellow and then suddenly dropped. It was hard to believe that it was a burning plane. It dropped and then suddenly died and then two seconds later there was a tremendous explosion. Its bombs had found the ground. The world seemed very quiet now; the planes were very high and their motors sang a soft litany.

The men were quiet. The C. O. smiled.

"I hope we're putting on a good show for you."

"It's a good show," I told him. "Was that plane one of ours?"

"No, it was a Jerry all right."

It was good to know that one of these men I'd been with all evening hadn't got it. The hours went on. Dawn was breaking now and the pigeons were coming home to roost. One by one they approached, circled, showing their identification lights, and then settled down. It was five A. M. And the night's work was about over. A Spitfire landed. The pilot who climbed down was Cecil, the one who had asked me about his glass of beer.

Nothing "Probable" About It

"I nailed one," he said. "Made quite a blaze. Could you see it from here?"

"You could see that one from London," I told him.

"They can't call that one a probable," he growled. He told me about getting it. He was as casual as though he were telling of a movie he'd seen.

"I came up from below," he said. "And just had time to get in one cannon shot. It was the luckiest shot I ever made. Mind you, if you hit a Jerry kite at all that's good shooting. If you hit his petrol tank that's a miracle. Anyhow I hit his tank and the whole thing went up in flames. I was climbing as I shot and I zoomed over him. My hit got the full force of that blast, and damned if it didn't turn us right over on our back! It was pretty hot for about five seconds."

"What did you do?"

"I got the hell out of there quick," he laughed. "I didn't know when those bombs were going off."

"How about some lunch now?" he suggested. It seemed a good idea, though it was the first time I'd ever had lunch at 5 A. M. We went into the mess. Things were very informal here. It was warm and we took off our coats and sat in our shirt sleeves. We had thick, juicy chops. We had fried potatoes and peas and beans and there was plenty of butter on the table. Then the mess attendant brought in a plate of something that made me exclaim, "What is that?"

"Cheese, just cheese," Cecil said.

Just cheese. I hadn't seen so much cheese since I'd left New York.

We had cheese and I ate as much as I could with decency and we had buns and cups of coffee and the boys talked of the squadrons. The Defiant squadron at this airport is one of the most famous in England. This bunch made its name around the time of Dunkirk. Over Holland they got 37 Germans in one day. Between May 14th and May 30th last year the squadron got 65 Jerries—the best record made by any squadron. During that time they lost five airplanes and five crews. The Defiant, of course, is a two-place airplane. The pilot flies and the gunner shoots. When the Defiant first came out the Germans were baffled by its turret. That gun turret with its armor and guns weighs a ton and a half. That slows the aircraft down a bit but gives it great firing power.

Eight Crosses and Eight Medals

The squadron was changed to night fighting at the beginning of the winter. It spent five horrible, unproductive months flying constantly in bad weather. It flew 450 night-operation hours without ever sighting a German plane. But it's easier now. They got 17 during the first three weeks of June. The squadron had eight Distinguished Flying Crosses and eight Distinguished Flying Medals, and two of the latter have bars.

One pilot and his gunner hold the D. F. M. with bar, which merely means that they have been decorated twice. Legends are growing up about this great team. Last fall their Defiant got a bullet through its radiator. The same thing happened that happens to your car when your radiator leaks. Their glycol (the same stuff you use in winter to keep your radiator from freezing) all leaked out, the motor heated up and then stopped. They were at 20,000 feet directly over the Channel. They did the only thing possible to do: they glided toward the English coast. They made it, all right. That is a routine operation but what made the experience remarkable was the fact that while gliding toward England they managed to dive on a Junkers and the gunner calmly blew the Junkers to bits. He was a butcher's boy before the war.

I learned the squadron secret: A scion of a great English family was anxious to enter the air force. He was thirty-eight, however, and so was turned down. He changed his name, secured a fake birth certificate saying that he was twenty-five and was accepted. He is doing great work too. His colleagues in the House of Lords sometimes wonder why he never appears any more at sessions. They don't know that he and his cat's eyes are knocking down Germans.

"Lunch" over, we got a full report of the night's operations. In all, the boys had got seven German planes. More important was the fact that they had prevented the German planes from reaching London. I drove back to London and went to my hotel. It was just 7 A. M. A sleepy-eyed charwoman scrubbing the lobby floor had just turned on the radio to hear the morning news.

"This is the BBC Home and Forces program," the voice droned out of the loud-speaker. "Giving you the news. There was some enemy air activity over the country last night. Seven enemy aircraft were destroyed by our night fighters. London had a warning which lasted four hours but not one enemy aircraft was heard over the city—"

"I wonder," the charwoman said sleepily, "if you can always believe those reports?"

"You can believe that one, sweetheart," I told her.

WHAT'S THE PASSWORD, GENERAL?
WELL, NOW (HR-R-RUMPH)... THE PASSWORD (HR-R-RUMPH)

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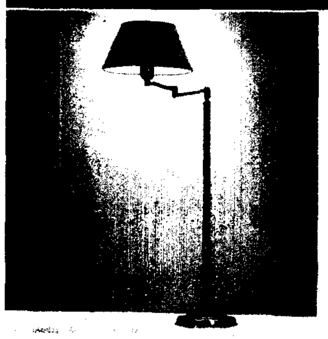

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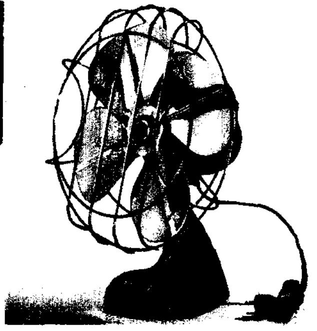

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Yankee Arrows

By Hugh MacNair Kahler and Lucian Cary

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY IFOR THOMAS

There are 200,000 archers in America today who could give Robin Hood some pretty stiff competition. With the new bows and arrows, even amateurs can break ancient records

Good shooting by Ex-Champion Ann Weber, left; Ree Dillinger, new champion, and Mrs. E. F. Aicher. Of their sixteen arrows they have put into this target, nine are in or on the edge of the bull's-eye

Junior archers—boys and girls under 16—shoot American Rounds. Here are Jean Rowe and Muriel Ulrich

Carl Weese holds the American Round record. Bow on ground is new recurved model

IF ROBIN HOOD had happened into Storrs, Connecticut, during the last week end in June, the scene on the two football fields of the University of Connecticut would have looked familiar to him.

He would have heard a language that he understood, with words like brace and stave and nock and loose used just as he used them. He would have seen Connecticut Yankees spinning arrows on their thumbnails precisely as he used to prove the straightness of his cloth-yard shafts.

If he had fetched along a quiverful of those shafts and his yew-wood longbow, he would have been welcome to join the Eastern Archery Association and shoot for four days in its Sixty-third Anniversary tournament.

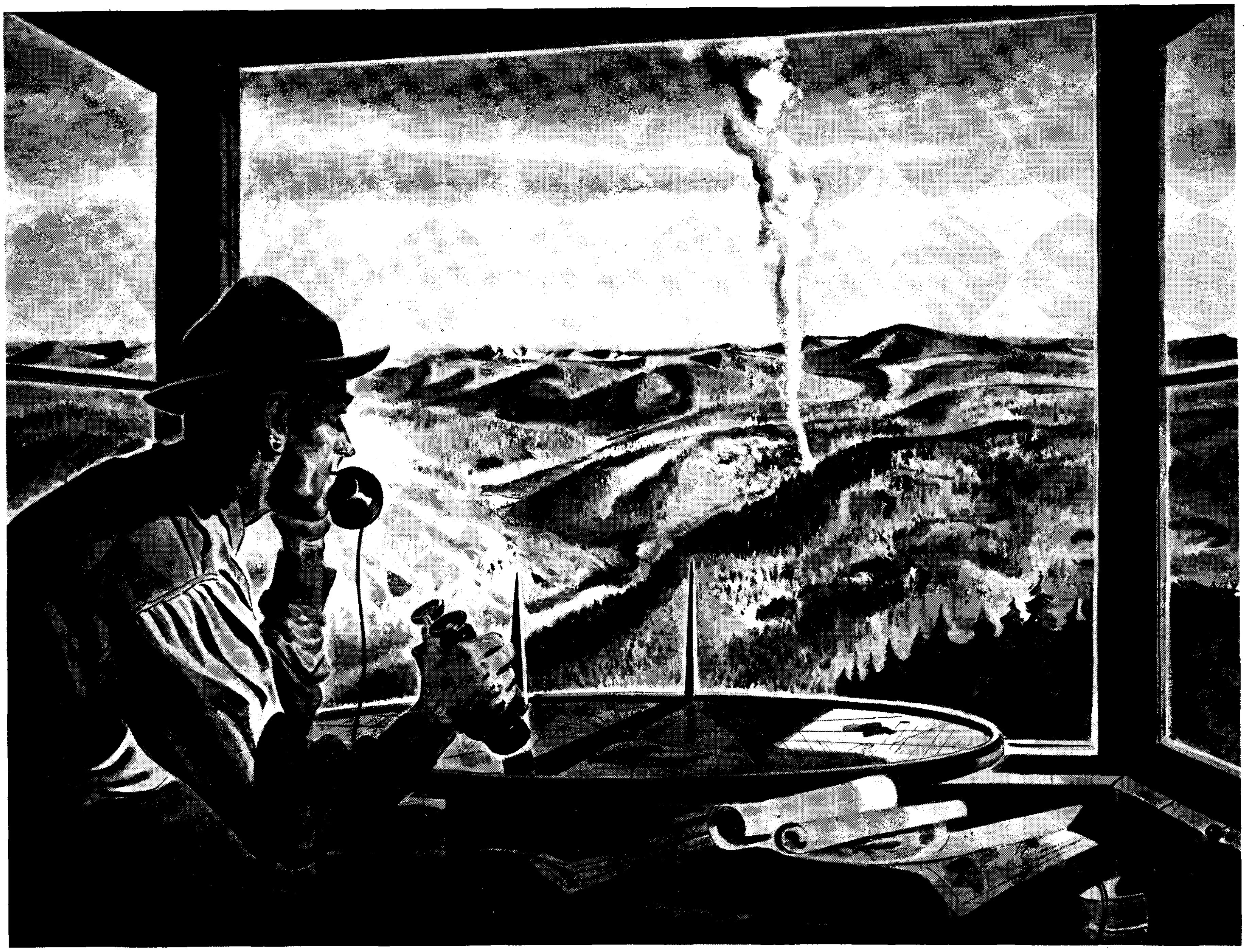
But he would have stood small chance of winning any prizes unless one of the Yankee archers had lent him a modern American bow and some modern American arrows.

A thousand years and more ago the wild Welshmen began hacking stout branches off elm trees and roughly shaping them into six-foot bows. They taught their unhappy English neighbors so much respect for their invention that during the five centuries in which the English made it the deadliest projectile weapon in the world they never thought of changing it except to use yew wood instead of elm. It was the old Welsh longbow in English hands that won Crecy and Poitiers and Agincourt against top-heavy odds. It was the same bow that made the English bowman a nightmare and a terror to the armor-plated knights of every land in Europe. It established a tradition so strong that it came through another 500 years unchanged and unquestioned, although science was questioning and changing almost everything else.

But science has caught up with it at last. Few of the hundred men and eighty women shooting at the long row of targets on the side line of the two fields up at Storrs were using bows of the old English type. Most of them, like most of the two hundred thousand other archers in America, were using weapons designed by American and Canadian engineers who have found out many things about bows, in the last few years, that nobody ever knew before.

For those four days at Storrs, every year, such things as age, sex, race, profession and possessions cease to matter. There is not even a distinction between professional and amateur. And this is true of the hundreds of other archery

(Continued on page 54)



SMOKE MEANS TROUBLE

...whether it's from the heart of the forest or the exhaust of a car

How often you've driven behind a car with a smoking exhaust pipe!

Did you ever stop to think what's *behind* that smoke?

Few of us do, but smoke is a great telltale.

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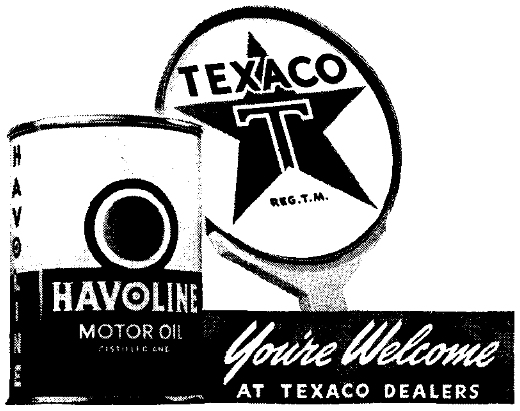

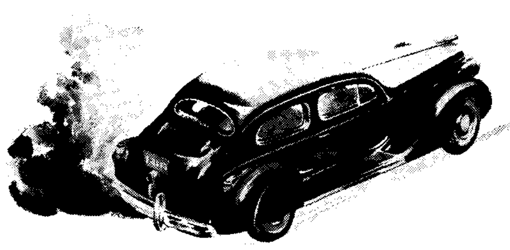

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IN 1795, hard-pressed to feed his armies far from home, Napoleon offered 12,000 Francs (about $2500.00) to anyone who could invent a process for *preserving* foods. Years later, this sum was awarded to Nicolas Appert, who developed a method of sterilizing foods and sealing them hermetically.

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No wonder the canning industry has grown to mammoth proportions! The newer methods of canning which capture all the goodness and flavor of fresh fruits and fruit juices, have tempted more people to enjoy more canned fruits more often . . . at surprisingly low cost.

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Her Day

Continued from page 16

attacked. The family feeling of the Soongs is legendary anyhow. In China, the family is the tough central core of all life. This amazing family, T. V. Soong and Madame Sun Yat Sen, the Kungs, Madame and the Generalissimo, is tightly bound together, in quarrels or devotion, but still one family.

"They say of my sister that she speculates," Madame Chiang said. "I told her she must defend herself. She is quiet and modest and patient: she does nothing. You know how that lying story started? Dr. Kung was in Europe at the coronation. The government bonds were falling in the market. My husband talked with us about it. We must prevent this decline. So my sister said she would buy them, as a private individual, to support the market. But she was really buying for the government. Afterward, the real speculators who had tried to force the bonds down, and had been caught, accused my sister of speculating. What she had done was to act for the government, with the full knowledge of the Generalissimo, in Dr. Kung's absence.

"People are wickedly unjust," she went on. "Stories start and no one checks them and they are repeated. I get so angry when I hear bad things about Dr. Kung. No man in China would have stayed at the job so long, and worked so hard, or given such wholehearted co-operation. He has sacrificed his health and his family, he has let his own affairs go. He gets nothing for himself except endless work, and he must live here alone without his family, and his heart is bad. He never complains. He goes on with his job. And then people talk about him. I would fight back. But they are nobler than I am."

Too Proud to Fight Slander

I said something about the price of power, some banal little remark to the effect that if all the world looked at you, some of the world was bound to talk.

"Oh, yes," she said. "About us all. Some things I do not mind. Every time I go to Hong Kong, they say I am going to arrange peace with the Japanese, or get a divorce, or that the Generalissimo has chased me out with a gun. We have been divorced so often in gossip that it is really funny."

She goes to Hong Kong to see an American chiropractor, having twisted her back badly in an automobile accident two years ago. But she says she is tired of explaining why she travels. The American pilots on the CNAC planes, who fly her down, are devoted to her. She sits up in front in the copilot's seat and chats with them and they let her smoke, though she must be very careful.

"When I was a young bride," she went on, "I heard dreadful stories about my husband. Whispers and rumors. They said he had five million dollars in gold in America. For two years I worried. I thought: he must trust me, he must tell me. It was not the money. I did not want any of the money. It was the thought that he did not tell me everything.

"I made myself sick with worrying and one day I went to my mother and cried and told her everything. She said, 'Either you love your husband and trust him absolutely, or you may as well pack up and come home right now.' So I tried not to think about it. Then I met Madame Chang, the wife of the young marshal, and one day she said, 'You know, my husband has five million dollars in the banks in America.' So there it was: Chang, not Chiang. I said to my husband, 'There has been this accusation about you and I am going to deny it.' But he forbade it. He is very proud. He would never defend himself."

I asked her about her day. As far as you can see, everybody in China works all the time. There is nothing else to do. Amusements, as we know them, scarcely exist. In normal times, for pleasure the Chinese eat, talk, play mah-jongg, or smoke a pipe of opium. The younger generation likes to dance. But the New Life Movement, of which Madame Chiang is the moving spirit, is a very puritanical affair. Besides the active work of the New Life Movement, social welfare work, war work, educational work, the New Life Movement is rooted in a stern moral code. It was probably felt that the Chinese were easygoing and slow, and this moral tightening-up was necessary for the winning of the war. Gambling (mah-jongg is gambling, even if you play for pennies) and dancing are forbidden; even smoking and silk dresses are frowned on. Opium sellers and opium smokers are shot.

"Don't catch the bouquet. I'm going to plant a paper sack full of water in it"

BARBARA SHERMUND

In China, so far, I had seen three children playing. The others were working, or sitting still because they were too young to work. I did not imagine Madame's day was a round of pleasure, but I was surprised to learn how long and how hard it was.

Overtime Doesn't Worry Her

She gets up at six-thirty in the morning. "My husband and I always have a quiet hour together." The Soongs are very devoted Methodists. The Generalissimo was converted to Christianity after his marriage to May-ling Soong.

She breakfasts alone. Her secretary brings her mountainous mail, and she answers letters or annotates replies. Her handwriting is plain and easy to read. It looks like the handwriting of a girl who took notes in the lecture rooms at Wellesley for four years.

At the end of the morning she receives women who report to her on the various phases of women's war work, all of which she directs. At luncheon, the Chiangs receive guests, provincial governors, military authorities, bankers, industrialists, foreign visitors, government officials. They have business with their food, every day of the week. After luncheon, there are lectures to be given at the various training schools she supervises, hospitals to be visited, committee meetings to attend. It is the combined task of a queen and a cabinet minister.

Late in the afternoon she takes a walk with her husband; their only relaxation during the day. They do not walk in the crowded town. They climb up the perpendicular hills, on which Chungking is built, and walk out toward the open country. They have guests for tea and dinner. If the guests are foreigners, Madame must interpret, which is no easy job, considering the weight of every word the Generalissimo says, and the serious trouble which can be caused by any inaccuracies. She goes to her desk again, after dinner, until midnight. No coolie has a longer day.

"Do you find it hard to be a wife?" she said suddenly. I was about to say that I thought it was an okay job, being a wife, but that my problems could scarcely be compared to hers, when she went on, without waiting for an answer: "Sometimes I am working at my desk, and there are twenty people waiting to see me, and I do not know how I can get through the day, and then the Generalissimo comes in and wants to talk to me or take a walk. So I leave everything. It is not easy to arrange my day. But I think my first duty is to him, and if I can help him, I am making the greatest contribution to China."

In this, I thought, she is like all other women. You could translate her complaint into very simple terms: "I was in the middle of darning the children's socks, and Bob came along and said, 'Let's go out and take a drive.' I didn't know how I'd get through my work, but I couldn't disappoint him." May-ling Soong Chiang is a very human person.

She likes to write, and she worries over the quality of her writing, as do all other writers. She had been translating an extract from Chinese history. The extract, a parable almost, was very timely, though it was written 3,000 years ago.

"Think of it," she said. "When people in Europe were still running around in skins and eating each other, there was political thought in China."

I wanted to laugh aloud with pleasure, as if I were seeing an old friend. The Chinese have a huge, constant pride in their race and their history, and sooner or later it always comes out that they have been existing in a state of civilization longer than anyone else.

"I worked twenty hours over it," she said sadly, "and it is just a few pages."

"When did you find the time?"

"During air raids," she said. "I was so *mad* at the Japanese, so boiling mad, that I thought I had better do something. I could at least keep my mind occupied. I go out to our shelter, and sit on a stone in front of the door, and work there with my English dictionary and the thesaurus until the planes are right over us."

When the War is Won

I said I would like to see their air-raid shelter. She went upstairs to get her hat. It was a straw hat such as the coolies wear, very wide and the color of wheat, and she tied it under her chin with a red satin ribbon. I had seen pictures of her wearing just such a hat, and a blue cotton dress, striding through the streets of Chungking immediately after a bombing. I told her the hat was immensely becoming. She said instantly that she would send me one, and when I thanked her she said, "Oh, it's a big gift. It costs twenty-five cents."

We walked down the steps, past the two guardhouses, across the driveway and down more steps. We came to a small sunken garden just starting to be green, a pleasant, shadowed place with fragile trees and a little shabby lawn. The air-raid shelter was here: a high wall of granite blocks and steps leading down beneath it into the dark cold. In the cellar itself were four old rattan chairs and a table with a candle on it. But outside, under the trees, there was a round stone table, and four little stone seats shaped like barrels, and it was here that Madame Chiang did her writing.

We sat on the stone barrels and smoked and enjoyed the sun.

"It's lovely," I said. "It's the prettiest place in Chungking."

"When they do not bomb us," she said.

She asked me where we were going next and I told her.

"Then where?"

"Home."

Home is a powerful word, when you're 12,000 miles and more away from it.

"It must be wonderful to live in a country that has peace," she said.

"China will be wonderful, too, when the war is over."

"When the war is won," she corrected me. "When the war is won."

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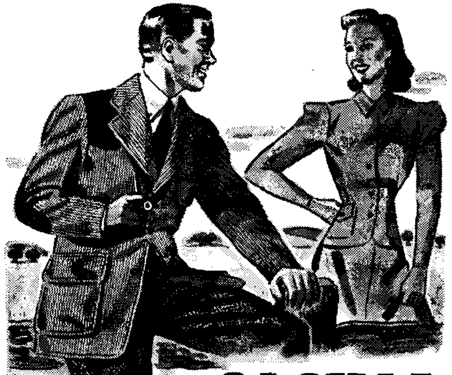

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Yankee Arrows

Continued from page 50

meetings, large and little, the country over. A bow and some arrows and the will to shoot them, however clumsily, make anybody eligible to join the company.

Even two outsiders, like the present writers, may earn admission by merely showing an honest interest in the sport, may rent rooms in a college dormitory for a dollar a night—fifty cents if you bring your own bedding and may eat with the archers in the college cafeteria for a dollar and a half a day.

If they are really interested, as we were, somebody may tap on their doors in the middle of the night and get them out of bed to see the new flight bows, say, that Dick Dunstan has just brought on from Chicago. We were glad that we got up and saw those bows and listened for an hour or so to a dozen flight shooters shop-talking about them.

Flight shooters are the inner circle in the wider company of archers. Some of them may condescend to shoot at targets too, but their real interest is in getting distance. (And they get it! Ken Wilhelm's recent mark of 875 yards is far beyond even the legendary records, probably mythical, of medieval bowmen.)

One String for Six Shots

Flight shooters are tireless experimenters, to whom nothing is too much trouble. Dick Dunstan had been working for three years to make one of the new bows he showed us, and had got the wood for it by cutting down an Osage orange tree he spotted growing on a vacant city lot in Chicago. We found him making a new bowstring, winding a strong linen thread round and round two clamps set six feet apart. Somebody wondered how strong the thread was and out came a spring scale from somebody else's tackle box. The thread tested twelve pounds. Then somebody wondered how thick the thread was, and Russ Willcox, one of the famous bowmakers, produced a micrometer caliper. The thread measured fifteen thousandths of an inch, say five times as thick as an average human hair. Dunstan used 24 strands. Somebody wanted to know how many shots the string would be good for.

"I figure six," Dunstan said. "Maybe it would go more, but I can't take a chance on its breaking."

But why make a string that's only good for six shots, we wanted to know. Ordinary bowstrings are good for hundreds. Why not use a stronger one on the flight bow? The answer was double: the flight arrow is made as light and slender as possible, so it can't have a nock big enough for a heavy string, and a heavy string also lessens the cast of the bow and shortens the shot.

There was talk about woods. Yew is still a favorite for target bows. It has, better than any other material known to man, the quality of softness in recoil—a "sweet-shooting" wood. But flight shooters make their bows of the Osage orange used for hedges and windbreaks all through the Middle West.

Forrest Nagler, a Canadian engineer who does his big-game hunting with the bow and E. N. Hickman, a physicist of the Bureau of Standards and the Bell Laboratories, are largely responsible for designing the modern bow.

Mr. Nagler, who holds the Eastern flight-shot record, was shooting in this tournament.

"No engineer would design a beam like the longbow," he told us, "and a bow is nothing but a beam, though possibly the most refined beam known."

The new bow is simply a better beam than the old one. The length of it is about the same as that of the old ones, approximately the height, that is, of the person who shoots it. The change is primarily in the cross section. In the longbow this was the shape of a flat-backed and deep-bellied, filled U; in the new design it is a shallow rectangle or rhomboid. The new bows reminded us a little of the ones we used to whittle out of barrel staves. Besides the change in cross section, many modern bows are different, too, in profile, bent into handle-bar mustache recurves, or even reflexed, like the ancient Chinese and Turkish bows, with their ends angled sharply away from the string. All these changes give a better "cast," which means that the arrow is shot faster, flatter and farther for each ounce of power the archer's draw stores up in the bent bow.

Mr. Nagler's slim daughter, Mary Nagler Meyer, proved that when she used one of his new bows to set her flight-shot record (broken at this tournament by Mrs. Brown) of almost 300 yards.

But the increased efficiency of the modern weapon isn't merely a matter of increased range.

"We do with a thirty-five-pound bow," Mr. Nagler explained, "what the old-time archer couldn't do with one weighing fifty pounds."

In archer language a bow "weighs" as many pounds as are necessary to draw its string to full arrow length. Lessening by one third the pull required to shoot an arrow a given distance makes it just that much easier for the archer to hold his bow arm absolutely steady during the all-important moment before the loose. Or, using a modern bow weighing the same as the longbow he would use at a given range, he can send his arrow home just that much more swiftly and flatly.

Add to these advantages the superiority in lightness, resiliency and uniformity of modern steel or aluminum arrows over the best old-time wooden shafts, and it is small wonder that all the ancient records are broken at every modern shoot by archers of only average skill.

Archery costs depend on the archer. Thousands of archers find a large part of their fun in making their own bows and arrows and the tackle boxes, plain or elaborate, in which these are carried. A lemonwood bow, good enough for any ordinary performer, can be bought for $5; excellent wooden arrows cost no more than golf balls and last much, much longer. Woven targets cost up to fifteen dollars, but a few bales of hay or straw make a cheap and perfectly satisfactory substitute.

That's Good Shooting

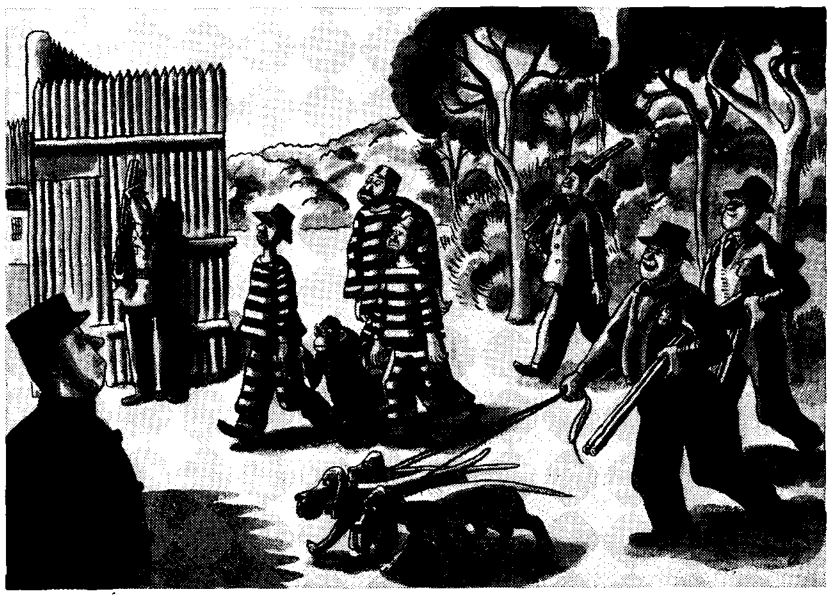
There is a lot of shooting in the four days of the tournament. The men shoot two York Rounds, one on each of the first two days, each round calling for 72 arrows at 100 yards, 48 at 80 yards and 24 at 60. Although the record performance at 100 yards is 72 hits, the best shots will miss a few times at this range and now and then at 80 yards, but below this distance almost every arrow will be in the target and most will be in or very near the gold.

The women shoot two National Rounds on the first two days, each consisting of 48 arrows at 60 yards and 24 at 50, and two Columbia Rounds of 72 arrows each, 24 at 50 yards, 24 at 40 and 24 at 30. On the third day both men and women shoot two American Rounds of 30 arrows at 60 yards, 30 at 50 yards and 30 at 40 yards. Although in these two rounds the leading women shots will put all their 180 arrows into the target, their point scores will fall a little under those of top-ranking men like Carl Weese or Harold Potts.

On all three days the juniors, boys and girls under sixteen, will be shooting at the American Round ranges by themselves.

Any scoffer who thinks there is something sissy about shooting those 460 arrows, and walking some seven or eight miles to pull them out of the targets, will change his mind after trying it or even watching it.

He'll certainly change it if he stays to watch the flight shooters, on the fourth day, lying on their backs with their bows against their feet, using both hands to draw a bowstring against a pull of a hundred pounds or more. Or the clout shooters, dropping high-arching shots into a horizontal target on the ground 180 yards away. That is the same ladylike game the English bowman used to play when their dropping shafts played havoc with armored men sheltered behind castle walls. Dr. Paul Crouch's record of 36 hits for a score of 232 proves that the art hasn't been lost.



"We ran across a fugitive from Barnum and Bailey's, too"

ROBERT DAY

Captives' Return

Continued from page 17

lighted a cigarette. In about five minutes she heard clumping footsteps approaching the mill; and she was not surprised when a large lieutenant appeared in the doorway, stared at her a moment and said in poor French:

"A British flier landed in this neighborhood a few minutes ago. Did you see him?"

"I did. He landed in a deep pool in the river."

"Did he drown?"

"I saw him sink and he made no effort to get out from under his parachute. A battery strafed him on the way down."

"So we hit him, eh? Good. My men will be pleased to know their marksmanship is improving. . . . You are a refugee?" She nodded. "What are you doing here in the zone of action? There are no refugees in this area."

"That's why I came west. There is some food in these deserted villages and neither the British nor the German soldiers have had time to loot. I slept here last night but a British force halted to fight a delaying action this morning and the commanding officer told me to go away. So I came down here. This pile of wheat makes good protection."

He looked her over with vast approval and said, "You are beautiful, *liebchen.*" She did not answer so he came over, sat down beside her and placed his arms around her. "My battery will be billeted in this village tonight," he confided. "You dirty animal, take your hands off me," she said, in English, but made no effort to escape him.

Andrew Clavering picked up the dead British soldier's rifle, climbed noiselessly over the pile of wheat and brought the barrel down with great force on the skull of the amorous one. Then he slid down beside the girl, dragged his victim into the mill and eased him into the millrace. When he returned the girl said, "You're quicker on the uptake than I thought. You did exactly what I had hoped you would do. Back into your hole, my countryman."

JUST at dusk a German sergeant appeared and said to her in German, "I am looking for my battery commander. He came down this way. Did you see him?"

"Yes, he came by an hour ago looking for a British aviator who landed in this neighborhood. He has gone down the river."

Clavering almost laughed at that one! The German said in a troubled voice, "We are ordered to move on and the major is furious at his absence. If my officer does not return in five minutes the battery will go on without him. If you should see him, tell him, please, we have gone on to Courcelles and will billet there tonight."

The girl said she would deliver the message if the lieutenant came by again. The soldier thanked her politely and, because he was an oldish man of the pre-Nazi era, his heart went out to this barefooted, shabby, refugee girl who spoke such excellent German. Probably half German, he thought—from Alsace. "Doubtless you are hungry," he told her. "Here is some sausage and a small loaf. I am very sorry for you, my poor girl."

The girl went into the angle of the wheat pile and exhibited the sausage and loaf proudly. "One of the old Germans that Hitler hasn't been able to brutalize gave me this," she explained. "And your luck holds. They are leaving the village. However, we'll wait here until dark."

"This child has a temperature."

When they left the mill—with the child, they went up into the village via a deserted narrow back street. Here the girl turned into an alley, pushed open a door at the end of it, passed through, struck a match and lighted a candle on a deal table. He followed, closing the door, and the girl lighted a kerosene wall lamp. "Kitchen of a hostelry called Hotel des Trois Poulets d'Or," she explained. "That means, in French, Hotel of the Three Golden Chickens."

"I know. I speak Canadian French."

There was a service bar at the other end of the kitchen, with glasses and bottles on shelves above it. The girl got down a bottle of Scotch whisky, a pint bottle of soda and a tall glass. She took the child from him and said, "Help yourself." She set the child on a chair, took a saucepan and one of the lamps and went out into the yard. When she returned she had the saucepan full of milk. "I found a cow," she explained, "and she was grateful to be milked."

SHE awakened the little boy and gave him a glass of the warm milk. She went out into the yard again and presently he heard the squawking of an outraged fowl. She reappeared with a large rooster, went back and returned with a bundle of last fall's orchard prunings, saved for fuel in this land where there never is and never will be sufficient fuel; she started a fire in the quaint, homebuilt red-tile range and set a pot of water on to boil.

She now had time to become acquainted with Clavering. She said, "I'm Minerva Paddock, spinster, from Devonshire."

"And I'm Andrew Clavering, Flight Lieutenant, R.A.F., out of Toronto, Canada."

"You'll have to have some dry clothes."

When the little boy had sipped his milk she took a lamp and bade Andy follow her upstairs. In a large front room she opened a closet. "I think this hotel was owned by the mayor of the village, for there is a suit of baggy striped trousers, a frock coat, top hat, and a gold-headed cane." She went to a chest of drawers and found a white stiff shirt, collar and detached cuffs with huge agate cuff buttons, a black tie, a dreadful union suit of heavy wool and a pair of heavy woolen socks. "For your sins, this is at once your penance and your disguise," she told him, and returned to the kitchen.

She had the rooster plucked and drawn when he came down. "You look like the devil, Andy," she declared. "I'd love to laugh at you but I'm too tired and all the humor is out of me. Please peel those onions. I've done enough weeping to last me a lifetime." She gave him a defiant look. "But over other people's troubles, not my own."

"You appear singularly competent, Minnie." He picked up the lamp and held it so he could get a good look at her. "Hah! A golden girl. The big fellow I killed said you were beautiful. You're not strikingly so now but I suspect if you had some nice clothes and perhaps a first-class debauch in a beauty shop you'd stop a parade." She was about five feet five inches tall, weighing, he thought, some fifteen pounds less than she should, with sea-blue eyes that bespoke her ancient Norse ancestry. "I'm sure you'll take very good care of me," he said. He peeled the onions and washed some potatoes for boiling. While Minnie disjointed the rooster and prepared to fry

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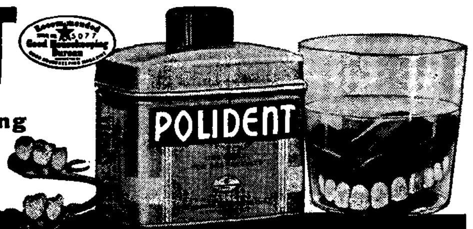

HOW TO FIGHT HEADACHES *3 ways at same time!*

HEADACHE
NERVES
STOMACH

Break Headache's Vicious Circle this proved, sensible way

• A splitting headache disturbs your nervous system; with jumpy nerves often goes an upset stomach—all tending to aggravate the pain in your head. *That's headache's "vicious circle!"*

And that's why a mere single-acting pain-reliever may prove so unsatisfactory. It may relieve only the pain in your head and still leave you feeling dull, sickish.

Millions break headache's "vicious circle" with a product that acts *3 ways at the same time*—Bromo-Seltzer. Because Bromo-Seltzer not only helps STOP THE PAIN, but also CALM THE NERVES and SETTLE THE STOMACH.

Next time you get a headache, fight it 3 ways at the same time. Take 60 seconds out for a Bromo-Seltzer.* See if it doesn't leave you feeling refreshed; more alert both mentally and physically. Get Bromo-Seltzer today!

**Just use as directed on the label. For persistent or recurring headaches, see your doctor.*

BROMO-SELTZER

WANTED: 100 Men—Women!

NO MATTER how busy you are with your regular duties, you may increase your income as a Community Representative for COLLIER'S and the other popular Crowell-Collier Publications. For full details, *address a penny postal to—*

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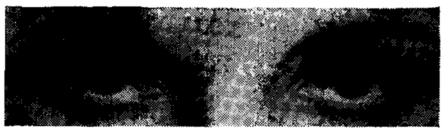
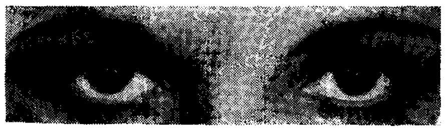
You Can Get Quick Relief From Tired Eyes

MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST TODAY



EYES OVERWORKED? Just put two drops of Murine in each eye. Right away it starts to *cleanse* and *soothe.* You get—



QUICK RELIEF! Murine's 6 *extra* ingredients wash away irritation. Your eyes feel *refreshed.* Murine is *alkaline*—pure and gentle. It helps thousands—let it help you, too.

HAY FEVER SUFFERERS! Murine relieves and soothes the discomfort of irritated, reddened eyes. Try it!

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

SOOTHES · CLEANSES · REFRESHES

A SPECIAL PREPARATION FOR SHAVING

FOR THE 1 MAN IN 7 WHO SHAVES DAILY

It Needs No Brush Not Greasy or Sticky

Modern life now demands at least 1 man in 7 shave *every day*. This daily shaving often causes razor scrape—irritation.

To help men solve this problem, we perfected Glider—a rich, soothing cream—not greasy or sticky.

SMOOTHS DOWN SKIN

You first wash your face thoroughly with hot water and soap to remove grit and oily sebum that collects on whiskers every 24 hours. Then spread on Glider quickly and easily with your fingers. Never a brush. Instantly Glider smooths down the flaky top layer of your skin. It enables the razor's edge to *glide* over your skin, cutting your whiskers close and clean *without scraping or irritating the skin.*

ESPECIALLY FOR THE 1 MAN IN 7 WHO SHAVES DAILY

For men in responsible positions—doctors, lawyers, businessmen and others who must shave *every day*—Glider is invaluable. It eliminates the dangers frequent shaving may have for the tender face and leaves your skin smoother, cleaner. Glider has been developed by The J. B. Williams Co., who have been making fine shaving preparations for over 100 years.

TRY A TUBE AT OUR EXPENSE

We're so positive that *Glider* will give you more shaving comfort than anything you've ever used that we'll send you a generous tube **ABSOLUTELY FREE.** No stamps—no cartons—no dimes. Just send your name and address to The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. EG-14, Glastonbury, Conn. On this FREE trial test, we rest our case entirely. Don't delay—send in a penny post card today for your free tube of *Glider*. Offer good in U. S. A. and Canada only.

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it Clavering found a head of lettuce, a bowl, salt, pepper, vinegar and oil and made a salad.

"Where the devil did you come from, Minnie?" he asked presently.

"From Rotterdam—the day the German bombers destroyed it. I was the boy's governess. His name is Piet van der Zee; his father was Dutch; his mother, English. Both of them were killed. I was out of a job, of course, so I loaded Piet, some food, clothing and extra petrol and oil into the family automobile and started for the border. In southern Belgium a bomb blew the automobile out from under us, so we've been on the road with the multitude ever since."

"Why did you come west?"

"Because I preferred the society of my own people. The British army gave us rides on lorries and fed us—and now I've lost the British army and the Germans have caught up with me. So I'll follow them . . . I'm not afraid. They're beautifully disciplined and human enough except politically."

"So," he complained, "you're going to dump me to follow the German army."

"You know I'm not. You shall come, too, and we'll follow the column marching to Paris. They clear the refugees out of their way and I speak German and you can be a deranged mayor from my village. Oh, I'll think of ways and means."

WHEN she had dinner on the way she went behind the bar and shook up some dry Martinis. "No ice, of course," she said, "but we're English so we don't mind." They drank and Minnie held the lamp to *his* face for a closer scrutiny of his lean countenance. "You," she charged, "are no spring chicken. Aren't you too old for combat planes?"

"Yes," he said, "I got an earful of that when I tried to join the Canadian Royal Flying Corps. Those fellows knew me too well . . . knew I'd flown combat planes in the Great War. What if I'd been a bush flier ever since? The best they'd give me was a job as instructor."

"So," said Minnie, filling his glass again, "you came over to England, where they weren't so particular then, owing to the lamentable shortage of pilots, and lied your way in?"

"I said I was thirty-one," he confessed, "I'll be thirty-nine my next birthday."

"And I'll be twenty-six. My father was a cavalry captain in the regular establishment. Galloped the Turkish guns with his troop of the Berks Yeomanry at Gaza. Half orphan since Gaza, but full orphan now."

She set the kitchen table and Andy selected the wine from the lot on the shelves. Minnie proved to be a good plain cook and the dinner was most enjoyable. After dinner Andy carried the child upstairs and Minnie put him to bed. Andy helped himself to one of the mayor's clean night shirts, climbed into the mayor's bed and did not awaken until late the following morning.

Minnie was already up. She had found eggs in the henhouse in the back yard and milked the cow and fed her from a stack of hay. She had slain three more chickens and was going to fry them. She had broken into the village bakery and found some flour and baking powder and planned to make up a batch of biscuits, boil some potatoes and a dozen eggs and thus have rations for the journey to Paris.

Andy looked out into the street. Over in the main street—it was the highway passing through the village—he could hear the noise of army transport but otherwise the village was deserted. He saw a wrecked eighteen-pounder in front of The Three Golden Chickens and some dead British soldiers. Across the street was a motorcycle with sidecar attached and its driver dead beside it. Andy decided the vehicle had been the battery commander's transportation, but, upon discovering it was uninjured and the tank about two-thirds full, he pushed it into the alley leading to the kitchen of The Three Golden Chickens and summoned Minnie. The sight appeared to inspire her, for she said tersely, "You wait here," and fled out into the street.

Down by the church stood a nice little cottage with a slate roof and a garden in front, and this, she knew, being the best house in the village, had been undoubtedly the residence of the curé. She burglarized it and found what she wanted—a greasy, shabby, old black soutane, a belt, a large-beaded rosary with silver crucifix, a shovel hat and a couple of Roman collars. With this loot she fled back to The Three Golden Chickens.

"Look here," she said, "you look too ridiculous in the habiliments of the mayor. They make you look exactly like an Englishman in very poor disguise. Your own clothing is dry now; get into your uniform; I want to try this soutane on you."

The hat fitted loosely so they shored up the sweatband with strips of newspaper but the soutane had been made for a shorter and stouter man so Minnie found needles and black thread and let down the hem and took the garment in at the sides. It did not quite descend to Andy's ankles so she made him roll up his trouser legs to conceal the khaki. Then they placed their cooked rations in a clean pillow slip and Andy lashed it on behind the saddle of the motorcycle while Minnie experimented in starting the motor, throttling it, accelerating it, braking it. "I'll drive the darling," she declared, and hopped aboard. Andy got into the sidecar, with Piet sitting at his feet, and Minnie said:

"Andy, we're going west and then south with the German army. Once we're in German traffic you are an insane man. Fright has made you almost an idiot. If spoken to, you ignore the speaker; you just gaze into the future. Remember, your mind is a blank. Mine," she added, "is not. I speak excellent German and I'll lie us out of the hot spots."

Mr. Moto

in a new novel of adventure and foreign intrigue in the Caribbean—the romance of a young American who couldn't betray his country.

BEGINNING NEXT WEEK

MERCATOR ISLAND

BY JOHN P. MARQUAND

A minute later they were in German army traffic, with Minnie throwing kisses to the soldiers on the transport and tanks and shrieking "Heil Hitler!" The soldiers yelled back and nobody bothered to halt them and ask questions and demand papers because nobody had the time nor the inclination to do so until they came to a road that turned south and there a lieutenant of military police flagged them down. He paid no attention to Andy after Minnie told him she was from Alsace, Paris-bound, that she was half German in blood and all German at heart, and was traveling with the German army because she wanted to travel with God's great gift to a benighted world. Heil Hitler!

The lieutenant was not a very smart young man and not of a suspicious nature and Minnie shut him up by begging a packet of cigarettes and some matches from him, throwing him a kiss and roaring away without asking his permission. About six o'clock the motorcycle sputtered. "Dying of malnutrition," Andy said, and got out. Together they trundled the machine down a lane to a prosperous-looking farmhouse. There had been fighting in that area very recently and they passed some British dead in the lane; in an adjoining field were three wrecked tanks. The forehanded Minnie showed Andy a five-foot section of half-inch rubber hose she had brought along for siphoning petrol and oil out of wrecked and abandoned tanks.

THE farmhouse was deserted. It stood on the edge of a three-hundred-acre field where wheat had been almost ready for the harvest when a shell had set it afire. The refugees ate their dinner on the veranda facing the field and were enjoying cigarettes and the sunset afterglow when over west they heard growing rapidly closer the unmistakable drone of the engines of a German bomber, punctuated by bursts of machine-gun fire . . . presently silhouetted against the crimson sky they saw the bomber with a British combat plane on her tail a moment before the latter plane zoomed, turned and departed into the west.

"That British flier has only quit because he's out of ammunition," Andy explained. . . . "Hello! that bomber is going to make a forced landing!"

It did—and before it stopped, unbraked, it was within fifty yards of the farmhouse. The refugees watched it curiously . . . the experienced Andy was not long deciding it was in trouble, for while the pilot had cut his ignition and they could see him sitting up in the cockpit there was no activity apparent. "Let's go over and visit them," he suggested. "You talk to them and find out what's the matter, Minnie. I'm getting ideas."

When they arrived under the bomber's nose they saw two men lifting the pilot out of his seat and carrying him back into the fuselage. "Good man," Andy told Minnie. "The Spitfire got in a burst on his cockpit and knocked out the copilot and badly wounded him, but his motors are uninjured and apparently his controls still operate, so, to save his crew, he managed to stick it out to make a forced landing."

He strolled around the plane, noting holes in its fuselage on sides and bottom, made by fragmentation from an antiaircraft shell, as well as a long cut through the center of the fuselage which was eloquent of the concentrated sweep of fourteen hundred machine-gun bullets. There was some damage to her rudder and elevator but not enough to put her out of control. Minnie called to him in French:

"They have the door open; they have put down a ladder and are landing their dead and wounded."

Andy hurried around to the door of the fuselage and assisted the two survivors of the crew to lower the wounded pilot to the ground and carry him across to the veranda of the farmhouse. Then he helped the survivors to land the body of the dead copilot and a badly wounded private. The bombardier, a sergeant, broke into the farmhouse to find beds on which to lay the wounded men; when the two men departed from the veranda with the pilot Andy picked up Piet and said: "Minnie, beat it. We're swiping this bomber and if it will hold together half an hour we'll spend the night in Dover."

MINNIE was one of those blessed women who never, in an emergency, insist on making a man prove his order is a sensible one before deciding to obey it. She was into the bomber ahead of him; he followed with Piet, closed the door, ran forward and pressed the starting-gear buttons. The hot motors roared instantly into life and Andy swung the plane and scuttled off up the field for half a mile, turned the ship into the slight wind for his take-off and, while gunning his motors, gazed back at the farmhouse.

The two Germans were standing out in the field; evidently they had dashed out of the house when they heard the motors starting but had despaired of recapturing the bomber, so Andy idled the motors and went aft to estimate the stability of the bomber for flight. He found a cracked frame member, the result of shell fire, and marveled why the plane had not fallen apart in mid-air, for the concentrated blast of the Spitfire's eight machine guns had sliced through the hull as a knife slices through cheese; fortunately the cut had not been between members but obliquely between four of them, and the petrol tanks in the wings had not been hit.

"A couple of good air pockets will finish her, Minnie," he warned. "Indeed if she doesn't collapse during the take-off I'll be amazed. Want to quit now or take a chance?"

"I've been taking chances since Rotterdam, Andy. It's too late to quit now. If she breaks in half I'll cheer if we're on the half that flies, and anyhow, you can fly very low, can you not, so we will not have far to fall?"

"If she lasts until we're in mid-Channel I might be able to dump the gasoline, pancake her close to some British vessel and keep afloat long enough to be rescued. Of course there are always the British fighter planes and British antiaircraft gunners and they never take time out to inquire whether a Heinkel bomber has British citizens aboard or not before opening fire. If I fly very low—"

"Get going," Minnie urged.

"You sit down here," Andy warned, "and watch this broken member and this punctured area. If she begins to weave . . . if she weaves more and more and makes funny cracks at you and you think I ought to set her down before she breaks up, run forward and tell me. I'll take Piet with me." He leaned down and kissed her on the brow. "You're the grandest, Minnie. It will really be an honor and a privilege to crash in the same plane with you. If you're a praying woman, start now."

She watched the weaving of the fracture as the big ship waddled over the lumpy field; she felt its tail come up and as Andy gradually opened his throttles she thought: *We'll crack now.* But the great ship was air-borne and still it held together; through a two-foot hole in its side Minnie could see France drifting away from them. At five hundred feet altitude they popped out over the Channel about ten miles below burning Calais. Andy descended then to within fifty feet of the surface of the Channel . . . presently the twilight was lighted by yellow bursts of flame around them and Minnie recognized the ghostly chalk cliffs near Dover.

On through the barrage Andy flew; low over Dover he roared and into the country beyond. . . . Minnie felt the tail hit hard, then the wheels touched with a prodigious bump—and the Heinkel started breaking in two, slowly as a knife blade opens; almost immediately it was out of control and ground looping and Andy had cut his ignition and was waiting for it to somersault or fall over on one wing. Perversely the plane elected to remain erect, with its belly dragging and, presently, Andy came aft, gazed down at the concrete tarmac through the wreckage and said, "Well, Minnie, I see you prayed. That was a lousy landing but then it's almost dark now and the British do not light their airports for German bombers. Luckily, I am familiar with this one. Did any fragmentation from the antiaircraft barrage get into us?"

Minnie pointed to four new holes in the floor and an equal number in the roof about fifteen feet aft of the break. She said in a strangled voice, "Well, I suppose this is the end of the story," and lurched over into Andy's arms. "Not fainting," she gasped, "just a bit weak in the legs for the moment."

He held her close to him. He said: "Here's fifty pounds, Minnie. Somebody'll take you and Piet over to Dover to a hotel and you can shop in the morning; then go up to London and register at the Savoy so you'll have an address to which I can mail you a check to carry you until—that is, Minnie—I'm making my will tonight. Old men accumulate assets, you know—and I'll leave them all to you. Not a great fortune but even after the death taxes have been paid you'll have enough income to keep the wolf away. You'll take care of Piet, of course."

"Andy! Don't talk like that!"

"I'll have a new plane and be off to Dunkirk in the morning, Minnie. They need lads like me very badly over there. I'm over age but I have twenty-three Huns to my credit . . . maybe I can make it twenty-five tomorow . . . been glorious to know you, Minnie. Never soldiered with a better comrade . . . never forget you—never. Oh, Minnie, Minnie, old girl—"

HER arms were around his neck, but she was not crying, just holding him tightly and trembling and he heard her say, "I love you, Andy. Shocking admission for a woman to make to a man she has known only twenty-four hours—"

"Nothing of the sort. It's beautiful. In twenty-four hours we have gotten closer to each other than most people do in a lifetime. Oh, Minnie, Minnie, I love you. Will you wait for me?"

"I'll wait," she promised. "And if I have to wait all my life I'll always be grateful to God for giving me twenty-four hours with you. . . . Andy, somebody's knocking at the door."

"Let's get out of here before they have to cut us out with acetylene torches." He opened the door and they stepped out onto the platform of a landing stage; below them a crowd of air-force men were gathered, gazing at them in popeyed wonder. Andy knew Minnie wanted to send him away with a smile and realized he had to help her, no matter how hard the task, so he waved his arm and said, after the fashion of a guide, "Minnie, this is England!"

Minnie choked. One does that upon returning to one's native land after a long exile. But she was valiant and she shook the tears away. "Hello, darling," she said—and threw England a kiss.

Painting by Giacomo Balla, Courtesy the Museum of Modern Art, New York

HOW MANY LEGS HAS A DOG?

A school of Futurist painters maintained that when a dog walks or runs, it has an infinite number of legs; when it wags its tail, it has an infinite number of tails; and so forth.

Which is an interesting theory, and proves, perhaps, that the artist and the business man see the world through different eyes.

At any rate, Comptometer adding-calculating machines and modern Comptometer methods of handling figure work are based on the more pragmatic premise that a dog has four legs and one tail, even while hot in pursuit of a cat.

And every day, more business men (including many who take pride and joy in their collections of modern painting) specify Comptometer machines and methods for adding, subtracting, multiplying or dividing business or industrial figures quickly and accurately.

They may respect theory . . . but they've found it's a *fact* that the Comptometer handles *more figure work in less time at lower cost.*

Felt & Tarrant Manufacturing Company, 1714 North Paulina Street, Chicago, Illinois.

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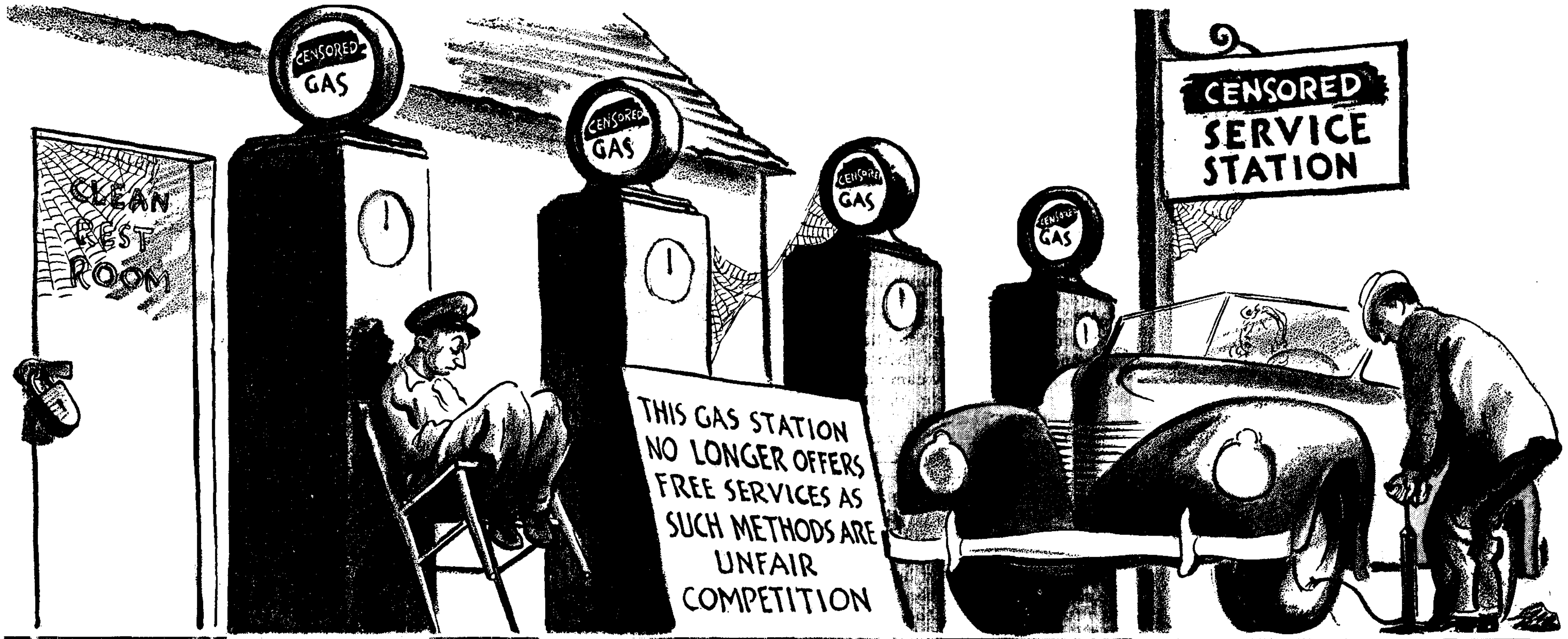


Arnold vs. Clean Rest Rooms

THURMAN ARNOLD, Assistant Attorney General, in charge of antitrust work for the Department of Justice, is setting out on a crusade that smells not so good to us.

Mr. Arnold is agitated because the various oil companies advertise their brands of gasoline and stimulate sales by means of attractive filling stations featuring free air, free windshield wipes, and free *and* clean rest rooms.

These sales methods, Mr. Arnold feels, constitute some heinous kind of economic waste. He would like to see the numerous gasoline brand names done away with, and gasoline sold in three or four basic grades from noncompetitive stations—maybe by automatic dispensing machines with human labor largely out of the picture. Or so we gather from his opening kiyoodles in this crusade.

To us, it all looks like another evidence of something many people have long believed about this Mr. Arnold; namely, that he knows nothing of advertising's essential place in the American scheme of things, or of its innumerable services in raising our living standards.

Worse, it looks like a stab at the aforesaid clean rest room, which the oil companies in the last few years have made a roadside institution. Take the competition out of gasoline selling, and how long will the attractive and highly beneficial trimmings last?

Certainly we take gasoline advertising, and are glad to have it, and don't want to lose it. Nevertheless, we think it is obvious that Arnold needs to learn some of the ruder, cruder facts of life, having spent too much time in collegiate and other cloisters. We favor sentencing him to an old-timy roadside retreat for a month before he is permitted to lift another finger against the modern filling station.

Goodby, John, Please

JOHN L. LEWIS is trying to stage a comeback to the presidency of the C.I.O. We hope he loses.

We have nothing personally against Mr. Lewis; we admire him, indeed, on several counts. It's simply that we think he has taken on a somewhat passé flavor of late, and we don't see how he can shuck it.

Time was, in the first years of the union boom bred by the Wagner Act, when Sitting Bulls and Geronimos of the Lewis school were needed as labor leaders, to fight fierce opposition and drum up fierce enthusiasms. Lewis filled that bill well.

Now, however, it seems to us that men of this type, with their personal hates and vendettas and their fire-edged tongues, are more of a hindrance than a help to labor and the general public, to say nothing of capital. More co-operative men, shrewder bargainers, are needed in labor's posts of power nowadays. We mean men like Philip Murray, present C.I.O. chief, assuming that Mr. Murray completely recovers from the illness afflicting him at this writing.

Then, too, Lewis has been closely associated with the Communists in the C.I.O. ever since its inception, and seems either unable or unwilling to give one heave of his lionlike head and shake those horseflies off his neck. A Red tie-up is a worse liability every day to a labor leader in this country, and to his followers.

We'd like to see the C.I.O. give Mr. Lewis a costly medal, a nice watch or a handsomely engraved scroll, but give somebody else its next presidency. Mr. Lewis has outlived his usefulness as a labor general, we think.

Courage Isn't All

IF WE do say it, we think one of the best war reports yet printed anywhere was Frank Gervasi's account in a recent Collier's of the battle of Crete. Gervasi put the article together from the eyewitness story of a British soldier who saw history's first air-borne conquest of a large island.

We reprint a bit of the story for the benefit of sundry wishful thinkers in this country:

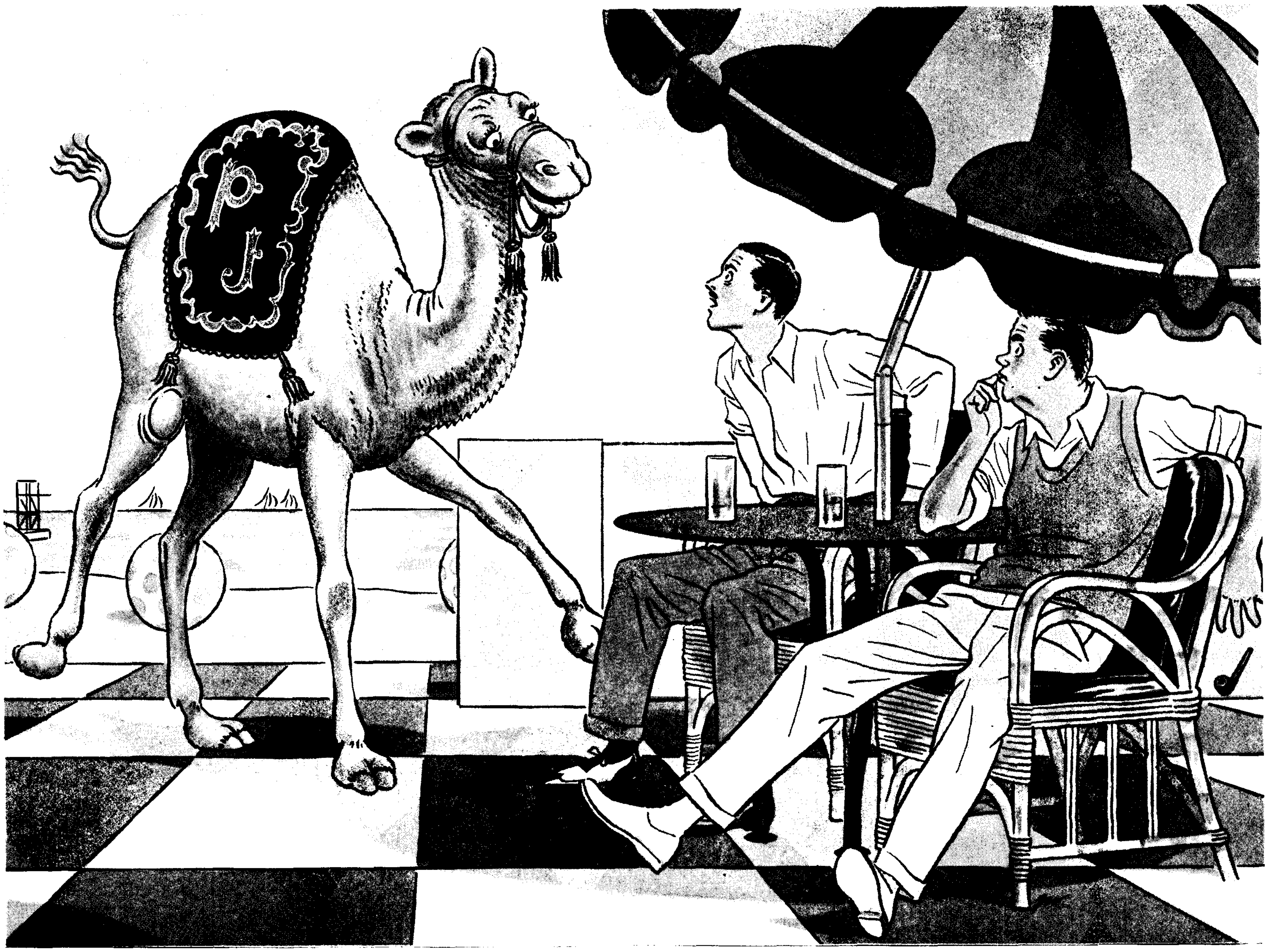
> Bit by bit he put together for me the pieces of the Cretan puzzle. And when he'd finished he'd proved again what had already been proved: Courage alone can't win battles and so far in their ventures in Norway, France and Greece courage has been the Britons' principal weapon . . . planes and tanks and rapid-fire arms will win every time over high faith and morale and rifles. More specifically, the battle of Crete showed the futility of any major military operation undertaken without superiority in the air and co-ordinated with at least equality in numbers of tanks and artillery and men in the field below.

That is the lesson we've got to take to heart if we're to build an Army, Navy and Air Force capable of defending this hemisphere against all comers, and of going farther afield with hope of success if we ever decide to go farther afield.

We have high faith in the all-round superiority of democracy over totalitarianism. Our men have plenty of courage. Our civilian morale is good for the most part.

But we cannot be safe behind a barrier of pep talks, "I Am an American" love feasts, halfhearted draft measures, "business as usual" psychology, halfway steps to siphon buying power into defense goods, indifferent efforts to head off inflation.

We've got to have an all-out defense effort for some years to come if we're to insure ourselves against national catastrophe. We live in a deadly era in world history. We can survive only if we make this nation as deadly as any other on earth, plus.



"Why so annoyed, Little Brothers?"

MAN: Eh? Good grief, can't a couple of friends have a private argument without camels springing up all over the place?

CAMEL: Pardon, effendi. I thought I heard you mention whiskey.

MAN: Mention it? We've mentioned nothing else for five minutes. Our biggest client is coming for the weekend and he's a whiskey connoisseur.

CAMEL: Ah! Then, Sahib, he will seek *dryness*.

MAN: Dryness, my perambulating polo coat?

CAMEL: A quality of which I am the living symbol, Excellency. A quality most desirable in whiskey.

MAN: Most desirable?

CAMEL: Assuredly, Thrice Blest. It is *Dryness*—or lack of sweetness—which permits the true, rich whiskey flavor to reach your palate . . . unmarred and undistorted. Do you not know that connoisseurs prize this quality of Dryness above all others?

MAN: And do *you* not know, my well-meaning friend, that a connoisseur's whiskey is expensive? There's a limit on what I can spend . . . even on my best client.

CAMEL: Then, O Fortunate One, you can well afford that rare and wonderful jewel among whiskies, Paul Jones. For not only does it have a Dryness which brings out its superb flavor . . . it offers this incomparable flavor for so modest a sum that wise men consider Paul Jones a *great buy*. Which is why its popularity increased fivefold in less than two years. An achievement you would do well to note, effendi.

MAN: I will note it immediately, my good camel . . . and *thanks!* Would you join us in a short trip to some *dry* whiskey?

CAMEL: To Paul Jones? My masters, I will lead you!

Paul Jones
A Blend of Straight Whiskies

The very best buy—is the whiskey that's dry **Paul Jones**

THE STRAIGHT WHISKIES IN PAUL JONES ARE 4 YEARS OR MORE OLD

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore

"High Priced? You bet!"

"This lighter, milder leaf costs plenty—but Luckies pay the price to get it!" says Otis Rucker, tobacco auctioneer of Kinston, N. C.

The enjoyment you get *out* of your cigarette depends on the kind of tobacco that goes *into* it.

So why not smoke a cigarette you *know* contains finer tobaccos...especially when you can do so at no greater cost to yourself?

All through Tobaccoland, Luckies pay higher prices to bring you the milder, better-tasting leaf. Independent tobacco experts know this is true.

It's no wonder these men—auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen—prefer Luckies themselves, by a margin of 2 to 1 over all other brands combined.

Luckies' finer tobaccos will make a world of difference in your own smoking enjoyment.

Try them for yourself, and see!

WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1

● *Actual color photograph—Otis Rucker inspects a fine, light tobacco leaf, before aging.*

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LUCKY STRIKE
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE